THE MAN'S MAGAZINE

50 CENTS OCTOBER 1964 A FAWCETT PUBLICATION

# TRUE®

## WHAT'S NEW IN THE 1965 CARS

## RITUAL 'CUTTING' BY THE KU KLUX KLAN

A SHOCKER BY WILLIAM BRADFORD HUIE

## THE SHARPSHOOTER THE RUSSIANS FEAR MOST

OLYMPIC PREVIEW BY DALE S

## A GIRL FOR YOUR BED, A MAN I

SLAVERY TODAY BY JOHN KE

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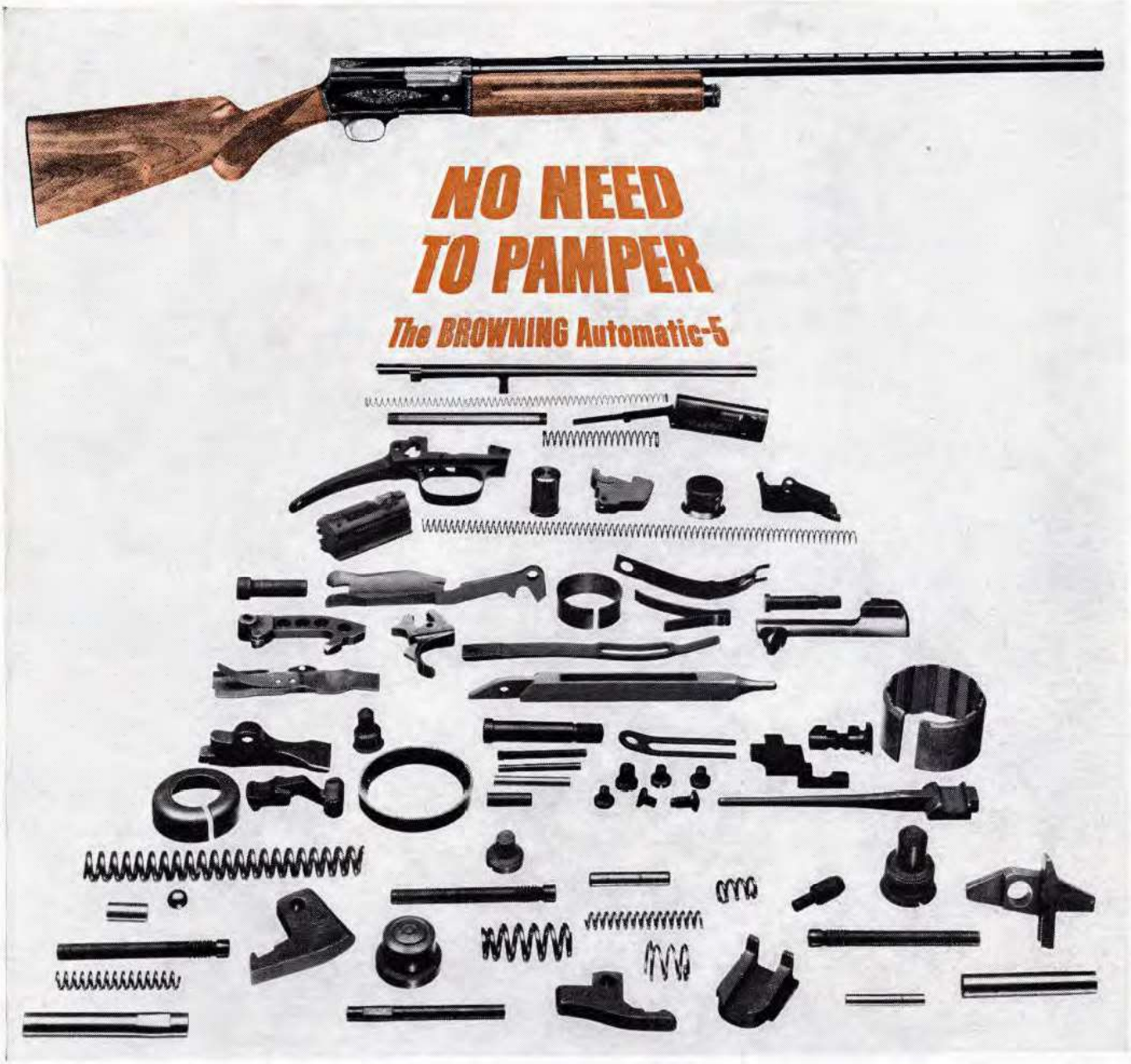

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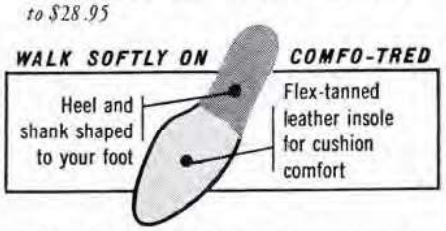


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# TRUELY YOURS

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### CUBAN CATASTROPHE

I had thought before reading your condensation of *The Bay of Pigs* in the September issue that the invasion failed because the late President Kennedy refused to provide air cover for the Brigade. I was amazed to find out that he actually had authorized air cover. Looks like the charges against him on that score are pure slander.

The main cause of the disaster, it seems to me, was the willingness of everybody involved to give out and receive misinformation. Charles Babbage, one of the inventors of the calculating machine, said that most errors are caused not by faulty logic, but by ignorance of facts. Sure looks like a lot of facts were either carelessly or deliberately covered up in this Bay of Pigs thing.

It also looks like most of the misinformation was generated by our so-called "intelligence" agency, the CIA. All I can say is, I hope to hell the clucks responsible have been sacked. But we'll probably never know. . . Thanks to TRUE, anyway, for dredging up a little more of the truth on this one.

*—Charles Jenkins*
*Chicago, Ill.*

### SUPER-STUD

The story by Robert M. Lipsyte, *The Horse that Has it Made* (August), is disgusting and a disgrace to your magazine.

*—W. J. Rustad*
*Rapid City, S. Dak.*

Jealous?

### PROPHETS WITHOUT PROFIT

The experiences of Walter Christie (*The Military Inventor the U.S. Scorned*—August) are not unusual. Simon Lake the submarine pioneer and Dr. Robert Goddard the rocket pioneer were accorded similar treatment. This has resulted in a decline of creativity of American inventors specializing in advanced basic concepts. In contrast, foreign academies of science have honored American inventors of advanced basic concepts by adopting the advanced basic concepts.

*—Harry Bricker Fuchs*
*(Address withheld on request)*

### TOPLESS TOGS

Not since *Naked City* have we seen anything so revealing as the latest fashion in ladies' swim suits. Any day now we may expect the fashion designers to come up with a new, daring and enchanting creation called the gownless evening strap.

*—Ralph W. McInnis*
*Livermore, Calif.*

### DULLSVILLE ON THE DIAMOND

Anent Ed Rommel's article: (*Baseball's a Big Bore*—July) instead of four pitchouts when the pitcher wants to give an intentional walk, what would be wrong with declaring the walk and letting the batter take first. The formality of throwing four wide ones to a bat-on-shoulder batter seems a waste of time.

*—S. Melville Hussey*
*Washington, D.C.*

Anyone who is more than casually interested in baseball realizes this game, unlike football, hockey and basketball, is a war of nerves, not a race against time. Any attempt to speed up baseball in order to increase attendance can only result in

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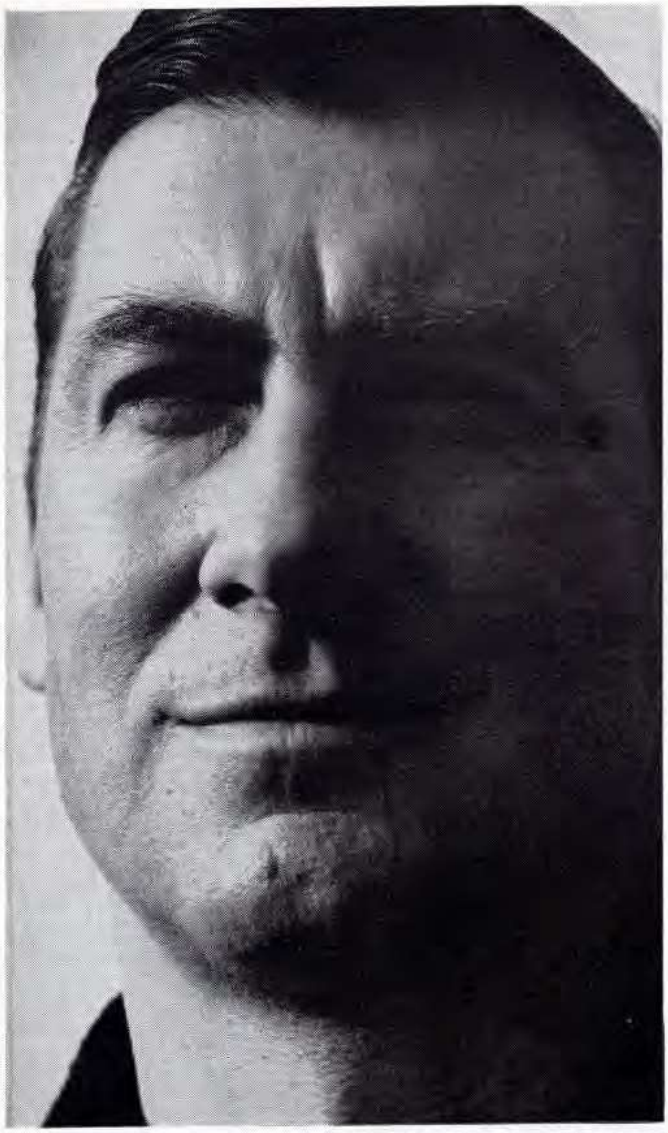

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[*Continued from page 2*]

a low-quality exhibition of fine baseball players being forced to perform at something less than their potential. Mr. Rommel's "continuous action at any price" philosophy cannot be applied to a game the winning of which depends upon perfect execution of every play, every pitch.

*—Thomas P. Laubert*
*Long Beach, Calif.*

Ed Rommel says a pitcher should have 20 seconds in which to deliver the ball. He suggests that a 20-second clock be installed, limiting the time a pitcher can hold the ball. True, this would shorten the games, but it would also shorten the lives of pitchers—what is there to prevent the fans from screaming, "Ten—nine—eight—seven—" and so on? This would make a pitcher a nervous wreck before he completed one inning.

I suggest an official timekeeper in a press box to sound a buzzer or bell when the time is up. This would cut down shouts of fans, since they could only approximate the 20 seconds.

*—Jay Frost*
*New York, N.Y.*

**But how would the pitcher keep track of the time?**

SNIFFIN' STUFF

How could your Mr. Evan Hill (*Snuff: Tobacco with a Soul*—July) have practically ignored sniffing snuff and dealt exclusively with "dipping snuff," a substance that is really not snuff at all but is ground chewing tobacco and is taken in the mouth between one's gum and lip—to say the very least, an unfortunate habit.

Snuff, as its name indicates, is for the nose, which contains the most "conductive" membrane in the body. Snuff has been sniffed, daintily or authoritatively, by ladies and gentlemen, queens and kings, popes (even saints), conquerors, writers, actors, artists, builders, statesmen, diplomats, in fact all of the top people the world over, since prehistoric times wherever tobacco has been known. So-called "vulgar" snuff is "dipped" by cotton pickers, loggers and hillbillies. Not that we have anything against cotton pickers, loggers and hillbillies. It's just that they do not set styles.

*—W. H. Poole, Director*
*Dean Swift, Ltd.*
*San Francisco, Calif.*

I have never used tobacco, nor do I now, but snuff may well have saved my life. Under a forced drive from California to Mississippi, I was sleeping at the wheel, swerving off the roads and generally asking to get killed. A sniff of snuff my wife had bought as a joke sneezed me wide awake enough to complete the trip.

*—Dale Housel*
*Enterprise, Ala.*

**Too bad you had to buy another windshield, though.**

FUND FOOLISHNESS

An investment in mutual funds (*The Money-Making Myth of Mutual Funds*—July) is not a 100-yard dash; it's a marathon. An investor doesn't expect to get rich quickly, as this is only possible with high risk, such as a gold mine or other speculative stock. Because of the low risk, diversified nature of mutual funds, one becomes part owner of many of our finest companies and, as such, shares in the growth and profits of them.

We have had inflation in this country for over 200 years, but mutual funds offer a convenient method for the wage earner to obtain a hedge against it. Certainly fixed savings do not offer this, but you failed to mention this fact. To illustrate my point, do you know that a 100-cent dollar at the time of the 1939 World's Fair in New York has shrunk in purchasing power to 45 cents today, during the 1964 Fair at New York?

*—E. W. Stone*
*Elk Creek, Va.*

**We suggest you complain to the World's Fair management.**

Like many others, I was taken in by a very good friend, a salesman for a mutual fund. Like some others, I took out (or was took, you might say) for $50 a month, as a "savings investment but look at the profit you will make." Well, that was 1955. I paid in a total of $1100. I stopped, but not because I didn't think or wasn't convinced that it was a "good thing." I changed parishes and no longer was making "that kind" of money. I haven't paid in anything for six or eight years. I wonder what I should do now.

*—Father Walter Parker*
*Gold Beach, Ore.*

**Change parishes again.**

From personal experience I have found that mutual funds are phony. Over a period of five years I invested approxi-

[*Continued on page 8*]

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THE MAN'S MAGAZINE

# TRUE

'Tis strange, but true; for truth is always strange—stranger than fiction. BYRON

OCTOBER 1964

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VOL. 45 A FAWCETT PUBLICATION NO. 329

OCTOBER 1964

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mately $12,000 in one of these funds. When I cashed it in recently I got back just $12,000, yet in discussing this same fund with the current salesman handling my account (the former salesman is no longer with the firm) I was informed I should have at least 93 percent more money than I invested. I wanted to know where this money went—and after reading this fine article I now know. Phooey on mutual funds.

—*Lewis C. Finkle*
*North Hollywood, Calif.*

The aptly-described "clean-cut fellow who oozes sincerity from every pore" managed to side-step any discussion of the voluntary plan with me, and I would have taken it instead of the front-end loaded plan had I known. I do find consolation in the fact that I suspected most of the other angles at the time.

—*James N. Greene*
*Jacksonville, Fla.*

SANDY TRAP

As a professional engineer who has had experience with quicksand, I was quite interested in Max Gunther's article, *Nature's Monstrous Mantrap*, in your July issue. Mr. Gunther gives credit to Professor Osterberg for the device which simulated quicksand. In January, 1944, I attended the Army Engineers' Soils School at Harvard University, where we studied a concentrated course in soil mechanics taught by Dr. Casagrande, a well-known man in the civil engineering field. We were shown an experiment in which sand and water were placed in a bucket. The bucket had a hose connection for draining water out the bottom. The water was drained out, leaving only sand. A weight was placed on the seemingly stable sand. A slight tap on the side of the bucket with a hammer, and the sand became "quick," the weight sinking out of sight. The same thing happened when the water was back-flushed into the bucket—the weight would sink. It would seem that Dr. Casagrande had developed this device and was using it for demonstration at least six years before Professor Osterberg.

—*R. W. Sheridan*
*San Mateo, Calif.*

From experience I can testify that quicksand, at least in the superquick condition, is not always dry looking. While crossing a small Illinois stream, I stepped into ankle-deep clear water overlaying smooth sand and plunged in to my alimentary canal, hit bottom, and climbed

out the other side. Before my disbelieving eyes, the roiled little pool returned to its original deceptive state. In subsequent checking I never again found quicksand in that very same spot. But now the dog or a test pole goes first, or I don't cross.

*—Mel Schmidt*
*East Alton, Ill.*

**Trying to get rid of your dog?**

### Green Gripe

I was quite surprised to note the article *Farewell, Green Man* in *It's a Man's World* of the July issue. As a subscriber to TRUE, I had become accustomed to more objective reporting of facts. The opinion presented by Dr. George Gaylord Simpson —that it is unlikely that life has taken a humanoid form anywhere else in the universe—is not new (for Dr. Simpson) nor is it by any means anything except a *minority* view. Dr. Simpson is at direct odds with no less than a dozen scientists as well qualified as he.

*—Jose A. Cecin, Chairman*
*New York Investigative Subcommittee*
*National Investigations Committee on*
*Aerial Phenomena*
*Brooklyn, New York*

**We stated that Dr. Simpson's viewpoint differs from that of other scientists—so your complaint must spring from annoyance that we mentioned him at all.**

### More Burning Than Baffled

The article *The Baffling Burning Death* in the May issue is certainly one of the finest achievements in your campaign to promote fear and superstition. I do not challenge the authenticity of the "burning death" phenomenon, but rather the perverse manner in which it was treated. The validity of the "burning death" is substantiated by the number of specific cases recounted in detail. But this knowledge was used to inspire fear, not understanding, by ascribing some supernatural cause to this phenomenon. Such a primitive reaction to seemingly incredible happenings is flagrantly adverse to the sound discipline of science. Rational, systematically thorough investigation always dispels unfounded speculation and superstition. What you advocate is anarchism of the mind.

*—Paul Lysen*
*Minnetonka, Minn.*

**Let's leave politics out of this.**

### Bullfighter Bill

When I was a youngster in Lansing, Michigan, I saw Bill Pickett (*Barehanded Bullfighter vs. Maddened Mexicans*—June) while he was a performer with Miller's 101 Ranch Wild West Show. Bill was very obliging for anyone wanting snapshots. On his off time he would pose holding one of the Longhorned steers so that pictures could be taken. The first time I saw him was around 1911.

Incidentally, I recall during one of the performances of the "stage coach holdup"

[*Continued on page* 10]


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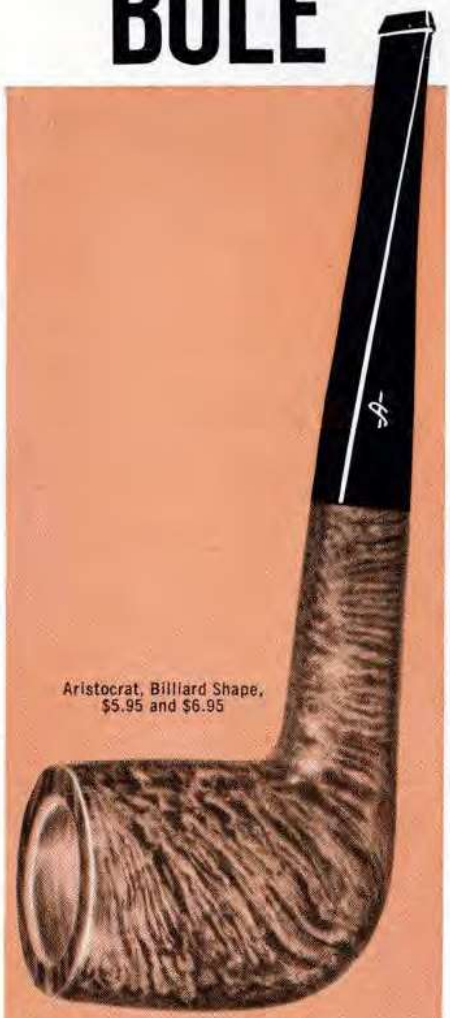

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*By the makers of KAYWOODIE*


[*Continued from page 9*]

somebody had inserted live ammunition and the body of the coach was riddled. The property men had loaded the guns with blanks, but someone had switched them to live ammo. Fortunately no one was hurt.

—*Jack Lindsay, Sr.*
*Sheboygan, Wis.*

**After that, we imagine, Bill wasn't so obliging to people who wanted to shoot him.**

## He Who Quells Quacks

Charles Remsberg (*He Makes Medical Quacks Eat Crow*—June) states that one Iowa college, training licensed practitioners, uses cats instead of human cadavers in teaching anatomy. I am sure this is true, as I have read the catalogue from this institution, but I think it should be made clear that this "college" is not a medical school but a chiropractic school, from which one can obtain a "doctor's" degree four years after high school. The curriculum in the medical schools of the U. S. and Canada is standardized, and, I assure you, does not include teaching anatomy by dissecting cats.

—*Ralph M. Bishop*
*Dartmouth Medical School*
*Hanover, N. H.*

## How the Ladies Lie

Your lead item in *It's a Man's World* for June (*Down, Girls!*) about "ladies exercising their influence from the prone position" reminds me of Cleopatra's famous admonition: "I am not prone to argue."

—*Robert Delaval, M.D.*
*San Diego, Calif.*

## Condor Conundrum

I take exception to your statement in *Man to Man Answers* in the June issue of True that the California condor is our largest bird of prey. The condor is not a bird of prey but a scavenger which consumes only dead animals. A bird of prey stalks and kills animals for its food; thus the golden eagle is the largest bird of prey in the United States.

—*Bill Starrett, Jr.*
*Los Angeles, Calif.*

**The National Audubon Society, the *Columbia Encyclopedia* and *Webster's New International Dictionary* all support the designation of the condor as a bird of prey.**

## Gun Laws

I am in agreement with Robert Ruark (*The Great Gun Grab and How to Stop It*—April). It's about time more stringent penalties were placed on the criminal use of firearms instead of continually proposing to restrict their possession and use by the law-abiding citizen. Perhaps we need legislation along the lines of the Lindbergh Law which drastically reduced the frequency of the then popular crime of kidnaping. Possibly this law should state: "The use of a firearm to perpetrate a crime shall be deemed the intent to commit murder, and the maximum penalty for murder shall be adjudged."

—*Donald E. Mills*
*Chief of Police*
*Fallon, Nev.*

## Puffer's Protest

I am a great believer in the policy of "live and let live," and the "do unto others" philosophy. I do not kick stray dogs. I do not hit little children (unless they are my own and richly deserve such treatment). I try to make friends with casual acquaintances. I even try to be courteous to semi-inebriated bores. Why, then, do people always pick on me and others of my gentle nature?

I am referring to the great new fad of convincing people that they *must* give up smoking. I happen to like smoking cigarettes and the occasional good cigar. I have no desire to be "cured." I believe that millions of other Canadians (and our brother Americans) are being persecuted. If current trends continue the day may soon come when legislation will force us smokers to hide in the fruit cellar; cigarettes will be sold surreptitiously in boxes disguised as containers for such harmless items as codeine and heroin; citizens will be required to turn fink on their neighbors.

Smokers of the world, arise! Defend your inalienable rights to enjoy life, liberty and the pursuit of happiness in your own way. Let us ban all "ban-the-smokers." We shall fight them on the beaches, on the land, on the sea, in the air and in the boudoir, and we shall emerge victorious, whatever the cost.

—*Al Fogal*
*Richmond Hill, Ont., Canada*

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Johnsonian shoes cost $8.95 to $12.95. Treat yourself to a pair with cushion insoles. They'll save you the cost of slippers.

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**Maryland:** Brunswick: Coffman-Fisher Co., Leonardtown: Sparling's, Prince Frederick: Prince Frederick Dept. Store. **Massachusetts:** New Bedford, Poyant's Shoe Store, N. Attleboro; Kearney's Shoe Store. **New York:** Albion: Family Shoe Store, Amagansett: La Carrubba's, Bronx; Joe's Fordham, Brooklyn: Teddy's Shoes, Buffalo: Cyran's, S & W Shoe Company, Max Sommerstein, Fort Plain: Dutcher's Shoe Store, Jamestown: Arcade Shoe Store, Carnahan's, Manhattan: S & M Shoes (Douglas), Teddy's Shoes, N. Tonawanda: Payne Ave. Shoe, Olean: Lester Shoe, Oneonta: Bruno's Variety Store, Ovid: Harris Shoe Store, Palmyra: Edward's Shoe store, Salamanca: Mason's Shoe Store, Southampton: La Carrubba's, Springville: Mason's Shoes, Syracuse: Rochester Shoe Store, Warsaw: Van Dyke Shoes, Westfield: Beckwith's, Wolcott: Edward's Shoe Store. **Pennsylvania:** Barnesboro: Paul's Shoe Store, Bedford: Straub Bros., Brownsville: M & S Shoes, Clairton: Silberblatts, Greensburg: Ronald's Shoes, Hollidaysburg: Lester's, Johnstown: Holzman's Dept. Store, Meadville: Factory Shoe Store, Mt. Union: Saxe Men's Store, Pittsburgh: Bobman's Shoe Store, Sallas Shoe Store, Portage: Schoenfeld Dept. Store, Punxsutawney: Frederick Levy, Republic: Charles Angeloni, Ridgway: United Dept. Store, Sacramento: Koppy's Dept. Store, St. Mary's: Edwin J. Lion, Titusville: Bonns Store, Keystone Mercantile Co., Tyrone: Lester's Workmans Store, Union City: Mandeis, Warren: Lester Shoe Store, Waynesburg: The Shoe Center. **Rhode Island:** Warren: Warren Shoe Store.

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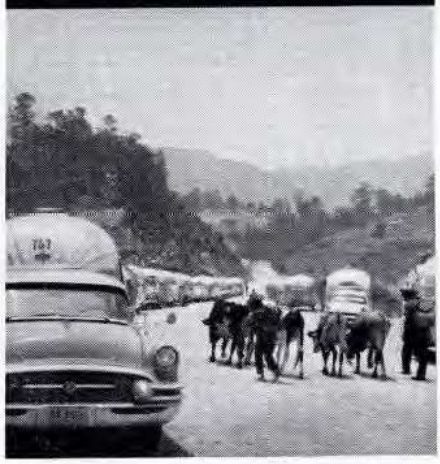

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*For more True Goes Shopping, turn to page* 131

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# STRANGE BUT TRUE

**By George R. Martin**

**The Shakespeare** 400th anniversary celebration in England this year drew thousands of American visitors who weren't aware that the Bard's birthplace owes much to American showman Phineas T. Barnum. When that genial Yankee toured England in 1844 with his 25-inch midget Tom Thumb, he looked around for new attractions for his thriving New York museum of freaks and rarities. At Stratford-on-Avon he came upon the thatched cottage labeled Shakespeare's birthplace; it was shabby and partly occupied by a butcher shop, but it gave Barnum an idea. He made the tradesman-owner an offer to buy the building; it would be taken apart, shipped to New York and reassembled in Barnum's exhibition hall on Broadway. News of the offer leaked, as Barnum expected. A nationwide outcry arose; some rich Londoners hastily bought the cottage for a whopping £3,000 and deeded it to a newly formed Shakespeare Association which restored and preserved it. Barnum was satisfied—he'd only wanted the publicity. He went on to bid $2,500 for a tree on which the poet Byron had carved his name; its owner, an apoplectic colonel, refused with pleasingly public fury. Barnum finally took home a troupe of Lancashire bell-ringers—and sent Britain in return a band of 16 Indians, complete with squaws. He was smart enough never to remind the British thereafter that they should be everlastingly indebted to him for saving Shakespeare's house from their own neglect. *By Wirt Barnitz, Hanover, Pa.*

**What gripes a wolf** more than anything else about living near ferocious humans in the cold North is the kind of food they sometimes scatter around. A hungry wolf comes upon a lump of frozen fat and innocently gulps it down. Stabbing stomach pains kill him. Concealed inside the strewn bait is one of primitive man's most devilish traps, still occasionally used by arctic dwellers. A thin strip of tough springy material with pointed ends—Eskimos use baleen or whalebone, Lapps a juniper stick—is bent into a bow or circle and tied with sinew. Digestive juices in the stomach dissolve the sinew; the strip springs open and pierces the victim's intestines. A similar snare, oddly, was used until recently in civilized England. Little steel springs in fat-balls, put out to lodge in pheasants' throat crops, choked the birds for poachers' dinners. *By H. Warner Daly, Athens, Ga.*

**The tug of war on a** rope between two teams—always good sport at any company outing or boys' camp—is a survival of one of mankind's oldest ceremonies. For thousands of years, in many parts of the world, men regularly huffed and puffed earnestly in rope-pulling contests. The result, they believed, would influence their gods, forecast the weather, fertilize crops, or perform other magic. Tug-of-warring took varied and novel forms, some of which lasted until modern times. Until recently, Eskimos annually held a simple rope tug between "summer" and "winter" to learn whether the coming cold season would be mild. The Kasyas of Assam grasped a long bamboo across a stream; if east pulled west into the water, it would be a good year, but if east got dunked, expect the worst. In Burma, the body of a priest customarily moved toward cremation on a wheeled car. The local populace divided into two teams, laid hold of ropes hung fore and aft, and tugged mightily at the car emulating good and evil spirits seeking the holy man's soul. Watchers stood by with sticks, however, to swat evil-pullers who got too enthusiastic. In Korea, neighboring villages used to tug for the best crop on a straw rope two feet thick; on each side, men grasped the whole rope, women pulled on separate end strands—and loaded their skirts with rocks. Inevitably there were jokers; Moroccans a century ago had long forgotten why their ancestors had tugged but they kept up a yearly men-vs.-women tug. Suddenly the men would let go, toppling the women on their backs. Being traditional, it always worked.

**Among Spanish conquistadors** who fought with Cortez in conquering Mexico there was, not so oddly, at least one Jewish conquistador—a fact overlooked in most history books. Many Jews in Spain had been forced by persecution to abjure, or at least conceal, their religion. Hernando Alonso, an ironworker who had emigrated to Cuba and became acquainted there with Cortez, followed him to Mexico in 1520 and fought doughtily in three campaigns that finally subdued the Indians. Hernando stayed in Mexico, married and had children; for his services as a soldier he received land and raised cattle on it, and was a much respected citizen. Then a newly appointed vicar general arrived from Spain and after some snooping set up an inquisition. He had Hernando seized and charged with instructing a child in the Jewish faith. Hernando's meritorious service couldn't save him. He was burned at the stake in 1528.

**William the Silent** said one thing that people keep repeating today, though few know why they say it. William was a Dutch prince who, four centuries ago, led his countrymen's rebellion against Spanish rule. Hunted back and forth across their low, wet land, the Dutch patriots often seemed near defeat. William heartened them by vowing that he would "fight to the last ditch"—an immortal phrase that actually commemorates Holland's canals.

*For acceptable Strange But True paragraphs, accurately and briefly written, TRUE will pay $25 each on publication. Readers must state their sources of information when sending contributions. None can be returned. Address George R. Martin, TRUE, 67 West 44th Street, New York, N. Y. 10036*

# Shhhhh

**when 6 million boaters wanted a quieter outboard, what do you think happened to the new Mercs?**

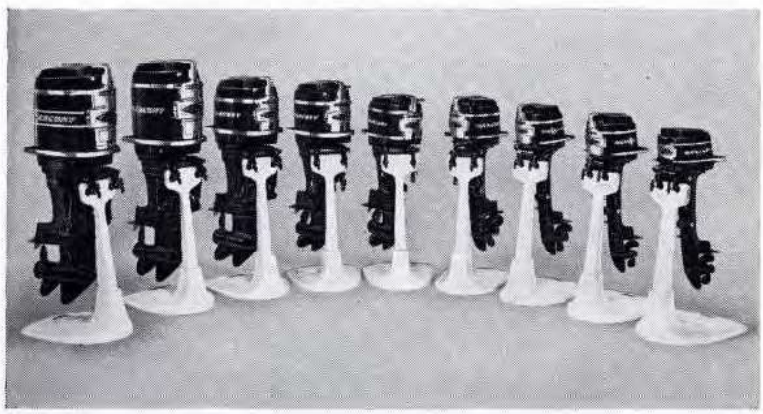
# THE NEW MERCS

## ...so quiet, they sound like

***New silence from SOUND engineering***

Mercury engineering has developed a new silencing system that makes the new Mercs sound like they're far away. The new four- and six-cylinder Mercs are actually 50% quieter.

Anyone can silence a motor by wrapping enough fat padding around it but we didn't want to sacrifice Merc's slim, trim lines . . . *or performance.* Merc's silencing system required redesigning, new engineering . . . from top to bottom. Here's how we did it:



■ New Mercs have a sound capsule cowling (metal, not plastic) that is elastically isolated from both the powerhead and the drive shaft housing. This fireproof cowling does not "broadcast" the sound from the engine.

■ All connections for control cables and fuel hoses are *inside* the capsule and the openings are sealed with neoprene closures. The sound from the powerhead is effectively *trapped* inside the cowling.

■ Mercury used a completely new principle . . . a wall of water . . . to silence the exhaust. The engine's discharged cooling water is used to surround Merc's new internal exhaust pipe and prevent exhaust noise from escaping through the drive shaft housing.

■ This same wall of water, pressing against the sides of the drive shaft housing, damps out the sound resulting from mechanical vibration.

■ Mercury's exclusive Jet-Prop was all-important to this new silencing system. Exhaust gases and sound are now carried directly from the powerhead, down the internal exhaust pipe and out through the Jet-Prop . . . where they are unceremoniously buried deep underwater.

■ Merc's Dyna-Float, aircraft-type suspension system keeps vibration from passing through the clamp brackets to the boat.

# ARE 50% QUIETER

## they're far behind your boat

■ And to top it off, the new Mercs have an elastically isolated steering arm to prevent sound from traveling out through the steering mechanism to the boat.

Yes, the new Mercs *are* 50% quieter but it couldn't have been done with an ordinary outboard. It had to start with the engine:

■ In-line 4- and 6-cylinder design with inherent smooth balance.

■ Small bore and short stroke with smaller and lighter pistons, connecting rods and wrist pins for lower disturbing forces.

■ *Offset* wrist pins that eliminate piston slap.

■ Smaller parts with tighter fits throughout the engine.

■ Power-Dome combustion chambers that "squish" the fuel-air mixture and smooth out combustion roughness.

■ Flex-plate flywheels that reduce the normal working noises of the crankshaft.

■ Internal reed valves . . . sealed inside the crankcase to make them quiet.

■ Full-Jeweled construction throughout the engine.

***More power from SOUND engineering***

The silencing of the Merc is just part of the news for 1965. Mercury has a brand new 90 hp outboard . . . the Merc 900. The fuel economy of this powerful new Merc surpasses competitors' 90's and even competitors' 75 hp outboards. In power at the prop, it is second only to the 100 hp Merc 1000. And, of course, it has Merc's new silencing system.

All of the 1965 Mercs have been restyled and the higher horsepower models have a lower profile. New engineering, such as smoother-action gearshifts, water pumps with tremendous saltwater resistance, new reed valves, and redesigned cowls, drive shaft housings and exhaust systems make the 1965 Mercs the newest in outboarding.

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KIEKHAEFER MERCURY

**MERCURY**

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# Whoever heard of skiing all day on $1.23 worth of fuel?

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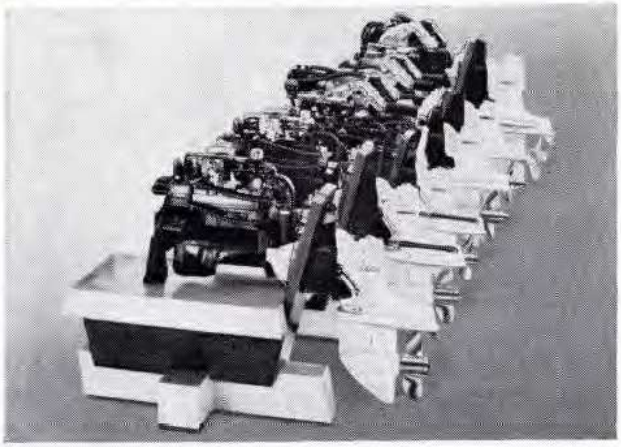
Round-the-clock running at Lake X gave a fuel consumption figure of only 2.1 gallons per hour. A careful 70-hour fuel log on our demonstration boat, simulating ski conditions (full throttle, cruising, idling) showed a fuel consumption figure of only *one* gallon per hour . . . about 16 cents worth.

There are two reasons for this fuel bargain . . . one you can see in the photo, one you can't. The first is: nothing surpasses a diesel for fuel economy . . . diesels are about 50% more thermally efficient than gasoline engines . . . and dockside, diesel fuel is only about 15-17 cents per gallon. The MerCruiseRover diesel gives you other advantages too . . . no carburetor to adjust . . . no spark plugs or points to replace (and no radio interference) . . . no explosion hazard . . . lower insurance rates . . . high thrust at low speeds . . . and there's hardly anything *more dependable* than Land Rover power. But let's not forget the second reason for that $1.23-a-day figure . . . MerCruiser stern drive.



MerCruiser stern drives have no fixed shaft, strut, rudder, and skeg to damage or cause drag. The MerCruiser's drive unit is built like an outboard . . . with the same impact protection and propulsion efficiency. Propeller thrust is parallel to the plane of motion instead of angled downward as with conventional inboards . . . on the same boat, with the same hp, MerCruisers are considerably faster.

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MerCruiser stern drives have a smooth, one-piece lower unit housing to assure a solid streamlined flow of water to the propeller at all speeds. A four-position tilt adjustment allows the angle of propeller thrust to be varied to achieve the best planing angle for maximum speed and riding comfort.

MerCruisers give you dual shock absorbers to absorb the kick-up energy from impact with submerged objects . . . a safety tilt switch to prevent engine over-revving during kick up . . . and, no shear pins to fail. Single-hole installation, with all controls inside the boat, is neater, stronger, and leakproof.

See one of the more than 3000 dealers selling MerCruiser. Let him show you MerCruiser power packages with either diesel or gasoline engines. And remember, whichever one you choose, your boat will get a real "kick-in-the-stern."

***More people buy MerCruiser than all other stern drives combined.***

**MERCRUISER**

**110, 120, 150, 190, 225, and 310 hp gasoline; 60 hp diesel Mercury outboards, 3.9 to 100 hp.**

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# IT'S A MAN'S WORLD

*A monthly commentary by TRUE's editors to keep you entertained and informed—and to keep the little woman firmly in her place*

## BOM AND SPOOF

Now that campaign oratory is making the air as full of froth as a drainage canal clogged with detergent foam, a man can save a lot of wear and tear on his patience by adapting a form of shorthand used by political reporters. Instead of writing down every word of the windy platitudes that candidates repeat time after time, reporters use only the initial letters of key words. This not only saves time, but has quite a degassing effect, as when "brotherhood of man" becomes "bom." You can figure your own election-year shorthand symbols to fit favored or unfavored candidates, but here are some as a starter:

poop = platform of our party
slop = sinister lunatics of the opposition
Ampot = American mainstream of political thought
cobtop = carry our banners to the people
spoof = sterling principles of our forefathers
mop = mandate of the people
dedbic = dedicated to best interests of the country
pap = peace and progress

## ARE WE MEN OR IDIOTS?

Do you have sense enough to come in out of the rain? Can you really be trusted to look out for yourself, make your own decisions, spend your money foolishly if you want to? Don't bet on it. Bigwigs of some of our federal regulatory agencies take the view that adult Americans are too stupid to get along without a Big Mama to hold their hands and make up their little minds for them. Like clucking hens who gather dim-witted chicks under their wings, these bureaucratic biddies yearn to protect us against our total incompetence. The Food and Drug Administration, which insists that drug makers list ingredients on package labels, wants other manufacturers *not* to mention a major ingredient of their products—polyunsaturated fats. Why? Because stupid Americans might think the stuff prevents heart attacks. There's another push to standardize packages so that feeble-minded housewives won't be gulled into buying a Mammoth package that contains no more soap powder than a Super-Giant size. The Federal Trade Commission wants every cigarette package to carry a flamboyant warning that cigarette smoking is dangerous to health. Next they'll be in a lather to print danger warnings on automobiles, booze, food (obesity, you know), jackknives, airplanes, stepladders, bicycles, jig saws and topless bathing suits. Hold still, man, while contemptuous officials wrap you in cotton to protect you against all potential hazards in this bad, bad world. Some jackassery in government is inevitable, but when it ventures into surly contempt for our IQ's, corrective steps should be taken. Like presidential beagles, impudent bureaucrats should occasionally be lifted by their ears to a respectful posture.

## ANTIFRAUD LAW

**Instead of passing 10,000 new laws every year, legislators would do better to revive some old ones for the good of society. Like this ordinance passed by the British Parliament in 1770: "All women of whatever age, rank, profession, or degree, whether virgins, maids, or widows, that shall impose upon, seduce and betray into matrimony any of His Majesty's subjects, by scents, paints, cosmetics, washes, artificial teeth, false hair, Spanish wool, iron staves, hoops, high-heeled shoes, bolstered hips, or padded bosoms shall incur the penalty of the law enforced against witchcraft and the like misdemeanors and that marriage, upon conviction, shall stand null and void."**

## DOWN WITH PHONEDOGGLING

**The other evening the telephone rang while we sat at the dining room table dividing a paltry serving of ground beef among our offspring. Our wife, who answered, lifted an eyebrow and said that a female voice was inquiring for the master. We took the phone, and some dame who had swallowed a quart of saccharin informed us that if we acted fast we could buy some house paint, or maybe it was aluminum windows, at a fantastic discount. We talked with her long enough to get the company's name, which we immediately entered in a list of outfits we will never do business with —firms that hire treacly phone solicitors to commit a nuisance when we're relaxed at the cocktail and dinner hour. We suspect that phone peddlers who brace a man after a hard day's work lose more business than they get, and we call down a pox on 'em.**

## IRED WIFE

An "ired wife," we learn from Dr. John F. Briggs of St. Paul, Minnesota, is the spouse of a retired man. She gets her irement from his retirement. When the husband is away at work all day, she gets to thinking of the house as her private daytime castle. When the man retires he hangs around the house a lot, gets in her way, needs feeding, notices her sleazy routines, tries to improve same, and discovers that what leaves her exhausted at day's end are those two-hour phone chats with Mable, Grace and Emma. This makes her more antagonistic than usual, and soon she's off to a doctor with aches, pains and disgruntlements that she wants a pill for. Doctor Briggs thinks a man can prevent the ired wife syndrome by planning for retirement. So do we. He must train his wife to wait on him hand and foot, leaving no idle moments for rumination. He must refuse to hang pictures, carry out garbage, wash windows, mend crockery, or do chores that otherwise will be piled on him after work and on weekends. Unfortunately, this wife-training must be started on the first day of the honeymoon to be any use. Many a man has made the fatal error of waiting on his wife during the honeymoon and been

(Continued on page 20)

# IT'S A MAN'S WORLD

(Continued from page 19)
stuck with it the rest of his life. There's still hope if a man establishes one room of his house as his own. Forbid your wife to decorate it, clean it, or enter it except to admire. Thus she tends to accept you as a messy tenant and when you retire you've got squatter's rights.

## DEMOCRACY AT UNWORK

**Maybe you think that voters have some initiative in getting issues on the ballot. Not in Montana, where the Independent Development Party recently got set back on its heels by the state Supreme Court. The party got together the necessary certified signatures calling for a referendum on legalized gambling in the fall elections. The court declared it would be unconstitutional and a violation of rights of the public to use election expenses for such a purpose. What public? The part of it opposed to legalized gambling? Some subjects are evidently too pressure sensitive to allow people to express their opinions in the democratic way that politicos and jurists are forever extolling in speeches if not in practice.**

## BRING BACK THE HAND STRAP

The most fascinating automotive spectacle of our time is a doll in a short skirt wiggling out of a low-slung car. But a lot of people who get in and out of the jungle-gym interior of a slinky car are indifferent oozers, neither lissome nor stacked, and their unseating is no boon to the eye. They could use the kind of help that was once provided by every respectable auto-maker: a simple hand strap to grab onto. Hand straps used to be standard equipment, like running boards or a socket for a buggy whip. Somewhere in the 1950's, when cars got lower and lower with bodies more like space capsules entered by hatches, the hand strap disappeared just when it was most needed. You can buy accessories like a hula dancer with a jeweled navel to shimmy on the dashboard, but not a hand strap. A reader who belongs to a car pool of big men, and apparently is no wraith himself, tells us how he solved the problem. We pass on his do-it-yourself directions. Get a length of woven belt, such as a GI belt from an Army and Navy store. Cut it and bring the ends together to make a loop of proper size. Dye it and sew on some rhinestones if you want to be fancy. How do you mount it on a door pillar? You can't use bolt-and-nut because you can't tighten the nut internally. Our reader says blind rivets do the job beautifully.

## DECLINE OF THE BUSS

Too much cheap public kissing is ruining a serious art form. Watch those gabby guest performers on TV who greet each other with a quick buss as they come on-stage. Watch the smart set gathered at any social watering trough. Here a peck, there a peck, everywhere a peck, peck. Nothing serious. Nobody is kissed to stay kissed. Like as not the buss slices into the rough and grazes an ear lobe or eyebrow. This hamper-scamper osculation degrades an activity that should be pregnant, as the saying goes, with meaning. Youngsters are in danger of growing up thinking of the kiss as a trivial ritualistic greeting like a tepid handshake or a Melanesian nose rub. We say it's high time to upgrade osculatory enterprise. Beginners would do well to study Rodin's statue of The Kiss, or an old Garbo still, or other examples reminded that men are men and women are glad of it.

## RATIONED WILDERNESS

**Indoor recreation is ruining outdoor recreation, if we correctly interpret the Ambiguous Headline of the Month: "Outdoor Recreation Threatened by Excess Procreation." It appeared over a grim forecast by the Population Reference Bureau that park and wilderness areas are headed for rationing, sure as shooting, or fishing, if present trends continue. In a few decades a man may have to have a ration coupon permitting him to fish between 9:30 and 10 a.m. in a given stream on a given day. The Census Bureau predicts a U. S. population of 350,000,000 in the year 2,000, and with greater affluence and long vacations, a tripled demand for outdoor recreation facilities. But national parks and wild lands are finite. We may be forced to ration our national parks, permitting each citizen a brief, uncrowded holiday once every 5 years—then every 10, 15 and 20 years as population increases. Conservationists who merely attempt to preserve the green splendors we now have should consider a bigger problem: "If procreation remains a major form of indoor recreation, outdoor recreation in these United States will have become a nostalgic memory, even perhaps before the babies born in 1964 have children of their own."**

## BALD LUNGS

Dr. Howard Buechner, Professor of Medicine at Tulane Medical School in New Orleans, has a handsomely glabrous dome. Just a neat fringe of hair around the edges. A few years ago he remarked to a colleague, "I guess I am not too worried about lung cancer because I have never seen a bald man with this disease." This led to a baldness survey which eventually included 255 control patients and 186 lung cancer patients. Sure enough, lung cancer was three to four times more frequent in men with healthy heads of hair. Among control patients, 41 percent were bald: hair gone from the front as well as the crown of the head. Among lung cancer patients, only 10 percent were bald. There was no difference in smoking habits of the two groups. You figure it out; the doctors can't.

## NOWHERE TO HIDE

**The Army has taken a snide step in refusing to draft married men, on grounds that bachelors are cheaper. The Air Force and Marine Corps won't accept enlistments of husbands without previous military experience. This exposes a grave lack in our armed services. We have nothing like the Foreign Legion in which a man can disappear and no questions asked. A battalion or two of Fighters Anonymous for men pursued by alimony bloodsuckers or otherwise driven to desperation might be in the best interests of the country.**

## DEPT. OF ODD INFORMATION

**A low-calorie sugar is being test-marketed. Each sugar crystal is slightly expanded, giving fewer crystals and calories per spoonful, and a minute amount of artificial sweetener is added to give the same sweetness as ordinary sugar.**

**An automatic Martini-making machine can be bought for $329. Any range of dryness from 3 to 1 to 10 to 1 can be had by turning a dial.**

**—THE EDITORS**

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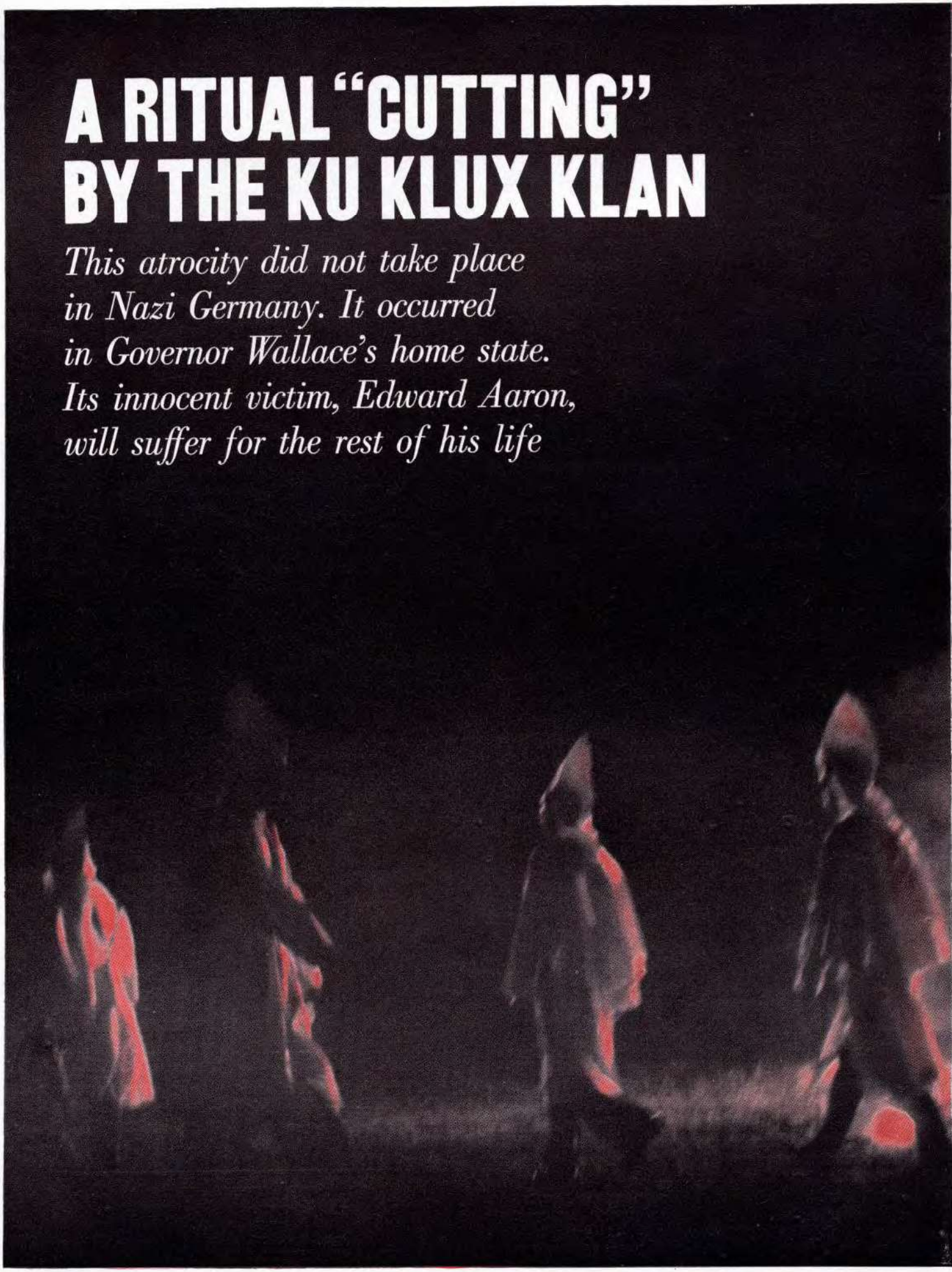
# A RITUAL "CUTTING" BY THE KU KLUX KLAN

*This atrocity did not take place in Nazi Germany. It occurred in Governor Wallace's home state. Its innocent victim, Edward Aaron, will suffer for the rest of his life*



**BY WILLIAM BRADFORD HUIE**

BIRMINGHAM, ALA.

■ This is an atrocity story. It spotlights the perpetrators of the atrocity: four Ku Klux Klansmen who since 1959 have been in the Alabama State Prison. Early in 1964 one of them was paroled after serving less than a fourth of a 20-year sentence. The others are being considered for parole, and they expect to be free during 1964.

This story also spotlights the resurgent Ku Klux Klan which, from its Alabama base, now claims chapters "from New York to California." Leaders of this "new" Klan, according to *The New York Times*, insist that the Klan is "no longer a gathering of uneducated ruffians with violence on their minds."

Here is evidence to the contrary.

In the decade following the Second World War the Ku Klux Klan all but died. It took new life from the Supreme Court's 1954 "Black Monday" decision outlawing racial segregation in public schools. With no central headquarters but with several regional leaders, chapters began organizing themselves throughout the old cotton South.

In 1957 a chapter of about 25 members was organized in the East Lake section of Birmingham. Its most respectable member was its treasurer: Jesse Mabry, 45, who for 20 years had been an employee and foreman at Perfection Mattress Company. Mabry owned his home in East Lake. His name first reached the newspapers when the Negro singer, Nat King Cole, was attacked. Mr. Cole was singing at the Birmingham Municipal

*Edward Aaron is a peaceful citizen who never caused trouble for anyone. He had never seen the six Ku Kluxers until the night of the crime.*

Auditorium when several Klansmen jumped onto the stage, seized him, and attempted to maul him. Police saved him from serious injury. Mabry, for his part in this assault, paid a fine for disorderly conduct.

Mabry's Klan chapter met each Wednesday evening. Its meeting place or "Lair" was a crude, cinder-block building with a dirt floor, 25 x 30 feet, located on a lonely dirt road about eight miles from Mabry's home. The building was lighted with kerosene lamps and fitted with blackout curtains. White sheets running on wires formed partitions.

On Labor Day, Monday evening, September 2, 1957, the six officers of this chapter met at Mabry's home. They were Joe Pritchett, Bart Floyd, Grover McCullough, William Miller, John Griffin and Mabry. A Klan chapter's officers have titles like the Army: the presiding officer or Cyclops is a major and under him are captains and lieutenants, their number depending on the size of the chapter.

The business at Mabry's home was this: the chapter had no "Captain of the Lair." It had a major, who was Pritchett, and it had five lieutenants, who were the others. But it hadn't filled the office of captain, and the officers were holding a special meeting to decide which of the lieutenants deserved to be promoted to Captain of the Lair. Bart Floyd wanted to be captain. He told the others he thought he could qualify. He said he was ready to prove himself worthy of being Captain of the Lair.

What did Floyd mean by "proving himself"? He meant he was to "get nigger blood on his hands." Floyd was ready to show his fellow officers that not only could he put on his hood and "scare a nigger," but that he was also capable of "cutting a nigger."

It then became the responsibility of the officers to "put Floyd to the test." They got in two cars. In Floyd's car were Floyd, Mabry and Miller. In Griffin's car were Griffin, Pritchett and McCullough. They drove off about 8:30 p. m.

These six men thought of themselves as "average Americans," perhaps a little superior because they were Klan officers. They were also members of the "country club Klan"—Citizens Councils. All were members of Protestant churches. All had grade school educations. The youngest, Miller, was 32; the oldest, Mabry, was 45. Miller and Griffin worked together in a grocery store; the others held comparable jobs. They had no whisky with them; they were not drunk or even "drinking."

The first stop was at a drug store where Floyd bought a package of razor blades and a bottle of turpentine.

One of them thought of a particular Negro, and they drove to his home, but this intended victim was lucky: he wasn't there. They then went to a Negro roadside spot, the Cabin Club. Pritchett and Floyd went in, looked around, but found no likely victim. They drove farther, and spotted a Negro couple walking along a country road. The man happened to be Edward Aaron, 34, a quiet, slender, peaceable citizen, 5-feet-9 and weighing 148 pounds. He had been born in Barbour County, Alabama, and during the war he had served honorably with the Army's Quartermaster Corps, in England and in the Philippines. He was barely literate. Since the war he had lived with his mother on the outskirts of Birmingham, working as a painter's helper and doing other odd jobs, earning about $600 a year. He had never married —he "couldn't afford to"; he had never been in jail—"never bothered a living soul." He was about the least combative Negro male the Klansmen could have found. His companion was Cora Parker, a respectable woman whom Aaron and his family had known for eight years.

Floyd said: "We'll grab him and chase her off."

The cars stopped, and before the Negroes could suspect danger the Klansmen leaped on Aaron and threw him in the back of Floyd's car. Aaron said: "Whattaya want with me? I ain't done nothing!" Floyd answered by slugging him with a pistol, then sitting on him while Mabry drove Floyd's car about six miles to the Lair.

At the Lair the Klansmen unlocked the door and lighted the lamps. Then they brought in "the nigger." None of them knew him or had ever seen him. They didn't ask his name. They addressed him only as "nigger" or "you black sonofabitch." Not once did they allow him to stand erect. They made him crawl out of the car, then crawl to the entrance to the Lair and inside the Lair. They let him sit on his knees and watch them put on their robes and hoods. Pritchett, as Cyclops, put on a red hood, adorned with gold braid. The hood looked like a pillow case: it had slits for the eyes but no slits for ears or mouth. Pritchett's robe also was red, while the robes and hoods of the others were white.

Aaron, kneeling in the dirt and lamplight, knew he was helpless. He didn't even have a pocket knife. No houses were nearby: he could scream his head off and no one would hear him.

In full regalia Pritchett stood [*Continued on page* 28]

OCT.—TRUE—CAN., M. ATL., N.E.

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WONDER ROTUNDA—NEW YORK WORLD'S FAIR

[*Continued from page 24*]
splendidly overlooking the "nigger." "Look up at me, nigger!" Pritchett ordered. Aaron raised his eyes, and Pritchett dramatically raised his hood and looked down at Aaron. "Do you know me, nigger?" Pritchett asked.

"Naw, suh," Aaron replied. "I ain't never seen yuh."

Pritchett kicked him hard in the eye.

Pritchett then lowered his hood and said: "Now look around you, nigger! Look careful. You ever seen any of these gentlemen?"

Aaron looked around and said: "Naw, suh." He ducked as he said it, but Pritchett didn't kick him again.

For half an hour then the group baited their helpless, innocent victim. With curses and four-letter filth they "interrogated the nigger." Look at me, nigger! You think you're as good as I am? You think any nigger is as good as a white man? You got any children? You think nigger kids should go to school with my kids? You think you got a right to vote? Or eat where I eat? Or use the same toilet I use?

Pritchett finally halted the baiting. It was time for action.

At that point Floyd leaped at Aaron and slugged him with the pistol. He didn't knock him unconscious, but he partially dazed him. The others grabbed Aaron, pulled off his pants and shorts, and spread-eagled him in the dirt. While Aaron still struggled, Floyd jumped between his legs and with a razor blade severed the entire scrotum. Then Floyd doused his squirming, bleeding victim with the turpentine.

After examining the evidence, each of the lieutenants agreed Bart Floyd was now worthy to become Captain of the Lair. One lieutenant proved himself unworthy: Miller sickened and vomited.

They dressed Aaron, tossed him into a car trunk, drove about eight miles and threw him out on the side of a road. They thought he was dying. As their cars pulled away he crawled into some bushes. When the cars turned around and started back toward him, Aaron thought they were returning to kill him. He crawled farther and then dropped into a small creek about three feet deep. The cars stopped. Pritchett got out and looked around to be sure they had left no evidence. Aaron submerged himself in the creek until the cars drove off again.

Aaron managed to crawl to the road and stagger to his feet. Several cars passed him, and one of the motorists telephoned police that a "bloody Negro" was staggering along the road. Police arrived and later testified that Aaron "looked like he had been dipped in blood from the belt down." At the Veterans Administration Hospital in Birmingham a surgeon closed the wound, and Aaron was given whole blood. For four days his condition remained critical with his temperature reaching 105. He then began to recover, and after three weeks he was able to leave the hospital.

Even in a society where "only a Negro" was the victim, this crime was too brutal to ignore. The press reacted violently when the police found the Lair with the blood and turpentine in the dirt. Two of the Klansmen, Miller and Griffin, confessed, became State's witnesses, testified against the other four, and were given suspended sentences. (My account of the atrocity is from their testimony.) Mabry, Floyd, Pritchett and McCullough were advised to plead guilty and hope for a sentence of no more than 10 years. But they insisted on pleading not guilty because, as members of the Klan and Citizens Councils, they did not believe an all-white, all-male jury would convict them.

"You are wrong," they were warned. "Had you accused Aaron of being a troublemaker and shot him dead on the roadside, you'd be freed. But this is different. The law calls what you did mayhem, and the penalty is two-to-twenty years. The polite words are emasculation and mutilation, but the jury will know you are guilty of willful, unprovoked castration, and you'll get the extreme penalty."

The "district attorney" of Birmingham is the Circuit Solicitor of Jefferson County. He was then and is now a remarkable man named Walter Emmett Perry. Coming from generations of Alabamians he reveres the "Southern way of life," but with one difference: he doesn't like Ku Klux. He doesn't think inhumanity is part of the "Southern way of life"; and he believes a Negro's right to live with dignity is as precious as a white man's.

Mabry, Floyd, Pritchett and McCullough were tried separately, and the State's case was the same against each of them. After Aaron told his story, the women left the courtroom and Aaron partially undressed and stood before the jury. Miller and Griffin then testified, along with the doctors and the police. None of the defendants denied the atrocity. Mabry and McCullough claimed limited participation: they said they thought Floyd was only going to "scare the nigger."

A doctor explained that Aaron's castration was a "hideous, traumatic experience in which the psychological damage can be expected to be even more severe than the physical damage." Not only had Aaron been rendered incapable of siring a child, the doctor said, but he had been robbed of the glandular secretions of the testes which are necessary for general health and he might be expected to withdraw from society and live in a state of embarrassment in which sexual activity would be impossible.

The verdicts were prompt in each case: guilty and 20 years. But during the following 18 months during which the verdicts were being appealed, the Klansmen were free on bond, and Klansmen throughout the state, together with more

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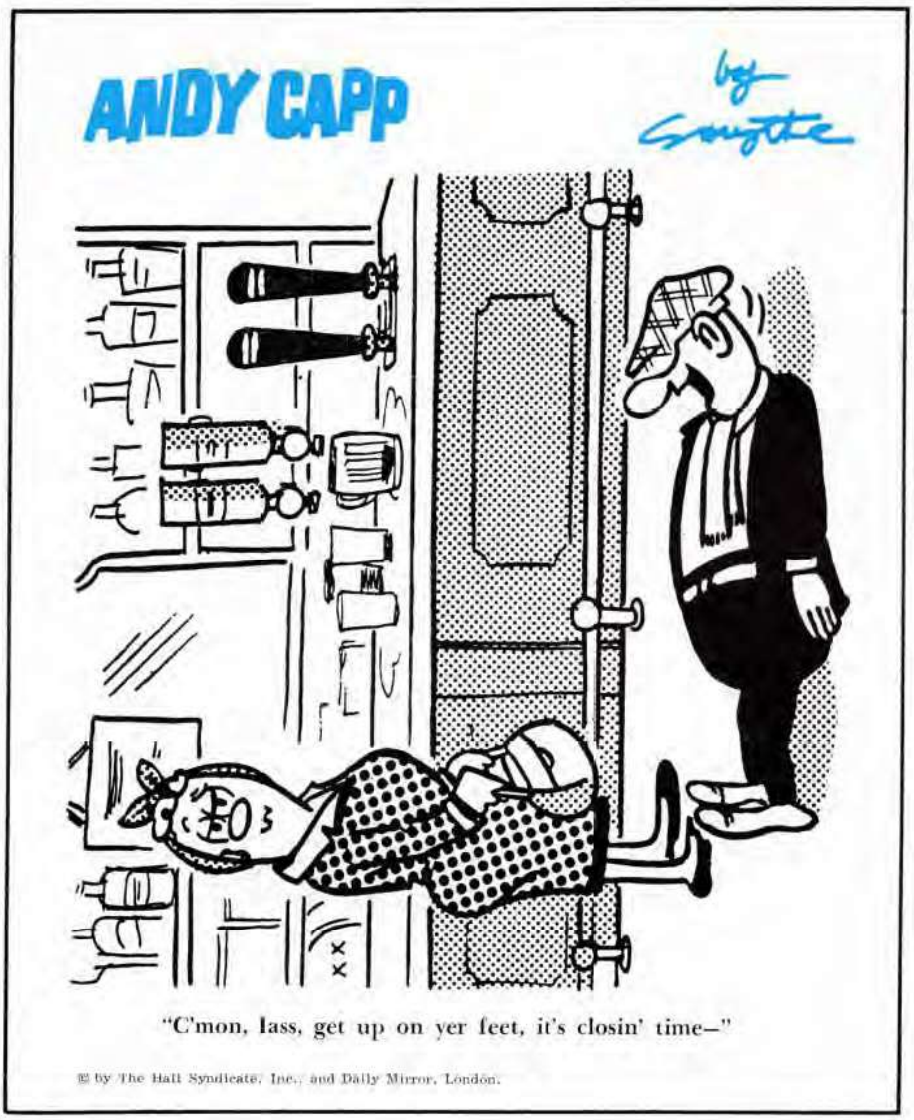


**"C'mon, lass, get up on yer feet, it's closin' time—"**

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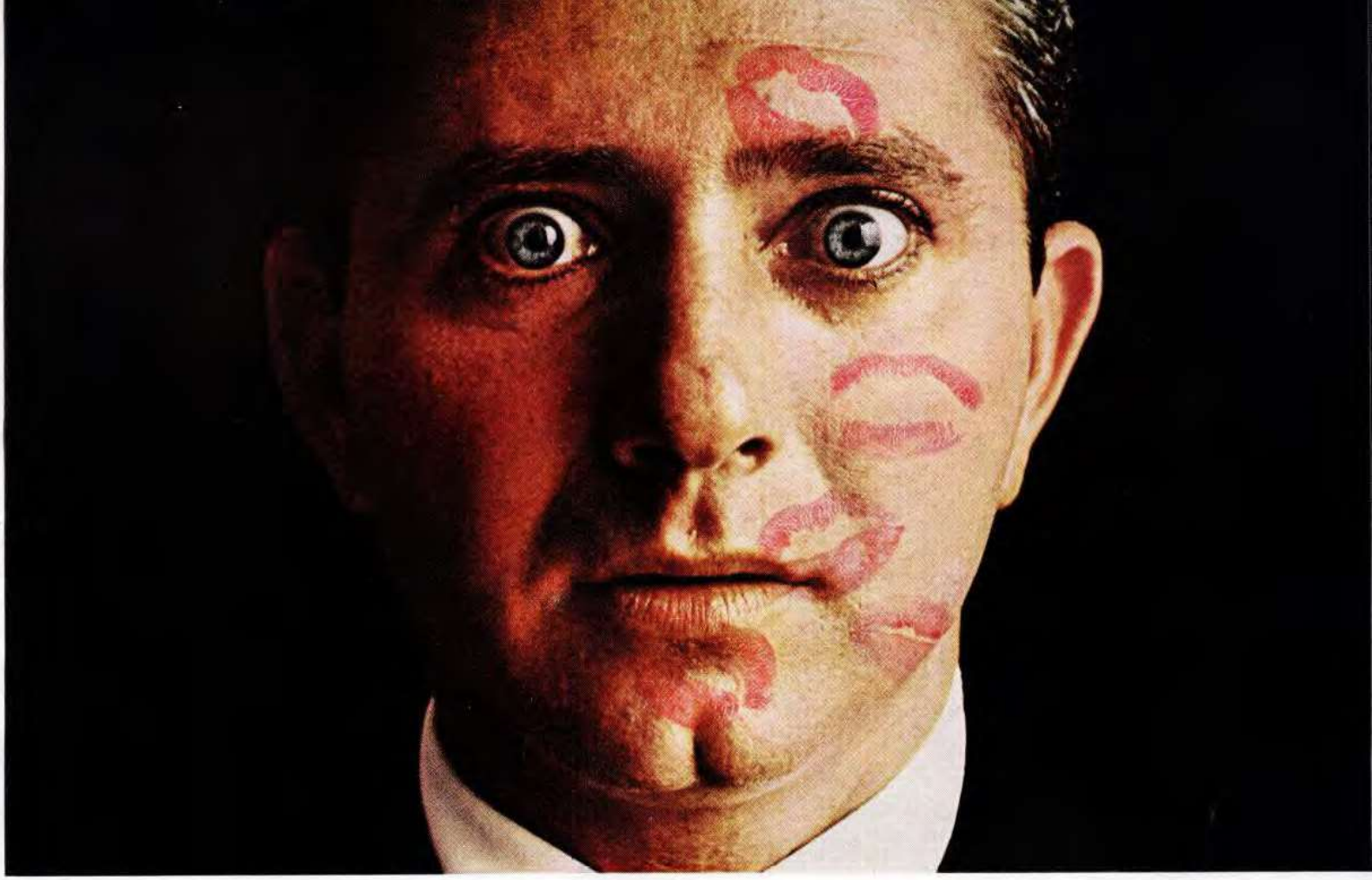

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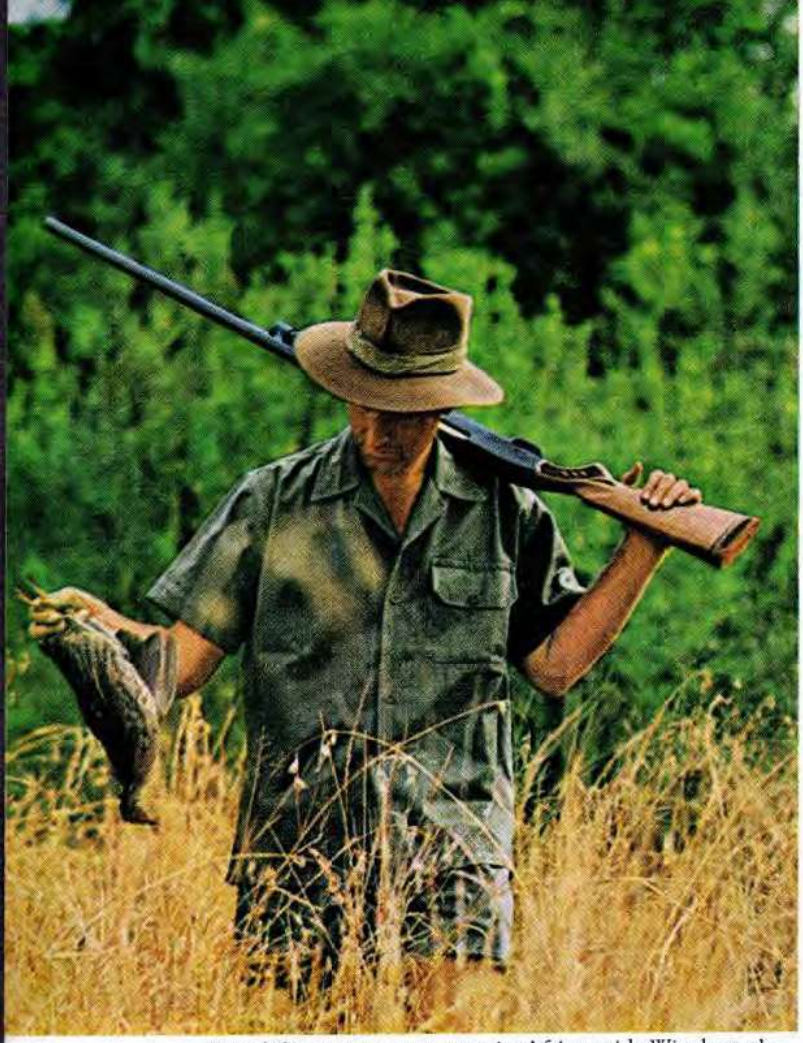
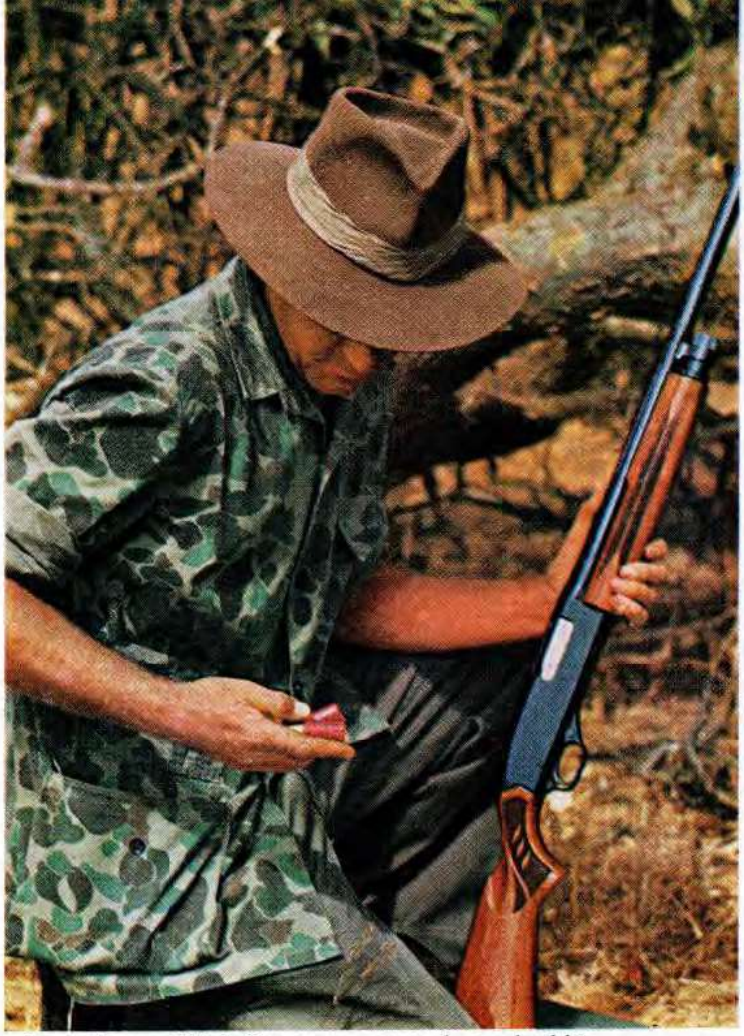
Any licensed driver (man or woman) is eligible to enter. Void where prohibited by law. (Special contest for residents of these areas. See your "Zerex" dealer for details.) Mink Giveaway closes December 1, 1964.



David Ommanney, our man in Africa, with Winchester's new slide-action Model 1200. The game bird is a spur fowl.



In sand grouse blind, Ommanney gets ready to reload his 1200 with our new "compression-formed" plastic shells.

# Why we made Tanganyika the proving ground

Our new slide-action Model 1200 ($96.00) and Model 1400 automatic ($134.95) both have many unusual features. We wanted to field-test them where bird shooting is fast and furious. So we sent them on safari—with David Ommanney, our man in Africa. Says this famous professional hunter: "I never swung a meaner gun—meaner, that is, to the birds."

The proof of a shotgun is in the shooting. So it follows that the best proving ground for a *new* one is where it gets the most action.

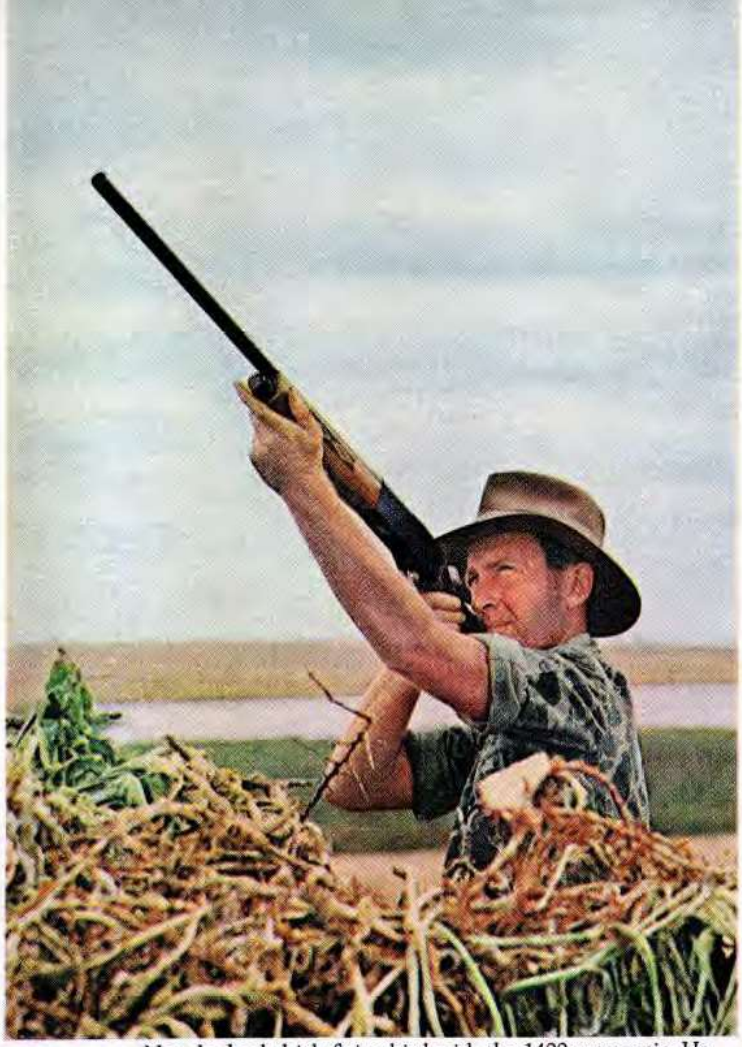
The ideal is a hunting territory where game birds are plentiful and varied; and daily limits aren't too small.

In Tanganyika, we found exactly those conditions. The bush teems with game birds: francolin, kanga (Guinea Fowl) and sand grouse, among others. They all gave our new shotguns a real workout. Yet we never tried—and weren't even tempted—to shoot half as many as our Tanganyika licences allowed us.

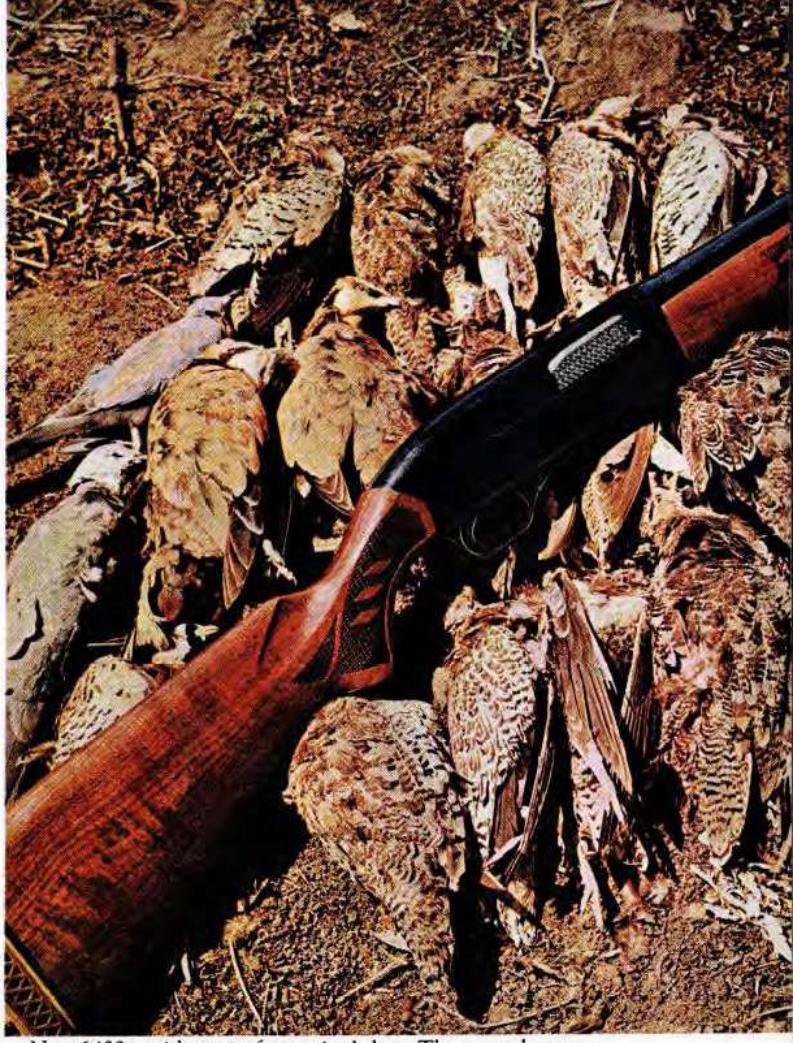
There were also other advantages in testing these new shotguns on safari. Here are two of them.

First, they got the opposite of kid-glove treatment. We wanted to see how well they'd work with their actions full of dust, and after days of jolting travel in Land-Rovers. They took their lumps and bumps—and functioned fine.

Second, going to Africa allowed us to get David Ommanney's opinion. Few men know more about



Now he leads high-flying bird with the 1400 automatic. He said: "It's tough to tell which new gun swings sweeter."



New 1400—with part of morning's bag. These sand grouse took some stopping; really tested and proved both new guns.

# for these two great new Winchester shotguns.

game and guns than this famous professional hunter, who led us on safari.

**New feature** on both shotguns is this front-locking, rotary bolt head. Its 4 lugs lock directly into the barrel—not the receiver. Such safe, vault-tight breeching, which is the hallmark of fine rifles, was never before found on a shotgun.

What Ommanney says comes straight from the shoulder. Though we call him "our man in Africa," he's nobody's man but his own. So it meant a lot to us when he enthusiastically approved the new features on these shotguns. What boosted our confidence even higher was the pleasure he obviously took in using them—especially on the sand grouse.

No shooting in the world is faster. Soon after first light, at most Tanganyikan water holes, thousands of these swept-wing game birds come barreling in to drink.

Some arrive singly, or in pairs: other flights number 25 or 30. In line or echelons, keeping strict formation, they cross-hatch the morning sky—and offer every type of shot, at varying heights and ranges. But both shotguns dropped them consistently.

"I've seldom seen such clean shooting," said Ommanney. "The way these shotguns performed was *smashing*."

**The shot shells** we used on safari were new Super-Speed and Super-X Mark 5. "Compression-formed" out of plastic—with single unit construction replacing a base wad—they rewrite the book on shot shell design and performance.

WINCHESTER® Western® WINCHESTER-WESTERN DIVISION Olin

[Continued from page 28]
fervent members of the Citizens Councils, boasted the four would never serve time. These boasters were wrong. The Alabama Supreme Court affirmed the verdicts, and by the end of 1959 Mabry, Floyd, Prichett and McCullough were in the state prison.

The question then became: how long would they stay in prison? Generally, in Alabama, a prisoner must serve one-third of his sentence or 10 years, whichever is shorter, before he can be considered for parole. Would the Klansmen be favored and paroled *before* they had served one-third of their sentences?

In 1960 the State Board of Pardons and Paroles answered this question. The board took notice of the four Klansmen and made a unanimous decision: none of the Klansmen would be considered for parole until he had served a full one-third of his sentence. This decision was signed by all three members of the board and is part of the board's permanent file.

Thus, the anti-Klan, anti-brutality citizens of Alabama had scored a complete victory. Mabry, Floyd, Pritchett and McCullough had been convicted, their sentences upheld.

By 1963, however, many of the people of Alabama had joined in a holy war against all forms of Negro advancement. And by July 25, 1963, the Parole Board had reversed its position and voted unanimously *not* to require the four Klansmen to serve one-third of their sentences before parole.

In October, 1963, Mabry was given his first hearing by the Parole Board. Against his proposed parole two official voices were raised: those of Mr. Perry and Circuit Judge Alta L. King who had presided at the trials. Mr. Perry asked the board members if they were "thoroughly acquainted with the facts of the miserable, inexcusable, planned, deliberate, felonious castration of Edward Aaron?"

"In our judgment," Mr. Perry told the board, "parole for Mabry or any of his companions would be a travesty of justice and a tragedy in law enforcement.

"When we are faced with a wave of brutal dynamitings," Mr. Perry declared, "when we have not yet identified or convicted the murderers of the four children in church, to favor these Klansmen, to allow them to walk free in Alabama after serving less than a fourth of their sentences: this can only encourage other Klan brutality and make a mockery of justice!"

But the Parole Board was undeterred. In February, 1964, Mabry was free, and the board announced the others were being favorably considered for parole.

It was at this point I decided to examine the case. In the files of the Alabama Supreme Court I read the transcripts of testimony. Then I set out to find Edward Aaron and see how he fared.

Finding Aaron was not easy.

In 1962, as part of an effort at rehabilitation, he moved to a middle-sized northern city, hoping to escape the stares, the questions, the fate of being an odious or pitiful curiosity. When I found him I was able to persuade him to talk only by promising not to reveal where he is.

In his low, soft voice Aaron refers to the atrocity as "when I was hurt." He speaks of "before I was hurt" and "after I was hurt." His being hurt affected him both physically and psychologically.

Before he was hurt Aaron was employable only for heavy, unskilled, manual labor. His hurt rendered him incapable of such labor. After an hour's heavy work, no heavier than pushing a lawnmower, his crotch swells so much he is incapacitated for a week. Doctors have found no relief for this disability. He takes regular injections of a preparation called Delatestryl, which is a male hormone, and these injections have cost as much as $20 a month. Until 1962 his problem each month was to get enough money to feed himself and to pay for his injections.

"In the days after I was hurt," Aaron told me, "while I was still in the VA hospital, I prayed to die. I thought about trying to kill myself. I wondered why them white men didn't show a little mercy and kill me. I kept wondering to myself: 'Why was it me?' I never hurt a soul on earth. I never knew anything about integration. I couldn't find no answer. After I got out of the hospital and the trials begun, I wasn't myself. I got where I could hardly talk, and I'd wake

**COMING . . .**

Exciting color photos

**EVERY MAN SHOULD HAVE A HAREM**

Narrated by noted actor-writer Peter Ustinov

**NEXT MONTH IN TRUE**

up in my sleep crying and scared, and I'd see them robes standing around me just a-itchin' to cut me. Or sometimes I'd wake up all ashamed, and I'd see myself standing up there in front of all them jury with my pants down. I got where I couldn't look nobody in the face, and when somebody asked me something I couldn't do nothing but mumble. I'd just want to go off in the woods, hoping nobody would see me or speak a word to me. I got where I was afraid even for coloreds to speak to me, afraid they'd mention something about how I was hurt. And the worst times was when men would walk up to me, coloreds as well as whites, and make like they was just passing the time o' day, and then they'd sidle around and ask me what they had come to ask me: if I could still do a woman some good. I got so I couldn't open my mouth to that question. . . . I just stood there and looked down and I couldn't keep my eyes from watering."

By 1961 Aaron was a pitiful sight on the streets of Birmingham. Ragged, mumbling, withdrawn, often swollen, his eyes set back in his head, barely coherent, he was reduced to begging pharmacists to credit him for his medicine and to begging doctors to credit him for the injections. Since the VA provides pensions for some veterans with non-service-incurred disabilities, efforts were made to obtain such a pension for Aaron. These efforts failed twice.

In 1962 Aaron's luck began to change. A good and determined man arrived in Birmingham: Reverend C. Herbert Oliver. An Alabama-born Negro, Reverend Oliver had been educated at Wheaton College in Illinois and further educated for the Presbyterian ministry. He returned to Birmingham and became secretary of an organization known as the Inter-Citizens Committee—Post Office Box 1443. His job is to try to reduce police brutality against Negroes. The Inter-Citizens Committee is financed by small grants, and it is assisted by the Council for Christian Social Action of the United Church of Christ.

For the first time Aaron found an effective friend. Reverend Oliver was the man Aaron could telephone when he needed a responsible person to "stand for" his medicine and his other necessities. And with Reverend Oliver, Aaron's speech difficulties began to disappear. He quit mumbling, his eyes quit watering and he began to "come out of himself" as he regained confidence.

Reverend Oliver tackled the VA again. What was needed was the assistance of *one* member of Alabama's powerful Congressional delegation. If only one of the two Senators, or one of the eight Congressmen, would help, the pension might be obtained. But not one of these 10 men replied to letters seeking to interest them in the welfare of Edward Aaron.

Reverend Oliver then turned North. He wrote to a Presbyterian friend, Reverend Carlos Fuller, who wrote to U.S. Senator Kenneth B. Keating of New York. The result was prompt. On December 10, 1962, the VA began paying Aaron a "non-service pension" at the monthly rate of $85. This is the VA's total disability pension for a veteran "whose civilian income has averaged no more than $600 a year."

Aaron, with his mother, then moved North, to where his brother and sister already lived. Now he lives alone in a rented room, and he has his meals with his mother and sister. He subsists on what President Johnson calls a poverty level, but except for his years in the Army it's the highest level he has ever known. He has completely recovered his speech, and with me he conversed normally. He was even able to smile several times when we talked about wartime England and the Philippines. He dresses neatly, and he has received a psychological boost from discovering that he has a distinction: children like him. Every child near his home from 3 to 12 regards him as a friend. So he has become a semi-professional baby sitter. He often convoys as many as 10 children to the park, and mothers tell him he can discipline their children better than they can.

"I get a big kick out of them kids," he said. "When the weather is nice I spend pretty much of every day in the park, seeing that they don't get hurt. I can't run and play with them, but I can move around fast enough to look after them."

"Are you still bitter about . . . getting hurt?" I asked.

[Continued on page 36]

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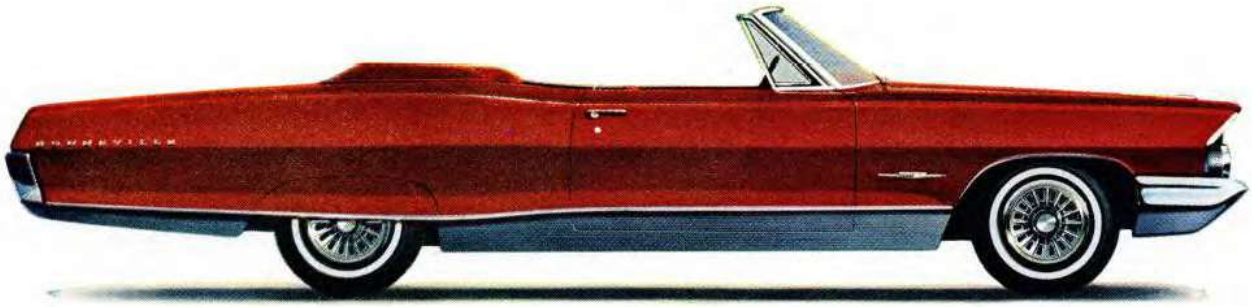

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We started fresh with a bold new Pontiac look, as you can see, and plush new interiors, which you can just imagine for now. It's a quick car, even for a Pontiac, because our Trophy V-8s come on stronger than ever. You want Pontiac performance and economy, too? You want new Turbo Hydra-Matic and our exclusive low-ratio rear axle to wring extra mileage from gasoline and save and save and save. The '65 Pontiac is other ways new, too, with self-adjusting steering gear and bigger, better brakes. It's smoother riding (if you can fancy *that*) since we redesigned the suspension system around our curve-uncurving Wide-Track. (The inch-longer-than-last-year wheelbase also helps.) Now if you're wondering how you could become even more enthusiastic about Pontiac for 1965, just try driving one at your Pontiac dealer's.

# How could Tempest become even more of a Pontiac?

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## Here's your answer: The '65 Pontiac Tempest.

It could look even more like a Pontiac and it does: stacked headlights and split grille and big, bright wraparound tail lamps. It could be longer and it is, by a handspan. Tempest certainly rides like a Pontiac on Wide-Track and its all-coil suspension. And Tempest surely goes like a Pontiac, whether you take the gas-saving 140-hp six, or order up a quick V-8: 250 hp on regular fuel, 285 hp on premium. We spoil you with interiors restyled in cloth and Morrokide, or all Morrokide. And tempt you with 12 handsome models, including a new Custom Hardtop Coupe. With Tempest looking and acting so Pontiac for 1965, you mustn't forget it's still priced down there with the other low-priced cars.

***1965: The year of the Quick Wide-Tracks***

# IT HAPPENED IN SPORTS

**By William Barry Furlong**

## CASEY STENGEL SPEECHLESS

When he was a young ballplayer Casey Stengel received an indelible piece of advice from Ring Lardner. "Casey," said the sports writer, "always remember to keep talking." For Stengel that was as natural as breathing. In fact, only once was he left utterly speechless.

It happened about mid-season in 1939 when Casey was managing a municipal ruin called the Boston Braves. Here was a team in the great Stengel tradition. It offered more surprises than a missing top step but it did not often surprise by winning. So Casey conjured up a number of other *divertissements*, including, of course, the baiting of umpires.

His favorite adversary and greatest challenge was umpire George Magerkurth. When Stengel and the Maje tangled it was like a meeting at the summit: The Mouth vs. The Muscle. For, to Magerkurth, umpiring was not simply a career but a campaign, a fistic one. Standing 6 feet 3 and weighing over 230 pounds, he once ran up a string of 40 straight wins fighting clandestine, and then illegal, boxing matches on the barges and docks of the Mississippi River.

Casey Stengel figured the way to handle the Maje was to refrain from fistics at all costs and to dazzle him instead with footwork. Keeping the footwork verbal was highly desirable when going up against an opponent with Magerkurth's abilities.

One of Casey's players was Al Lopez, a man who—when his temper is aroused—is as direct as a train wreck and just about as rough. He'd already been thrown out of two or three games by Magerkurth and Casey felt the next time Al's temper might prod him to turn physical. Lopez' big trouble was that in his angry moments he was blind to certain details, such as the fact that Magerkurth outweighed him by 30 to 40 pounds.

The critical point in the game came when the bases were loaded against the Braves and Magerkurth called a close pitch, "ball one!" Lopez fumed but kept his temper in check. Then Magerkurth called the next two pitches —both close ones—ball two and ball three. Lopez was now at the flash point so Casey climbed the dugout steps and stumped out to home plate.

"What's goin' on out here?" he barked. He turned pointedly to Lopez and began to talk loudly. His ploy was to talk *at* Lopez but *to* Magerkurth. He figured that would reduce the fistic dangers of the discussion without reducing its declamatory joys. All he wanted to do was use Lopez as a straight man for the verbal onslaught he planned to deliver to Magerkurth. What he didn't figure was that Magerkurth had been in heavyweight competition—verbal as well as physical—himself a few times.

"What about those pitches? What were they?" Stengel asked Lopez.

"Strikes!" snapped Lopez brusquely.

As quick as a blink, Magerkurth thumbed him out of the game.

Stengel was thunderstruck. "Whatsa matter?" he protested. "I ask my man a question and you kick him out."

"He gave," said Magerkurth austerely, "the wrong answer."

[*Continued from page 32*]

"Well," he said, "I guess it's something a man can't ever get over. But I don't think about it much lately. A lot o' good luck has come to me. I ain't the same man I was for four-five years after I was hurt. I still can't do much work. I can't even walk fast upstairs without having my trouble. But if I'm careful and move easy and don't miss my shots, I get along all right. About the only real trouble I has is, once in a while I wake up in my sleep and I'm real scared. I see them men a-wanting to hurt me. But it don't happen much lately, and I think I'm pretty lucky. The Lord sent me two friends . . . and a man who's got two friends ain't bad off."

In his wallet Aaron carries two pictures he cut out of newspapers. They are his two friends. One is a Negro man he knows: Reverend Oliver. The other is a distinguished-looking, white-haired white man he is never likely to meet: Senator Keating.

After I had talked with Edward Aaron I visited the offices of the Parole Board in Montgomery, Alabama. I talked with the three board members: in a group we talked uninterrupted for three hours.

If you are to understand how these men think and feel you must know this:

They are all Southern Baptists.

They are not integrationists.

They do not admire Earl Warren, or Martin Luther King, or the National Association for the Advancement of Colored People.

When I asked them about their paroling Mabry, and about their considering parole for the others, they answered by telling me about Mabry's fine prison record and about how it was their job to try to rehabilitate men and send them back to their families.

"I'm sure Mabry had a fine prison record," I said. "Prior to 1957 he had a fine employment record. He was a peaceful, hard-working citizen. But the idea of any Negro advancement apparently makes him want to hurt somebody. He tried to jump on a peaceful citizen named Nat King Cole. Then he helped castrate a peaceful citizen named Edward Aaron. Have you rehabilitated Mabry to where he can live peacefully with the reality of Negroes attending the University of Alabama?"

I asked them if, before paroling Mabry, they had read the transcript of testimony at his trial. They said they had not. "You can find it about three blocks from here," I said. "I urge you to read it. I particularly urge you to read it before you release Bart Floyd or Joe Pritchett."

As I prepared to leave I shook hands with them and thanked them for talking with me. One of them said: "I just hate to see you stir all this up. What good can it do? You'll just contribute to ill will and hate."

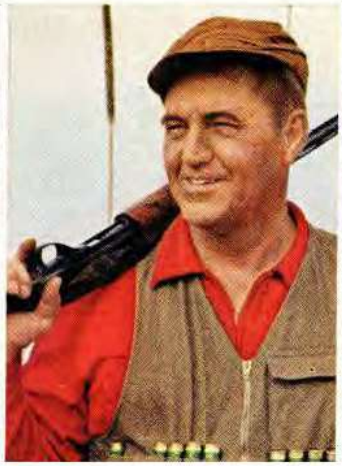
"Let's hope I can do more than that," I said. "Let's hope I can also encourage a few more Alabamians to Stand Up for Alabama by standing up with men like Walter Emmett Perry."

**—William Bradford Huie**

*(Mr. Huie is the author of* Ruby McCollum, The Americanization of Emily *and* The Hiroshima Pilot.)

# *Who says Remington plastic shells are the most powerful you can buy?*

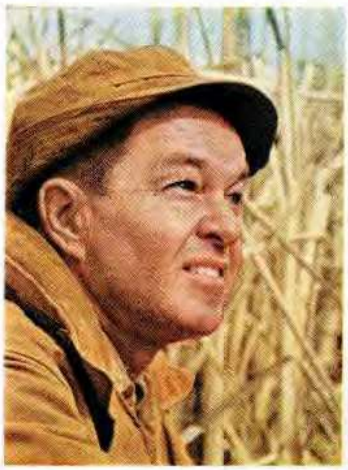
Leo Bandoni, San Francisco, Calif.
"The best-performing shells I've ever used—at all ranges."



Allen W. Warren, Minneapolis, Minn.
"The most powerful game loads I've ever shot. And the waterproof body is a great bonus."

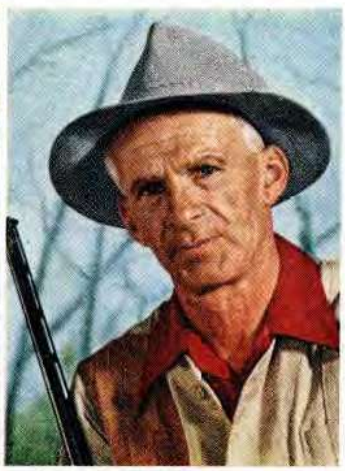
Don A. Dianda, Hillsborough, Calif.
"Plenty of power—excellent patterns. They're the only shells to use."

F. S. (Red) Hawkins, Dallas, Texas
"Remington shells have performed best—with cleaner hits and fewer cripples... more power."



J. H. Sargent, Jr., St. Louis Park, Minn.
"They give me the distance I need for those shots that are just barely within range."

Andrew Kleeber, Glenshaw, Pa.
"They're everything I want in a shell—more power and better patterns."



A. G. Schuehle, Roselle, Illinois
"Terrific range—the kind of patterns you can't miss with."

B. L. Williams, Shaker Heights, Ohio
"Their knockdown range is fantastic. I use 'em all the time."

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We first said it in 1960. Four years and hundreds of millions of plastic shells later, we still say it: Remington plastic shells are the most powerful you can buy. Write for free Guns and Ammunition catalog to Dept. AH-10, Remington Arms Company, Inc.

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OCTOBER

# a girl for your bed, a man for your fields

**No one ever defeated the Moros—or stopped their slave raiding. If you want a willowy girl, or a sturdy field hand, see the one-eyed Datu. Unless he decides to enslave *you*, he'll sell**

**BY JOHN KEATS**

■ A light rain came trailing over the hills behind Zamboanga to move with a gentle hiss across the sea. It was not enough of a rain to do much about the heat, and we were drinking San Miguel beer from thick, sweat-beaded goblets with thin paper napkins around the glass to blot up the wet.

"You can get one for anywhere between $150 and $1,500," Wendell Fertig said. "A pretty girl, about 11 to 15 years old,

## a girl for your bed, a man for your fields

ILLUSTRATED BY ROBERT MC GINNIS

**When you bargain with a slaver for a girl, always prepare to be cheated. The question then is: Does what she has to offer compensate for what you lose?**

virgin, can run into money – particularly if she's been taught to cook at the Seventh Day Adventist school."

I nodded. In the context of what I had been hearing and seeing on this island of Mindanao, one of the Philippines, for the past month, it seemed entirely logical to discuss the current price of slaves.

"What you pay depends on sex, quality, age, and the purpose you have in mind," Fertig said. "Field hands are cheap, and virgins are expensive.

"The Moros won't want money," he added. "They have practically no use for money in the hills. What they'll want is the cash equivalent. Say 12 carabaos for a girl, or so many hectares of land, or so many bags of rice or inlaid brass jars. Or Jeep springs they can make into the machetes they call *kampilans*, or a Browning automatic rifle with ammo, or some combinations of these things."

"Do you think there is still much of that stuff going on?" I asked.

Fertig swung his gaze out over the sea wall toward Basilan, and motioned with his glass.

I followed his look across the water at the island. In front of us, the women who dive for coins along the sea wall had left because it was raining and we were not throwing coins to them and no one else had come to the bar. They went paddling off across the gray sea [*Continued on page* 72 ]

# LAST STAND OF A WILY JAGUAR

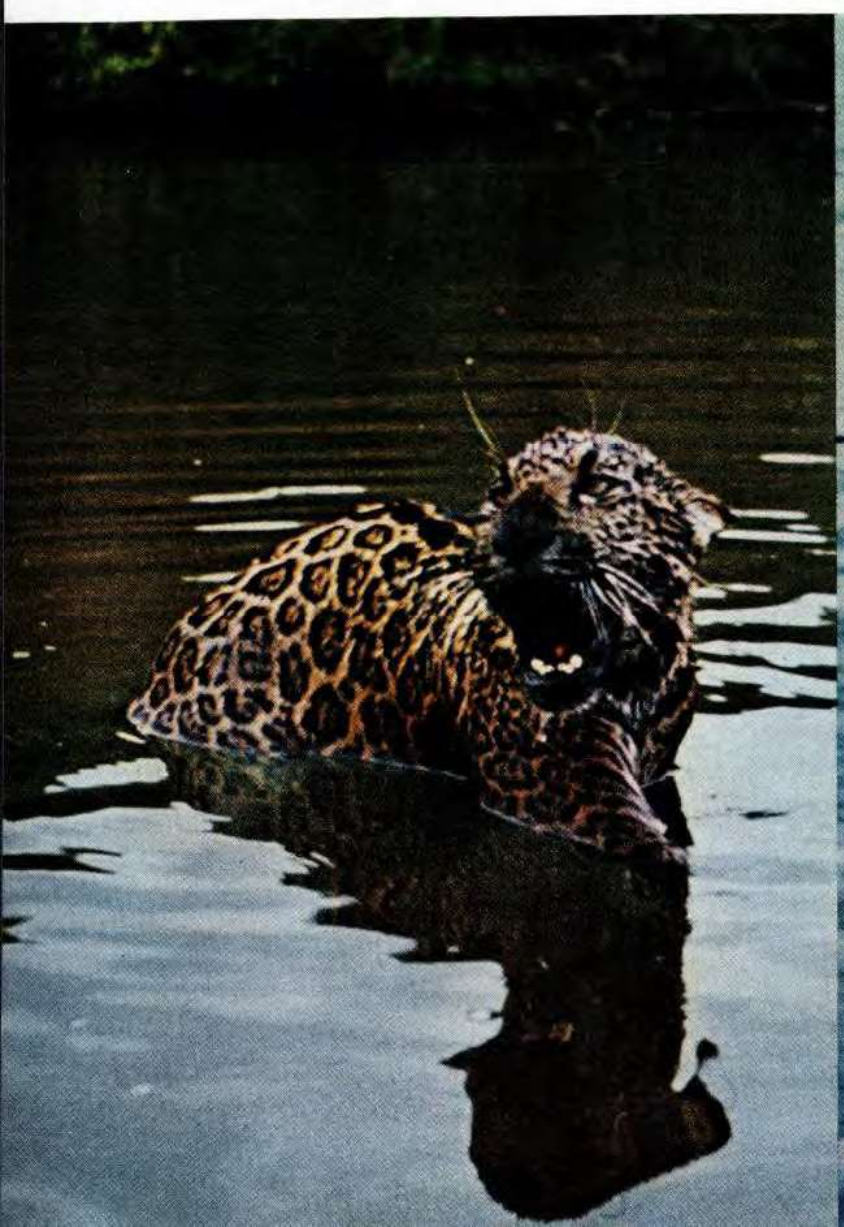
■ The growls and the roar of the dog pack were far ahead. I clawed at the mangrove roots around me; it was impossible to crawl under the things, or climb over them. There was the sound of splashing above the barking of the dogs and I knew the hounds were fighting the cat in the water. One hound barked shrilly. That would be Drifter. Drifter's voice was blotted out as though a giant hand had closed on his throat. The jaguar had him. Drifter was our last good hound. If the jaguar killed him—

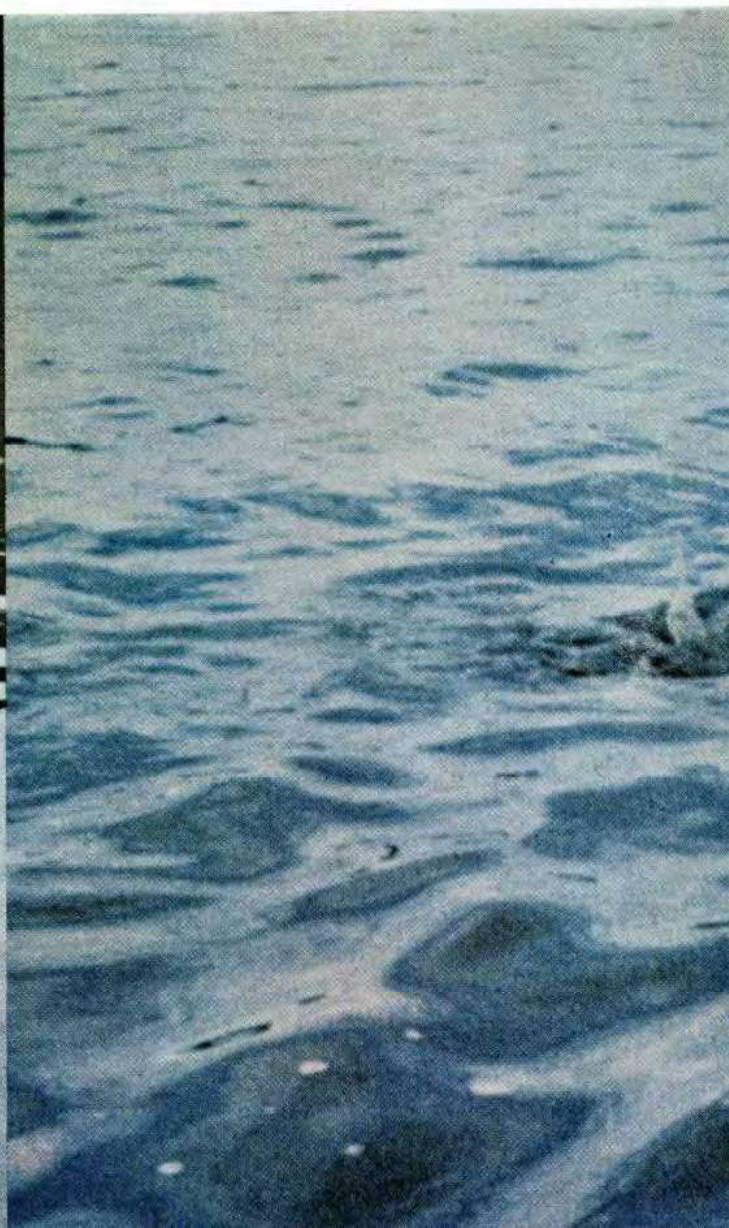
We should not have been in that part of the swamp, and we should not have been after that particular jaguar. We knew this old spotted cat, or at least we knew him by reputation and we had heard about the place where he lived. Both the jaguar and the lost swamp were impossible. But we tried it anyway.

Dale Lee, who had located the Agua Bravo swamps a few years ago, is one of the two remaining of the five Lee brothers who have been, during their lives, the outstanding hound and cat men in North America. During their careers they have probably accounted for more lions and more jaguars than even such famous oldsters as Ben Lilly. But of the five, only Clell and Dale remain and only Dale still goes after jaguar.

"It'll kill a man, and it certainly kills hounds," Dale often drawls in his slow manner, "but I kinda like it."

This is to say that when Dale said he had found a jaguar swamp which was crawling with the spotted cats, he knew what





THE CAT WAS BIG AND OLD AND SMART. BUT NOW THE HOUNDS HAD HIM AT BAY IN THE WATER—AND WE HURRIED TOWARD THE SOUNDS OF THE FIGHTING

**BY FRANK C. HIBBEN**

PHOTOGRAPHS BY THE AUTHOR

he was talking about. The swamp which Dale had located is in the state of Nyarit on the west coast of Mexico. Along this shore line, south of the city of Mazatlán, the Agua Bravo swamp stretches for 150 miles. Through the middle of this long strip, the Rio Bravo itself, a sluggish tidewater creek, cuts diagonally northwest to the sea. Dale had found jaguar tracks where the cats came down out of the mountains, crossed the Pan American Highway and moved into the swamp. He found other tracks where the jaguars moved back into the mountains. As a matter of fact, the big spotted cats seemed to love the place in spite of the fact that there were few deer or any other ordinary jaguar feed in the Bravo area.

During the last few years, Dale has taken some dozens of American sportsmen into the area and has caught many jaguars there. Dale hauled some flat-bottomed duck boats into the head of the Bravo where the ground is fairly solid. In a clearing near a side creek he established a base camp. From this base camp, Dale took his parties by boat down the many winding creeks into the heart of the Bravo swamps. It's real hunting, as any mosquito-bitten survivor of these junkets can testify. Dale fits each of his customers with a pair of basketball sneakers and tells them not to try to keep dry. This last advice is really unnecessary—either in the boat or out of it, a jaguar hunter is never dry from the time he starts with Dale to the time he comes back to the base camp. [*Continued on page* 128]

# GHOSTLY SPOOR OF THE HUMAN CAT

■ About 4 a.m. on a warm August night in Baltimore, as George Turner and his wife Agnes slumbered in the bedroom of their $60,000 home, a masked man slowly raised the small window of a downstairs powder room and dropped almost soundlessly to the floor.

It had taken him a good while to get that far. Days before, he had read about the Turners in the newspaper society columns and clipped a layout of their house from the Sunday rotogravure. Then he'd marked the location of the house on a street map and studied the best way to get there. The previous afternoon he'd driven by to observe the house and grounds.

For the past hour he had squatted in the bushes watching the house. He saw the doors being locked, the windows latched, the lights go out, downstairs, upstairs, [*Continued on page* 120 ]

Lambert

**BY ROBERT LISTON**

ILLUSTRATED BY SAUL LAMBERT

IN HIS WAY, LARSON WAS A GENIUS. HE GOT WIVES TO CLUTCHING HUSBANDS AS THEY NEVER HAD BEFORE, AND COPS DEMANDING THAT COPS GET ON THE BALL. AND STILL HE TOOK WHAT HE WANTED FROM THE HUSBANDS, AND LAUGHED UP HIS SLEEVE AT THE COPS

# Gary Anderson began rifle shooting be world champion; by 23 he made it. Now 25, the Tokyo Olympics—composed, confident and

AXTELL, NEB.

■ They are the elite among marksmen: the international sharpshooters who gather every four years to vie in the Olympic Games, and midway between Olympics, at the World Shooting Championships, under the same basic rules.

And among the international shots—forming an elite of the elite—are the "free-rifle" shooters. Using strange-looking rifles of .22 and .308 caliber, shooting at 50 and 300 meters, the international snipers aim without the aid of telescopic sights at bull's-eyes whose centers are incredibly small; smaller than a dime at 50 meters, the size of a coffee cup at 300.

Olympic and international shoots generate plenty of gilt-edge pomp and ceremony. When the military marching, flag waving and speech making are over, the trumpets blow a fanfare and everyone settles down to an eight-day melee in which overanxious coaches, hair-splitting officials and fidgety marksmen turn a high-precision sport into something like a Grand Central Station rush.

It was that way at the 38th World Championships at the Pyramids Range at Giza, near Cairo in 1962. Skeet, trap pistol and military rifle matches ground along, tension rising as Russian points mounted ahead of the U.S. total. (The Russians have dominated international rifle shooting since the early 1950s.) Then the elite free-riflemen took their positions on the line. The status shoot was about to begin. A pair of dark blue Nebraska eyes stared across the glaring desert soil within stone's throw of ancient pyramids. These trained, demanding eyes belonged to Gary Anderson, a skinny farm boy of peculiarly calm confidence.

Anderson loaded his first cartridge with an odd delicacy, the way one might lay down a good poker hand. Being a southpaw, he cheeked his rifle to the left, sighted with the left eye—warily checking the wind flags with his *open* right eye—then squeezed off a sighting shot. Anderson was under way.

Those who followed this tall young redhead carefully through the prone, kneeling and standing positions in .22 at 50 meters, and the three positions in .308 at 300 meters, noticed that he was using the same severely contorted, tense body style the Russian Anatoli Bogdanov used when he swept the free-rifle matches at the Helsinki Olympics of 1952. Using the principle of steadiness-comes-from-tension, Lt. Col. Bogdanov and a cult of Russians started sweeping gold medals under the Iron Curtain. Although the lieutenant colonel is out of top-level competition due to an ulcer condition, his heirs have been unbeatable.

Anderson went to the line in Cairo a youngster of 23 in a sport which has been dominated by perfectionists often in middle age. When they'd finished gauging Anderson's targets the judges were astonished to learn that the farm kid from Nebraska had set the free-rifle wizards on their ears—he'd copped the 300-meter aggregate championship, the 50-meter aggregate (new world record), and taken the .22 standing match at 50 meters (new world record). At 300 meters prone, he shot a 395 out of a possible 400 for first in the match (new world record).

**BY DALE SHAW**

PHOTOGRAPHED FOR TRUE BY THE AUTHOR

# as a Nebraska farm boy of 11. At 15 he decided to he is **The Sharpshooter The Russians Fear** at utterly deadly

*Flanked by medals in his room at home, Gary shows winning shots on a 300-meter target.*

Anderson's sensational finish caught everyone flatfooted, including the Russians, who did nothing but breathe the Nebraskan's dust. To top it off, Anderson at 23, was about as young as they have ever come, and absolutely the youngest in the triple-world-record class of performance.

Since then, just about everybody interested in international shooting has been trying to find out what makes Anderson tick, and how he trounced the Russians using Bogdanov's own pretzel-twist shooting stance. Those who have pressed Anderson for facts have found him friendly and shy—and downright surprising. In a sport known for subtle refinements—bubble-level front sight, custom stocks and perhaps a different rifle for each match—Gary unabashedly admits, "That nail I drove into the pistol grip keeps my fingers from slipping."

"Are you going to Tokyo with that *nail*?" I asked recently.

"I better had," he says, "or my fingers'll slip."

What is this shooter really like who downed the world's greatest at Cairo without blinking? What is the story behind the missless kid who is going to shoot for us against the best in Tokyo, and hopefully help reverse the trend of Russian wins in the Olympics?

Mixed impressions have drifted in. "How do I relax the night before a match?" Anderson has been heard musing. "I relax by concentrating on the score I'm going to shoot the next day."

When asked if his Cairo triumph surprised him, Gary, who shot for two years back home without instruction before Army marksmanship [*Continued on page* 101]

FRED RUSSELL'S

# 1964 PIGSKIN PREVIEW

THE DEAN OF FOOTBALL FORECASTERS ANALYZES THE NEW SEASON AND PREDICTS:

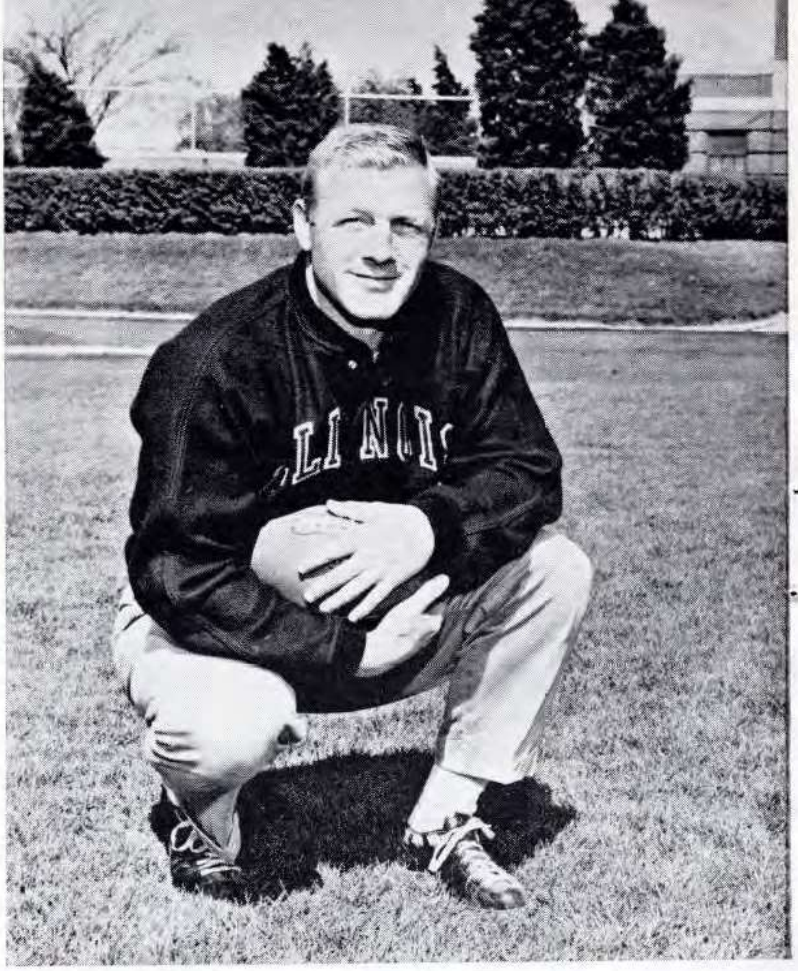
- ★ 1964 NATIONAL CHAMPION
- ★ TOP TWENTY TEAMS
- ★ BOWL GAME OPPONENTS
- ★ FIRST AND SECOND ALL-AMERICA TEAMS
- ★ RANKINGS IN EVERY CONFERENCE
- ★ LEADING PLAYERS IN ALL REGIONS

■ This year's Illinois squad has a flock of seniors, full of crackle and snap, and last season they were the rousingest, jarringest, juniors in college football. Football forecasting is a hazardous trade at best but in 1964 it's pretty hard to see anybody but the Fighting Illini at the top. I hereby assign them the No. 1 spot. The only thing that can stop Illinois is overconfidence.

Center and co-captain Dick Butkus is a powerful antidote to that disease. He's a boy who never stops fighting and, among linemen, he's the best bet since Leon Hart, 1949 Notre Dame end, to win the Heisman Award as the outstanding player of the year. Some tough opponents will be laying for Rose Bowl champion Illinois but Coach Pete Elliott and his boys will be doing some of the same, especially on November 7 against Michigan. The only team to beat them last year was brother Bump Elliott's Wolverine squad. Illinois will be out to avenge that defeat.

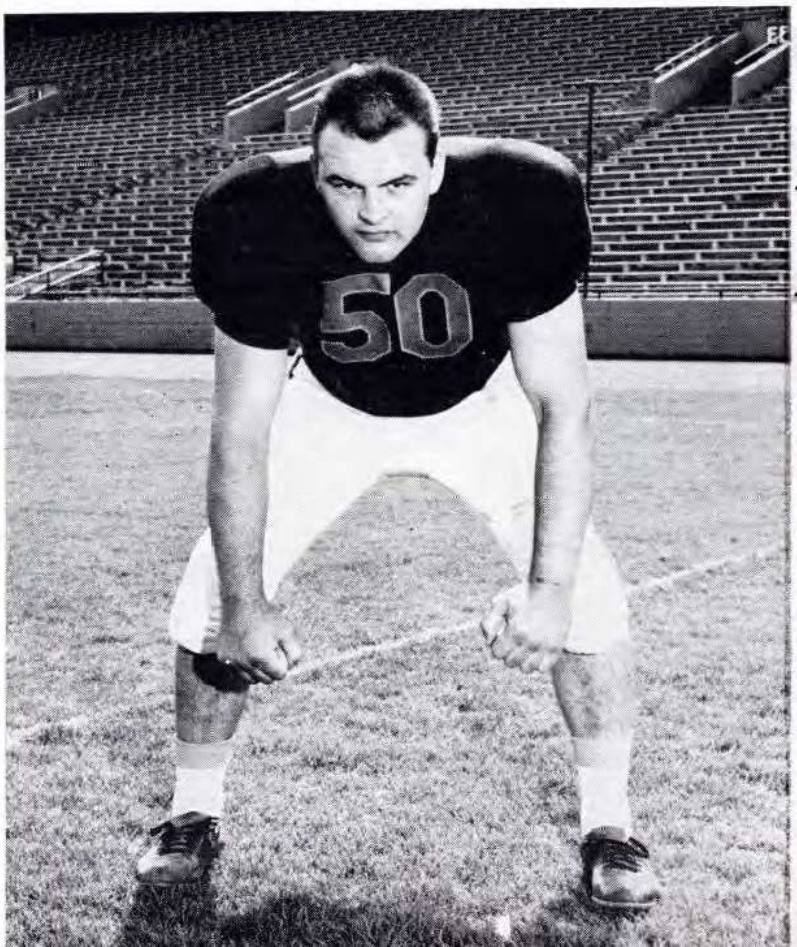
All in all, it promises to be an interesting autumn. College football gets more and more popular every season. Attendance has increased during each of the past 10 years, hitting 22,237,094 last year as against 16,681,731 in 1953. That's a gain of 30 percent. So it looks like there's plenty of room for both college and pro football. The fans seem to enjoy vigorous competition even when the game doesn't quite reach professional standards.

One reason, of course, is the existence of old traditional rivalries like the one between Alabama and Auburn. Quarterback Joe Namath will be in the spotlight at Alabama, attempting to regain stature after being kicked off the Sugar Bowl-bound squad for breaking training rules. He missed the Miami and Ole Miss games. Reinstated by Coach Paul Bryant after "taking his medicine manfully," Namath looked great in practice this spring. Joe's forgiveness won't be complete, however, unless he trumps



PETE ELLIOTT ↑
**COACH, ILLINOIS**
Will be "coach of the year" as he leads his team to Big 10 and national titles. As collegian, was star halfback for Michigan.

DICK BUTKUS ↓
**CENTER, ILLINOIS**
6:3, 235 pounds, Senior. Top college lineman, figures to be high pro draft choice. Hard tackler, breaks up many plays.



JIMMY SIDLE ↑
**BACK, AUBURN**

6:3, 210 pounds, Senior. Dangerous breakaway runner. Last season led nation in rushing with over 1,000 yards gained.

ROGER STAUBACH ↓
**BACK, NAVY**

6:2, 192 pounds, Senior. Was 1963 "player of the year." Clever leader and poised passer with 66.4% completion mark.

JIM GRISHAM ↑
**BACK, OKLAHOMA**

6:2, 207 pounds, Senior. Two-way player. Carried for 1,572 yards in two years. Bruising linebacker on defensive team.

DONNIE ANDERSON ↓
**BACK, TEXAS TECH**

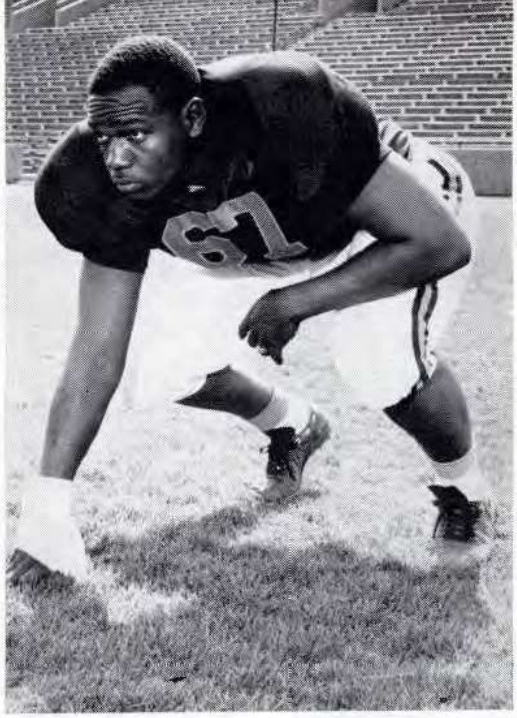
6:3, 200 pounds, Junior. Explosive runner, gaining 642 yards last year. Punts with left foot for a booming 40-yard average.

LAWRENCE ELKINS
**END, BAYLOR**

6:1, 187 pounds, Senior. Sure-handed, rangy pass receiver. Holds conference record with 56 catches in a single season.

HARRY SCHUH
**TACKLE, MEMPHIS STATE**

6:3, 270 pounds, Senior. Lots of speed for his size. Certain to be high pro draft choice. Punishing blocker and tackler.



ARCHIE SUTTON
**TACKLE, ILLINOIS**

6:4, 250 pounds, Senior. Almost impossible to stop when charging passer. Extremely fast going downfield on punts.

ROY JEFFERSON
**END, UTAH**

6:1, 190 pounds, Senior. All around player. Agile pass receiver and strong on defense. Dependable field goal kicker.

RICK REDMAN
**GUARD, WASHINGTON**

5:11, 210 pounds, Senior. Top blocker and play stopper. Averaged 15 tackles per game in two seasons. Also fine punter.

STAN HINDMAN
**GUARD, MISSISSIPPI**

6:3, 230 pounds, Junior. Fast, hard tackler. Can run 50 yards in 5.4 seconds. Skilled at using speed to break up plays.

Auburn's ace, Jimmy Sidle, in the big game of the season for both teams.

With new substitution rules placing more emphasis on specialization, the college game will look more like pro football this year. One of the coaches who goes in big for specialized offensive and defensive squads is Paul Dietzel of Army. Placing Army several notches ahead of Navy in the Top Twenty requires some explanation, especially since Army hasn't won the annual service game since 1958. Well, there's the law of averages, of course, but there are even better reasons. Navy's schedule is stiffer this year, taking on Penn State and Georgia Tech. Some of its most experienced linemen have graduated. How All-America quarterback Roger Staubach will fare in these circumstances may be the most absorbing individual performance sidelight of the season. I'm guessing that Staubach will continue to sparkle but that Navy's record, 9-1 last year, will slip to 7-3.

Army proved to be Navy's near-equal last December and the new substitution rule should help the Cadets. Dietzel originated the three-unit system when coaching at Louisiana State and has continued to use it with a lot of success at West Point. This year it should be even more effective. His gimmick is to transform erstwhile bench-warmers into a devilish defensive gang called the "Bandits," (formerly Chinese). Army's mentor maintains it's a wonderful morale builder. "It makes for a different attitude in practice when 33 boys *know* they are going to play on Saturday," he says.

**FOR PREDICTIONS IN YOUR REGION TURN TO PAGE 112**

Among the top teams Mississippi seems to have taken a long-term lease on a high ranking. One reason Ole Miss stays strong (only three regular season losses in five years) is the fact that they get all the best boys from the Magnolia State. Speed is such a big factor at Mississippi that many high school fullbacks are converted into college centers and guards. The Rebels should finish second to Illinois in the national rankings and meet Rice in the Cotton Bowl.

It's next to impossible these days for any team to go through a season unbeaten and untied. Only Texas did it last year. I think any of my four top teams might do it this year. But Washington's return route to the Rose Bowl is bumpier, because traditional rivals Oregon and Oregon State are new members of the Athletic Association of Western Universities. (Why doesn't this group now take back its old name "Pacific Coast Conference"?)

Don't be surprised if there are two-way or three-way ties for the championship in the Southwest and Big Eight Conferences and the Ivy League, all playing round-robin schedules. But a forecaster would be "chicken" to braid Rice-Texas-Arkansas or Oklahoma-Missouri or Yale-Dartmouth in that manner. In the regional rankings, you'll find me single-shooting.

Of the 12 major conference champions of 1963, only three were repeaters from 1962. That's the best evidence of balanced playing strength. And in the final AP and UPI ratings, a late-season upset can be the difference between finishing 5th and 15th.

The substitution rules change is the most significant college football development of 1964. Spectators will notice its effect immediately, possibly thinking coaches down on the sidelines are introducing a new neck exercise. It's just that these gentlemen are more clock-conscious than ever before.

When the clock is stopped, as many as 11 players may be sent in. Two players may be sent in at any time. Each team is entitled to four free time-outs during each half. The clock also stops after any kind of score, penalty, incomplete pass, when the ball goes out of bounds, in case of an injured player if the field captain asks the referee, and during measurements for first downs and intermissions between periods. Then, excess time-outs can be "bought"; the price is a 5-yard penalty.

Some coaches will attempt to have separate offensive [*Continued on page* 112]

## NATIONAL CHAMPION

ILLINOIS

## TOP TWENTY TEAMS

ILLINOIS
MISSISSIPPI
WASHINGTON
ALABAMA
RICE
OKLAHOMA
TEXAS
AUBURN
SYRACUSE
GEORGIA TECH
ARMY
OHIO STATE
NORTH CAROLINA
MISSOURI
MICHIGAN
SOUTHERN CALIFORNIA
ARKANSAS
PITTSBURGH
NAVY
VIRGINIA TECH

**POSSIBLE GATE-CRASHERS:**
PENN STATE, LOUISIANA STATE, OREGON, DUKE, KENTUCKY

## BOWL GAME OPPONENTS

**ROSE BOWL**
WASHINGTON VS. OHIO STATE

**COTTON BOWL**
RICE VS. MISSISSIPPI

**SUGAR BOWL**
AUBURN VS. OKLAHOMA

**ORANGE BOWL**
ARMY VS. GEORGIA TECH

**GATOR BOWL**
SYRACUSE VS. NORTH CAROLINA

**BLUEBONNET BOWL**
TEXAS VS. ALABAMA

**LIBERTY BOWL**
VIRGINIA TECH VS. HOLY CROSS

## ALL-AMERICA SECOND TEAM

ALLEN BROWN
**END, MISSISSIPPI**

JOHN HENDERSON
**END, MICHIGAN**

LARRY KRAMER
**TACKLE, NEBRASKA**

JIM FREEMAN
**TACKLE, NAVY**

STEVE DELONG
**GUARD, TENNESSEE**

GLENN RESSLER
**GUARD, PENN STATE**

MALCOLM WALKER
**CENTER, RICE**

JOE NAMATH
**BACK, ALABAMA**

MIKE GARRETT
**BACK, SO. CALIF.**

GALE SAYERS
**BACK, KANSAS**

JUNIOR COFFEY
**BACK, WASHINGTON**

# THE SUPERNATURAL:

**Your "hot" run of dice, the "ghost" in the attic, the neighbor's dog that growls**
***The respected Society for Psychical Research doesn't doubt such***

■ Have you ever seen a ghost? Or found yourself nodding in agreement at the tale of one who has? Do you feel it's possible for a person to project part of himself across an ocean and bring back information? Have you ever had a hot run of dice? And as the money rolled in, sensed invincibility through a surge of power you didn't understand? If so, you have a disposition toward belief in the supernatural.

Or perhaps it's just the opposite. You feel this sort of thing is utter rot. Sure you subscribe to an after-life, as your church teaches. But this has nothing to do with ghosts. And as for astral projection or telekinesis (the production of motion without physical contact of any kind), which supposedly triggers torrid dice runs, you consider the notions to be in the realm of sheer lunacy.

No matter what you think, the as-yet-unresolved question of the supernatural is under intensive study. And not by the lunatic fringe, either, but by established researchers. One, of course, is Dr. J. B. Rhine of Duke University. But many lesser known researchers are also active. A recently completed survey of the United States showed students and faculty in at least 30 colleges and universities probing the problem by scientific means. And abroad, the same survey revealed similar activity in 48 academic institutions of Europe, Asia and Latin America.

OCT.—TRUE

BY EUGENE KINKEAD

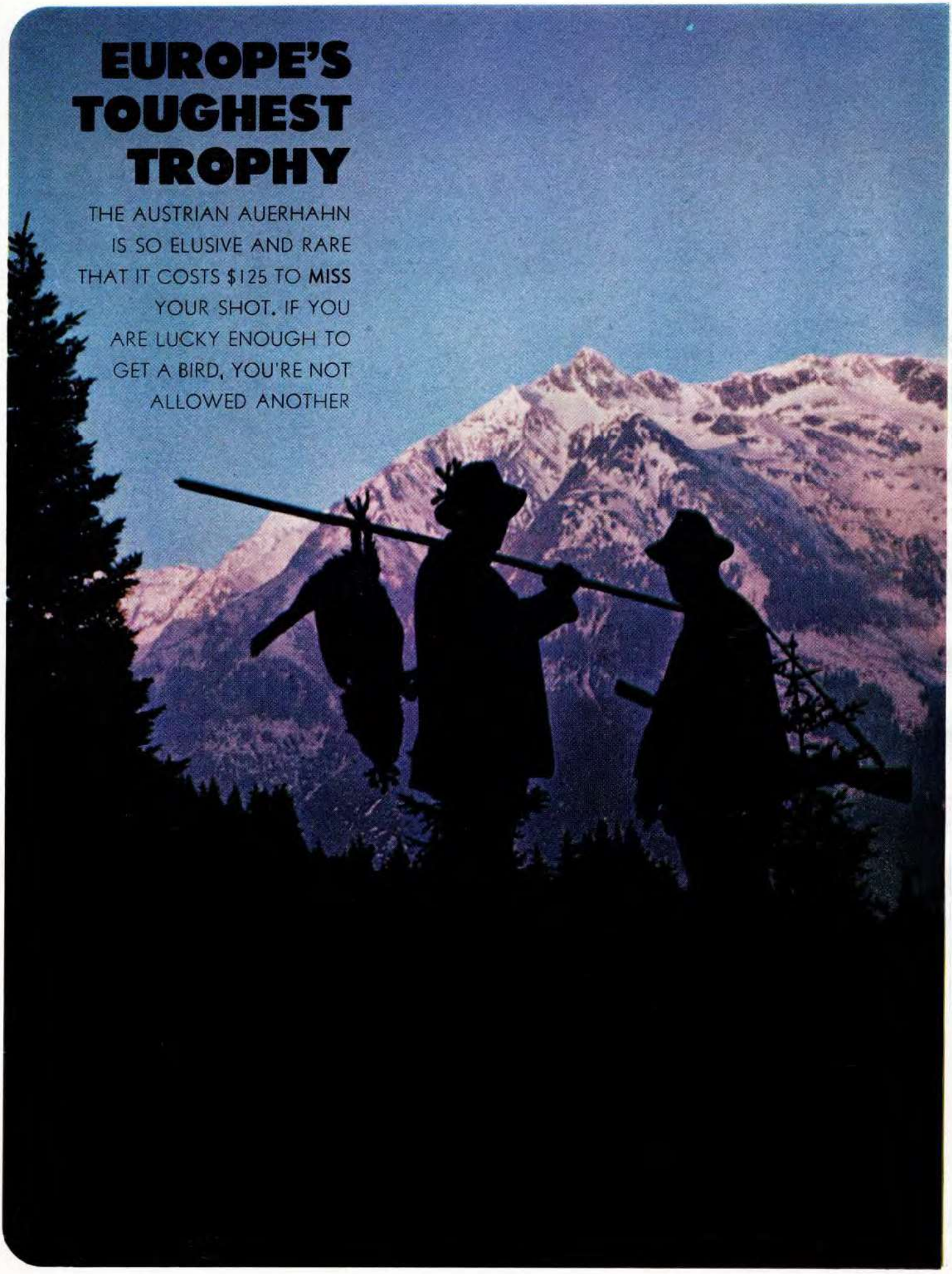
# FRAUD OR FACT

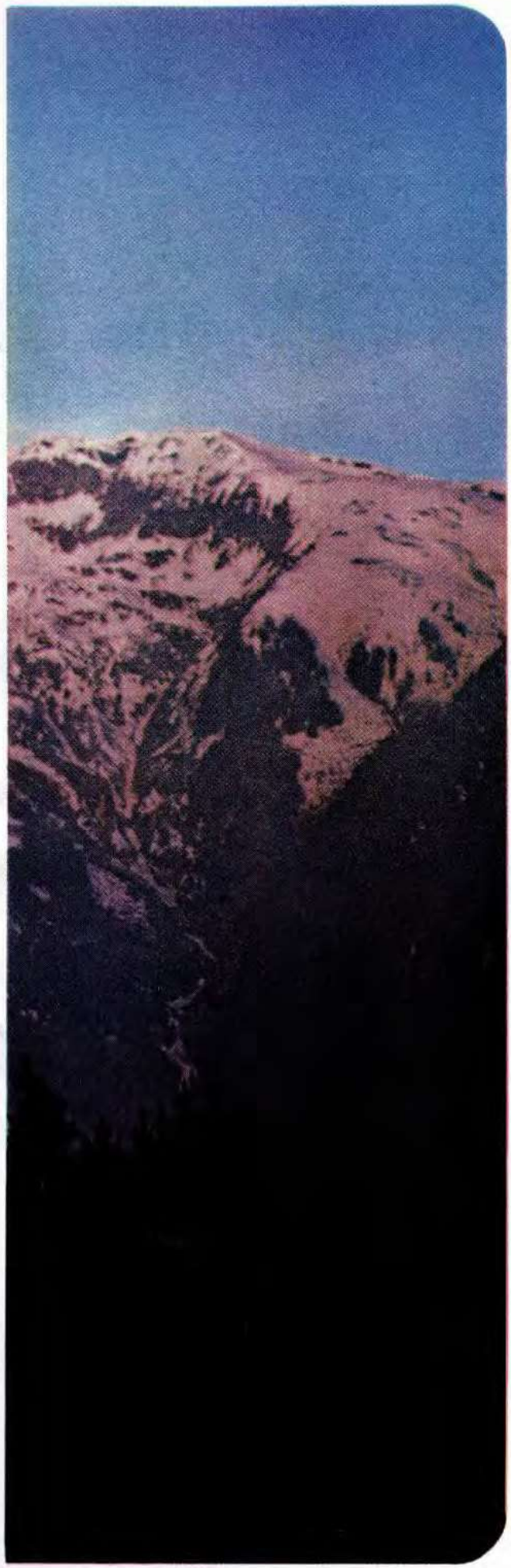
**at "nothing," the feeling something strange is happening far away—and it is.**
***phenomena. Its goal is to make the unbelievable understandable***

Here and abroad there are also serious organizations which for years have been scrutinizing people's weird experiences. One of the most respected is the American Society for Psychical Research which compiled the world-wide survey mentioned above. In its nearly a century of existence, the society has verified the occurrence of ghosts, poltergeists, telepathy, clairvoyance, precognition and many other manifestations of the supernatural. Its roughly 1,000 members include many prominent professional names. One of these is Dr. Ian Stevenson, the articulate 46-year-old chairman of the department of psychiatry and neurology at the University of Virginia Medical School. Like a number of his fellow scientists in the group, Dr. Stevenson is trying to widen support of the society's efforts by discovering a common factor in the supernatural phenomena whose many manifestations seem presently to lack this.

The society's president is Dr. Gardner Murphy. He formerly headed the psychology department of the College of the City of New York. Now he directs research at the famed Menninger Foundation in Kansas. The society's members often disagree about the supernatural, but they have one thing in common. They seek a rational explanation, understandable to all, of the strange events continually occurring in life that defy conventional explanation.

*[Continued on page 105]*


EUROPE'S
TOUGHEST
TROPHY
THE AUSTRIAN AUERHAHN
IS SO ELUSIVE AND RARE
THAT IT COSTS $125 TO MISS
YOUR SHOT. IF YOU
ARE LUCKY ENOUGH TO
GET A BIRD, YOU'RE NOT
ALLOWED ANOTHER



PHOTOGRAPHED BY THE AUTHOR

*Alpine guides say the auerhahn (above) has an eye in every feather. Only a few men have ended a hunt with such a prize in hand, as guide Polanschutz and I did (left).*

BY FRED W. VETTER, JR.

*"As we get close to the auerhahn, I'll take your hand. We'll lock ourselves together and move as a unit; move only when I do, remain absolutely motionless when he's silent or making the 'ticking' sound. One badly timed movement and it's all over."*

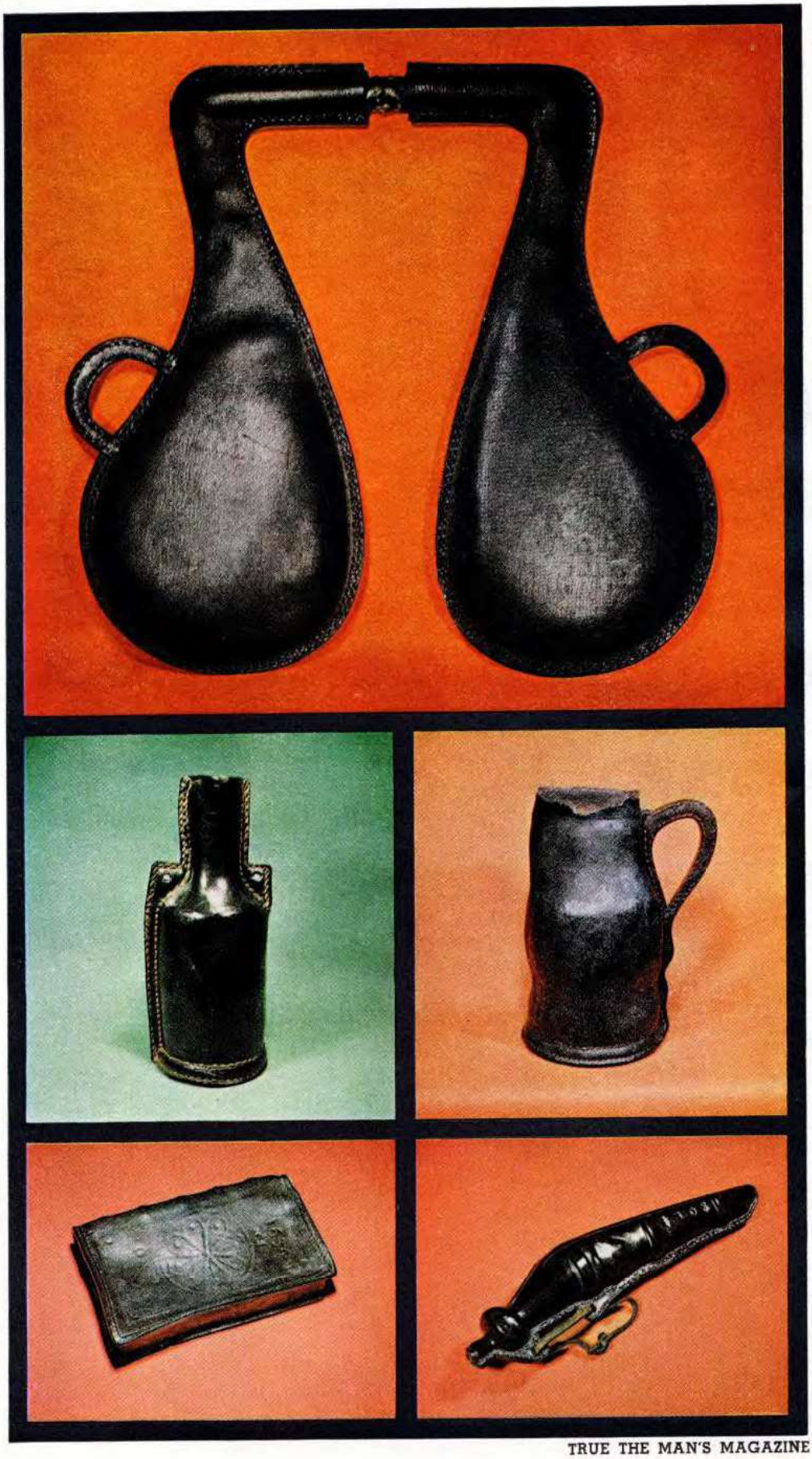
It was Herr Polanschutz, my Austrian guide, briefing me as we shared a cup of hot tea in a tiny log cabin high in the Austrian Alps. We had just completed a four-hour climb in pitch darkness. Our target was one of the rarest game birds in the world, the mysterious auerhahn. Many an experienced European hunter has pitted his stalking skill against this most unusual bird year after year only to return exhausted after days at the 7,000 to 9,000 foot level, empty-handed, yet busting to try again next year.

The wiry, keen-eyed Austrian mountain guides have a saying—"The hahn has an eye in every feather," and after stumbling around for the past three seasons in the black, predawn hours trying to nail one, I was about convinced. No stalk is more demanding—no other form of game more unforgiving of error.

By European law and custom, shooting an auerhahn is literally a once-in-a-lifetime experience. Once you've nailed a hahn, there can never be a second. Your bird is registered with the Deutscher Jagdschutz-Verband, the German-Austrian Hunting Society, or the Austrian Forestry and Game Commission. I know a good many people who have [*Continued on page* 97]

# LEATHER FOR LIQUOR

BY WILLIAM D. COLE



*Horsemen of the Middle Ages slung aboard a pair of these long-necked leather bottles for wine or ale.*

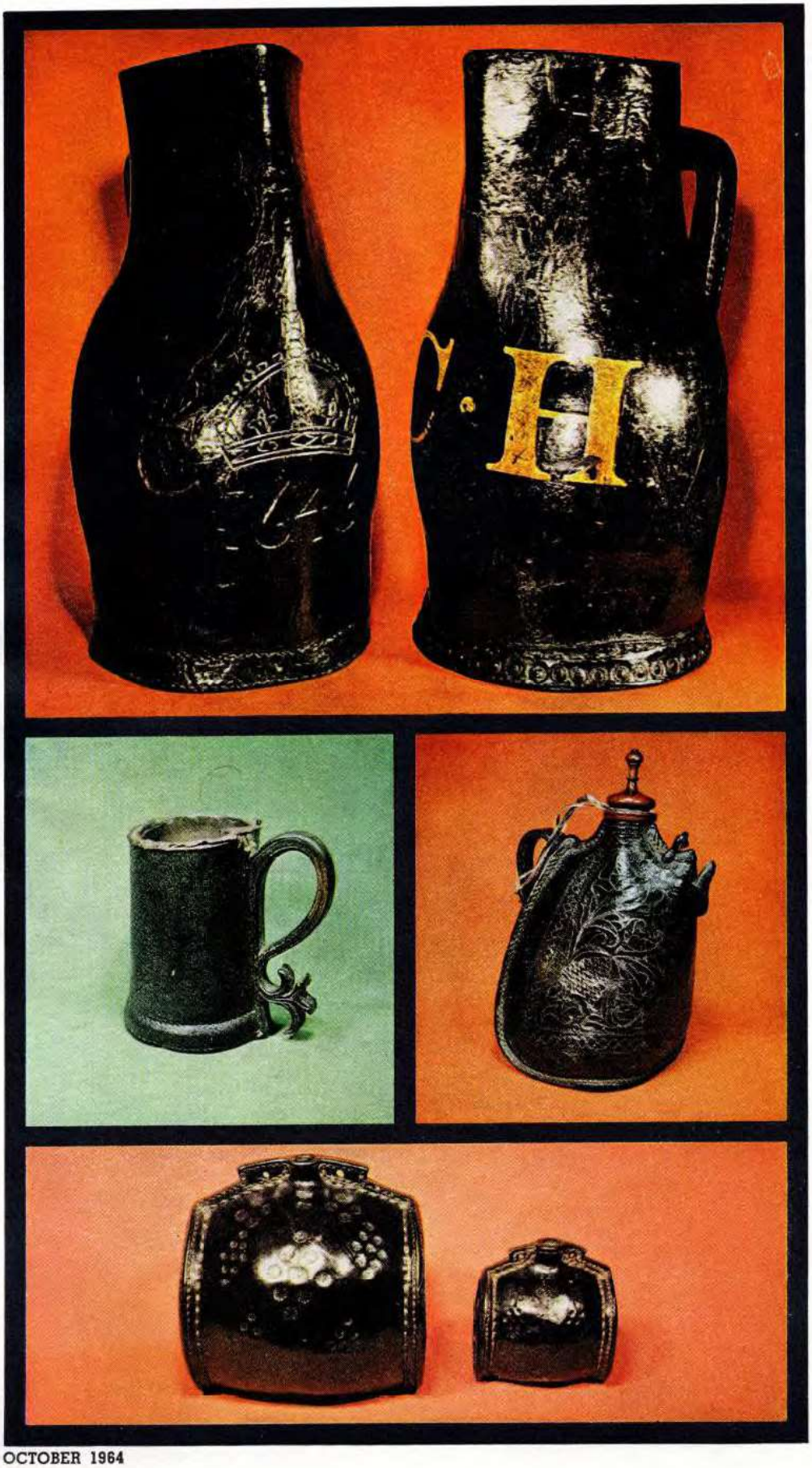
*Flagon at far right is rock hard from 400 years of tarring. Bottle, near right, is rare shape for 17th century.*

*Book and dag pistol are both leather bottles—were good for fooling wives. Cork is at top left of book.*

LONDON

In spite of what the French say, the English never really drank from their boots. The French were simply stunned by the vast size of some of the British "Black Jacks"—huge, tar-impregnated, leather drinking vessels. Englishmen quaffed from hides until the 19th century, and men the world over have drunk from skins since earliest history.

In mediaeval England hot, thirsty workers cutting hay revived themselves with a drink from a harvest bottle, or costrel. These were square flagons made from a piece of hide doubled around, with the ends [Continued on page 111]



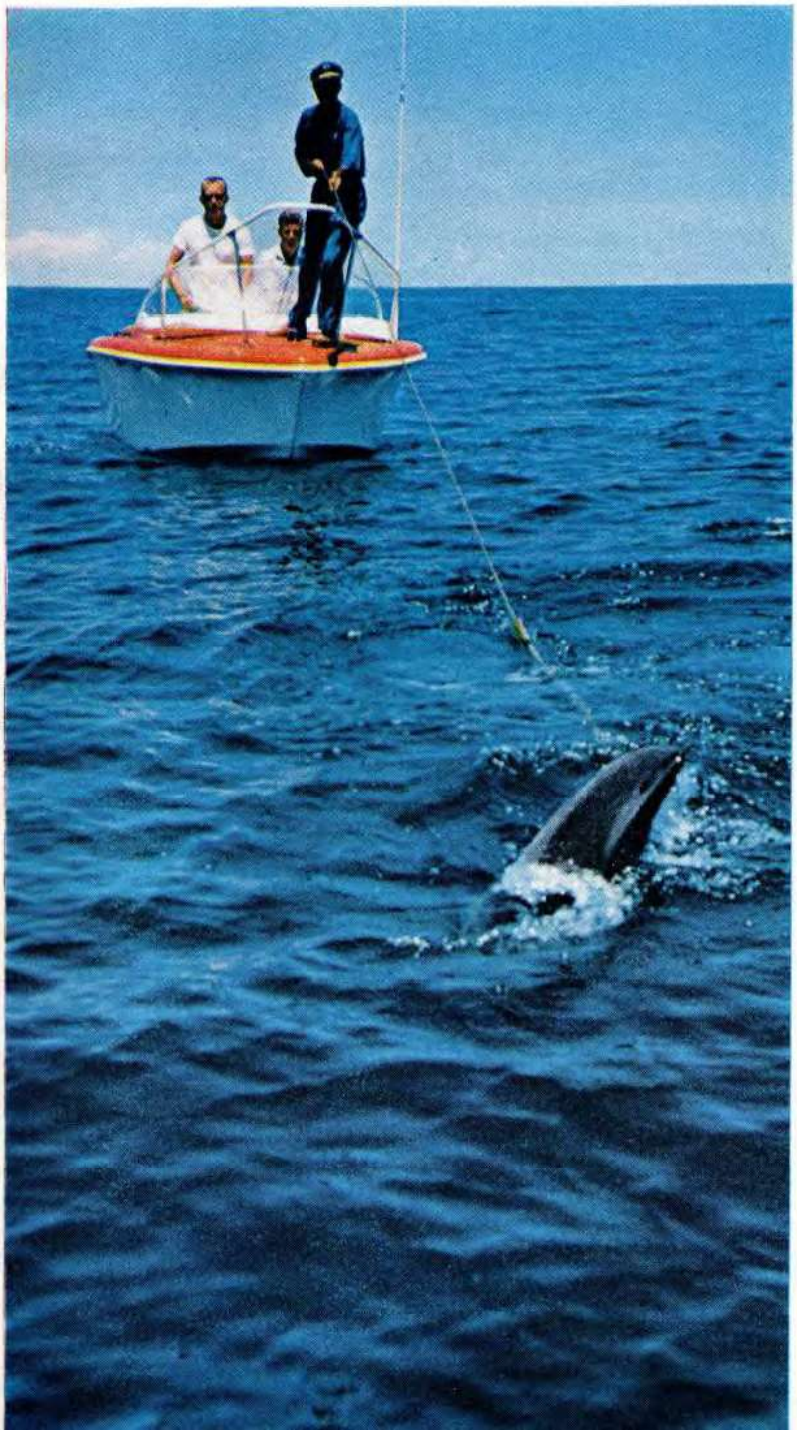
*Two 19-inch Black Jacks. Dated vessel was made for English royal household. Other was used in Chelsea Hospital.*

*Leather and silver from 17th century; far left is silver mounted drinking mug; left is Spanish wine flask.*

*Costrels were used in mediaeval period to carry drinks to workers in the field. Small one holds about a quart.*

Photographed for TRUE by Sid Latham

# brainy porpoise meets its match



ST. AUGUSTINE, FLA.

Catching the amazingly brainy porpoise for Navy sonar research, Marineland of Florida uses outsize tongs with net at end. Boat comes alongside school of curious porpoises and drops net over likeliest looking student; a touch release loops line tight around porpoise's tail. School mates whistle shrilly but leave captured companion when it tires after long battle (left). It resists being boated (above) and has to be calmed with drugs. Revived in collection tank, smart porpoise gladly joins the Navy. ■

# DETROIT 1965: Prosperity, Performance & Pizzazz

A new flowing line for the hot Corvair is the first major styling change since the car was born.

Mustang, a runaway wild horse in the marketplace, adds a sleek new fastback to the line for '65.

Barracuda, with 14 square feet of rear window and 7 feet of stretch-out space, is class under glass.

## DETROIT 1965: American Motors

American Motors will have something for everybody this year. At top, above, is the low-slung Tarpon fastback. It is not yet a production car, but is likely to become one this year, probably renamed Marlin. It is built on the Rambler American chassis. Next, moving south, is the Rambler Classic convertible, an all new car for Sixty-five. The Rambler American four-door sedan was a big seller last year. It remains largely unchanged this season. Finally, the big news at A.M. is the big, new Ambassador line in all body styles, including wagons.

**After three record-shattering years in which nearly 23 million cars were sold, Detroit now comes up with a billion dollars worth of newly styled whistle bait to keep things humming**

BY CHARLES N. BARNARD

■ After what happened in 1964, a major automotive styling change in 1965 is a little like prescribing strong medicine for a disgustingly healthy patient and hoping the side effects won't kill him. Only once before during the 64 years that records have been kept (it was in 1955) have more new cars been sold in a single year. Never before has the public given such an overwhelming vote of approval to the styling and engineering of American automobiles. It was as if the stylists and market researchers and computers had finally combined to find some unerring guide to public tastes in automobiles. Everything on wheels sold like it was the last chance to spend money.

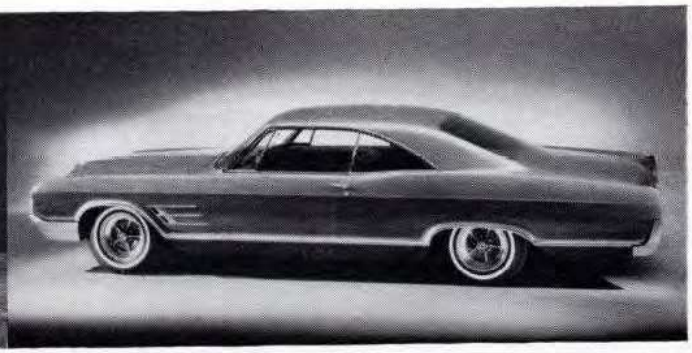
Why, then, should this be the time to change everything—to rock the boat, shake the line-up? Whose daft notion was it to make 1965 the year of the biggest, costliest change in the history of the industry? The fact is, Detroit didn't plan it this way at all. When these 1965 cars were conceived, John F. Kennedy was in the White House, Pope John was in the Vatican, James Meredith was trying to get into the University of Mississippi and Khrushchev was sneaking missiles into Cuba. The 1962 cars were selling well, and the 1963 and 1964 models were in the can. Who in Detroit was to know that by 1965 a tax cut would be fueling a U.S. economic boom, women would be baring their breasts on the beach and cars as yet unborn would grow up to be such robust children?

But 1962/1963 is when the Sixty-fives hit the drawing boards. To be sure, some changes were possible between then and now—a name plate or a strip of chrome can be changed in a matter of weeks—but the fundamentals were in the mold. And, as things have turned out, Detroit couldn't be luckier—or happier. After three years of uninterrupted prosperity, a cooling off period, even a slump in 1965 sales, would have come as no economic shock. (After selling 7,920,000 units in 1955, car sales dropped 2 million the following year and down to 4,257,000 by 1958.) But with the stimulus of a billion dollars worth of new designs—some estimates go as high as 1½ billion—Detroit hopes the Sixty-fives will hit the market (on September 23, 24, 25) like a squirt of gasoline on an already hot fire. If they do, the industry may achieve a plateau objective: the annual sale of 8 million new cars through the remainder of the decade.

With the stakes on the table—$15 billion is what the new

General Motors makes news with its most extensive styling changes in years. The corporate theme is one of rounder, more flowing lines as seen in the Chevrolet Impala two-door hardtop above. The Corvette Sting Ray, left center, is only slightly changed, as is the style-setting Chevelle Malibu, right center. The big Pontiacs set style trends in 1964 with vertical headlamps and a swollen hip line; these features continue in Sixty-five. The big, sleek Grand Prix model is at left and an intermediate-size Tempest wagon at right.

cars will be worth at retail—and betting closed, what do the Sixty-fives look like? Well, to take an utterly practical view first, if all 450 models were parked on a single football field and studied from an altitude of a thousand feet, they might all look pretty much alike. The transportation needs of 70 million Americans who drive almost 800 billion miles a year are bound to produce a reasonably standardized product: it has four wheels, it is about 17 feet long, it weighs between 1 and 2½ tons. But as every automobile dealer who ever paced the floor between potted palms knows, cars are not appraised at 1,000-foot altitudes any more than girls are. It's the mysterious electricity that crackles at close range between merchandise and customer that makes the difference between the old Maxwell and General Motors. Creating that electricity in 1965—or any year—is the responsibility of the high priests of Detroit—the men who have tried to make the new cars as provocative as a bikini—the stylists. Sixty-five is *their* year. Not that the engineers haven't put plenty of pop under the hood (General Motors has 81 engines to choose



The fins are gone from the rear of the Cadillac in Sixty-five, 16 years after they were first introduced as a styling feature. The big luxury car has a new body this year and mounts its engine farther forward on the chassis. The Buick Special convertible, left center, is only slightly changed. The Buick Wildcat, right center, is built on Electra wheelbase and borrows from Riviera styling (Riviera is little changed). The Oldsmobile Jetstar, bottom left, is built on "98" chassis; Cutlass convertible, bottom right, is from the F-85 family.

from), but it is a failing of human nature that, at first glance at least, nobody really cares how well a girl in a bikini can swim.

Cars will be bigger in 1965—at least many of them—and the rest aren't exactly compacts any more. American Motors, the company that made a mint out of Think-Small, has jumped the wheelbase of its Ambassador four inches to 116—the same as a 1964 Plymouth. Plymouth, in turn, has increased its Fury wheelbase from 116 to 119, thus catching up in size with Ford and Chevy. One of the Cadillacs is up four inches in length, Mercury is up three inches, a new Dodge is two inches longer between the sneakers, so is a new Chrysler, and Pontiacs are up an inch. Increases in overall size go with these wheelbase boosts. Most American cars are about 80 percent longer than their hub-to-hub measurements.

One of the most often cited statistics around Detroit in recent years is the fact that by 1970, half the people in the U.S. will be under 25 years of age. Hungering after this youth market has led to the big boom in Think-Young automotive ideas—like the

Ford Motor Company has some all-new cars for Sixty-five and some major face-lifts. Above, top, is the completely redesigned Galaxie 500 XL, sportiest of the big Fords, with new vertical headlamps, curved glass side windows, bucket seats and a wild space-age interior. Below, left, the medium-size Comet station wagon shows off stacked headlamps as a part of an all-new front-end treatment. The elegant Continental, right, in four-door hardtop version, is only slightly changed; also available as 65's only four-door convertible.

Ford Mustang. This American-style sporty car started outselling its low-price cousin, the Ford Falcon, within a month of introduction—even though most Mustangs cost about $1,000 more than most Falcons. The latest estimate is for 475,000 Mustang sales in its first year. That's more than all imports combined.

The fastback theme—that is, a car with an uninterrupted slope from roofline to rear bumper and usually incorporating a large glass area—will continue to grow in Sixty-five. Mustang, originally available as a coupe or convertible seating four, adds a fastback to the line this year. The Plymouth Barracuda, which was rushed into production when the Mustang plans became known, won't catch Ford's wild horse in the sales race, but its unique fold-flat rear seat is attracting all breeds of young adventurers with everything from scuba gear to surf boards to skis to tote. Incidentally, the seven feet of horizontal stretch-out space provided in the rear of the 'Cuda has raised more eyebrows in bluenose circles than anything since Henry's Model-T was accused of being a sinful boudoir on wheels.

American Motors, which can slope a roof as quickly as the best of them, introduced a fastback-type "show car" last January. Called the Tarpon, it is based on the Rambler American chassis and stands only 52½ inches on 13-inch wheels. Don't be surprised if this "styling study" becomes a real live 1965½ model before many months.

Engineering innovations won't be getting as many headlines in Sixty-five as styling changes, but one piece of unseen hardware—the disc brake—appears to have arrived on the scene to stay. Seven cars—Mustang, Barracuda, Tarpon, Thunderbird, Corvette, Lincoln and Dodge police cars—will offer these improved grippers. As optional equipment (standard on Corvette, T-bird and Continental) they will cost between $65 and $100 extra and will be American-made by such companies as Budd, Kelsey-Hayes, Bendix and Delco. These U.S.-style discs will be front-wheel-only installations (with the exception of Corvette) and will be considerably larger and heavier than the British Dunlops and Girlings which have been used on imports. (The

The biggest change at Ford is probably the all-new, much bigger, heavier Mercury. It is frankly styled after the slab-sided Lincoln Continental. Direction signals are in tall, slender leading edges of front fenders. Notch-back rear window is a carry-over feature. The Falcon, below left, is little changed for Sixty-five but has more powerful engine options. Thunderbird, right, will have ingenious new sequence-flashing direction signals at rear and real glass rear window in convertibles. Disc brakes on front wheels will be an option.

disc brake stops a car more positively than the traditional drum brake, is less affected by fade or wet driving. It stops the car when pairs of small brake pads pinch together on a heavy disc turning between them.)

The discs will have special appeal as an accessory for high-performance cars where the need to stop is often as urgent as the desire to go. However, whether the public will invest extra money in an engineering feature which cannot be admired in the country club parking lot is a question. (They weren't any big success when Crown Imperial used them first in 1951.) In recent years, Detroit brass has come to believe the average car buyer doesn't care *how* an automobile does something (i.e., whether it uses drums or discs to stop—or whether a V6 or a V8 makes it go) so long as it does its job well. The low sales appeal in recent years of such engineering extras as aluminum-block engines, fuel injection, air suspension, articulated drive shafts, etc., would seem to support this argument.

So, Sixty-five—the year of the billion dollar change, the year Detroit hopes to laugh its way to the bank for the fourth time in a row—comes down to being the year of the stylist. He is the man who put sex and suggestion between the sheets of steel. Thanks to him, automobiles aren't American Gothic transportation any more—they are sensuous things. And each of Detroit's major companies is betting a bundle on a subtle combination of curves and lines in steel and glass.

Over at resurgent Chrysler Corporation there is special interest in what the Sixty-fives look like because they represent the first unadulterated expression of Styling Vice President Elwood Engle's ideas. Engle came to Chrysler from Ford three years ago. While at Ford he was credited with creating the "Thunderbird Look," the most widely imitated styling theme in the industry in recent years. After arriving at Chrysler, Engle made heroic moves to reshape the already-planned 1962, 1963 and 1964 cars. Not until this year, however, did he have full control. The results, says Engle, are "good, sound, clean-cut cars . . . not way out, but somewhere near the center of American taste."

## DETROIT 1965: *Chrysler Corporation*

Chrysler Corporation automobiles have had a big size shake-up this year. Biggest news is the new Plymouth Fury line, top, above, which now matches the biggest Fords and Chevrolets inch for inch. Four-door hardtop has strong straight-line side treatment and contemporary blind corners at the top rear. Plymouth Valiant, below left, remains a true compact, but will be available with hot new V8 engine. Luxurious new Imperial, below right, in two-door hardtop version, is little changed except for front grille and headlamps.

Engle's "center" is characterized by crisp, straight-line treatments, a long-low-wide look, large glass areas and broad, clean slab sides.

Although all of Engle's Sixty-fives bear a Chrysler family resemblance, he has allowed division stylists who work under him to achieve distinct personalities for each line of cars. Gone are the days when a Plymouth was just a small Dodge and a DeSoto was a small Chrysler. "We are almost in the custom-car business today," says Engle. He points out the possible combination of models, body styles, color and trim options, plus engine and transmission choices, in effect gives the buyer a chance to "build" the car he wants when he orders it from his dealer.

Some things are new and some things are old at Chrysler this year. The push-button transmission selector has been dropped after nine years. With the exceptions of the old Edsel, and Ramblers in the early '60s which had push buttons, no other car has ever offered this style of shifting. All others used the traditional lever-and-quadrant set-up. Now Chrysler is big-game hunting for conquest sales—trying to capture traditional Ford and General Motors customers. A market survey turned up the fact that although 65 percent of Chrysler owners liked the push buttons, 50 percent of the Ford-G.M. owners questioned said they just wouldn't buy a car which shifted that way. In this business, although it's nice to please the people you've already got, you must also appeal to the people you haven't got. The buttons, therefore, were dropped.

The Chrysler torsion-bar front-end suspension, first introduced in 1957 and still the only one of its kind on the American road—continues in all the lines of cars. Each year it is altered and refined to meet the needs of the new models. Curved glass, first used in the Imperial in 1957, will be found in many of the larger Chrysler products. New paints, called buffable acrylics, are supposed to have a longer life than anything developed to date. Cowl ventilation systems—hardly new, but out of fashion in recent years—have been brought back on some models.

Chrysler engines offer a wide variety of power plants to be

More changes were made in the Chrysler line. Two-door New Yorker hardtop, top, above, is all new this year. Front fenders thrust forward, rear quarters are landau style, headlamps are mounted horizontally behind panes of tempered glass. The Dodge Dart, below left in its two-door GT hardtop version, is a hot-selling intermediate-size car with wide performance options. Its styling is slightly revised for Sixty-five. The Dodge Custom 880, right (with same wheelbase as Polara and Monaco) is a new top-of-the-line model.

matched to the needs of both cars and customers. They begin with 170-inch and 225-inch overhead-valve Sixes. V8s range from a new 273-inch, through 318-, 361-, 383-, 413- and a brutish 426-incher (which, when tuned for Daytona, puts out more than 500 horsepower).

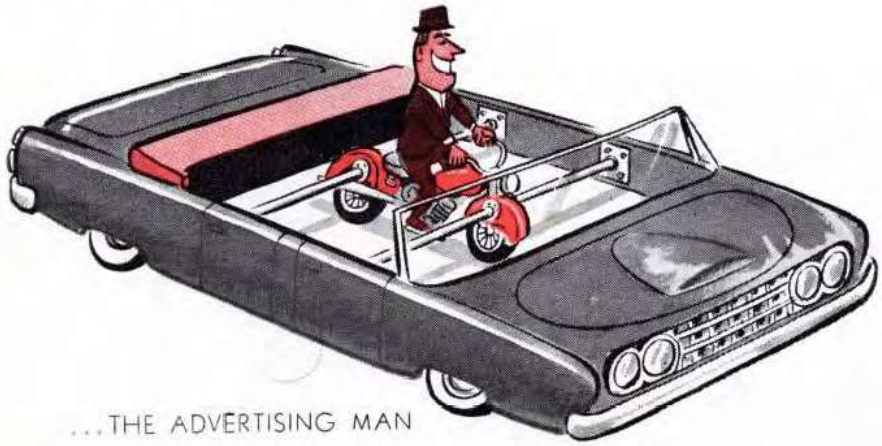
Chrysler's automatic transmission is an improved 3-speed Torqueflight available on all cars. A traditional 3-speed manual transmission and a slick four-on-the-floor, 4-speed box are also available on most models.

Plymouths will come in four lines and 60 models this year. The all-new Fury, the biggest Plymouth sedan ever built (119-inch wheelbase) is longer, wider and roomier inside. It is designed to compete inch-for-inch and pound-for-pound with the standard Ford and Chevrolet. Side windows are curved glass, headlamps are vertically mounted duals at maximum width. Special attention has been given to improving seating comfort. Standard engines are a 225-cubic-inch 145-hp Six or a 318-cube 230-hp V8. A 383-cube 270-hp V8 or the big 426-inch 365-hp V8 mill are high-performance options for new Plymouth buyers.

The intermediate-size Belvedere might be called last year's standard Plymouth now reclassified and face-lifted to compete with Fairlanes and Chevelles. The wheelbase is unchanged at 116 inches, but overall length has been trimmed down three inches. A new lightweight 273-inch 180-hp V8 (or the 225-inch Six) is standard, but all other Chrysler engines up to and including the 426-inch banger will fit.

The compact Plymouth Valiant on 106-inch wheelbase has a new grille, front fenders, deck lid and tail lamps for Sixty-five. Also, air conditioning will be available for this model for the first time. More important to swingers in the audience is the fact that the new 273-inch V8 (which first saw competition last January in the Monte Carlo Rallye) will now be available. In its 4-barrel form with 10½-to-1 compression, dome-top pistons, dual breaker points, solid valve lifters, unsilenced air cleaner, special exhaust system and other go-go goodies, this 235-hp twirler should make a regular Ben Hur out of even an [*Continued on page* 82]

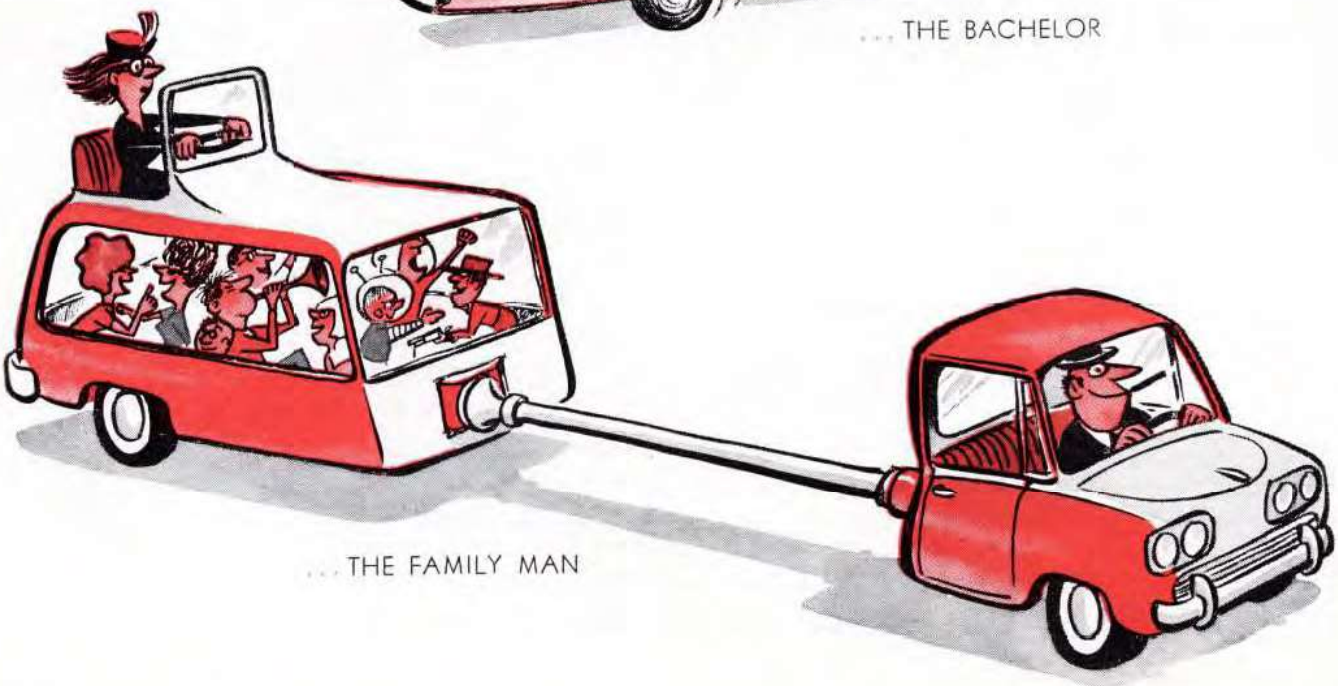
# VIP DESIGNS THE CUSTOM CAR FOR . . .



. . . THE ADVERTISING MAN

. . . THE APARTMENT DWELLER

. . . THE BACHELOR



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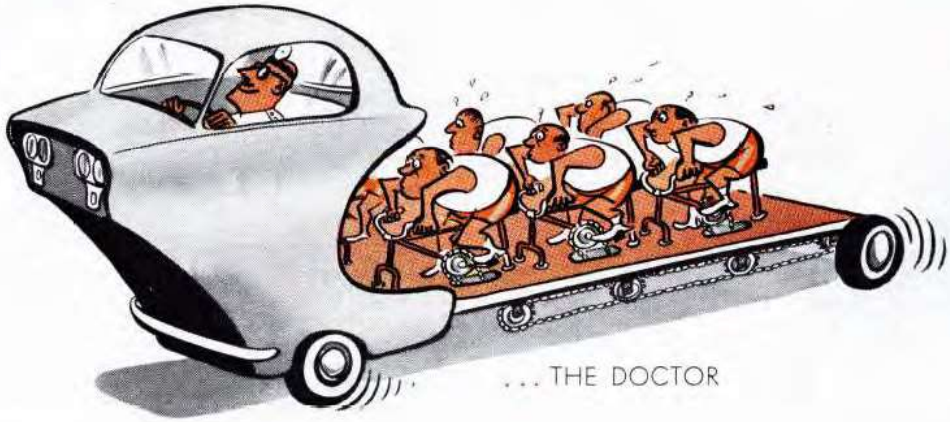
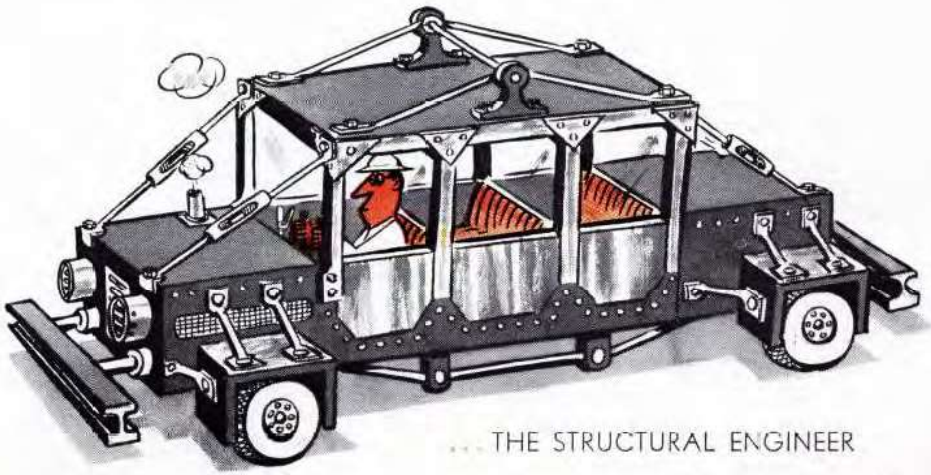


. . . THE DOCTOR

. . . THE BEATNIK



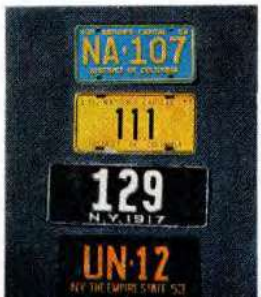
. . . THE STRUCTURAL ENGINEER

# Auto Owners' Numbers Game

PHOTOGRAPHED FOR TRUE BY MARTIN IGER

Whether you play car poker, keep the kids quiet spotting low numbers or enjoy highway status by being farthest from home, variations of the auto numbers game have been played almost since coachwork-and-tiller days. No one really knows when the first auto licenses were issued but auto owners began saving old ones right away. The license plates shown here are from the collection of H. Bogart Seaman of Glen Cove, N. Y., who has 10,000 plates from all over the world. Those at left are among the first issued by states. Plates didn't stay simple long—tourist lures and

plain bragging appeared early. Cowboys, covered wagons, codfish, claims on Lincoln, enchantment and opportunity are still common state promotions. But no state wants to repeat boners, such as Michigan's 1955 upside-down figures. (Look closely and you'll find it.) Special




identifying numbers or letters for VIPs are used by all states. At left are license plates of Eisenhower, Vice President Nixon, Teddy Roosevelt and Russia's U. N. delegation. The Seminole Indians may top the prestige list—they have a whole Florida number series reserved for themselves.

## A GIRL FOR YOUR BED

[*Continued from page* 41]

while we stayed dry under the great, thick-leafed tree that grows up through the outdoor bar of the Hotel Bayot to shelter the afternoon drinkers from the hottest sun or all but a near gale. Staring past the women in the open outriggers, we could see the gray-blue bulk of Basilan Island, where the raid had taken place the night before.

The consensus was that Cotabato Moros had come sliding across the Moro Gulf, swarming ashore on Basilan from the south as if from the Sulu Islands. Everyone guessed it had been Maguindanaos from Cotabato Province because they have the reputation of being fiercer than the Maranaws, and because search planes had not found a fleet of Joloans sailing south from the island. Whoever it was, 30 corpses had been left in that Basilan village, before the raiders returned to wherever they lived, with their dugouts loaded with loot and with women who would now be their slaves.

"It's been going on for 700 years," Fertig said. "It was going on during the war. You heard about what happened last night. You remember what happened to Nick's surveying party. You heard what the soldiers said when we asked them if they were going to come with us to Lanao."

It was not that I doubted him. Few men could have known the people and the island of Mindanao better than Wendell Fertig. He had been a mining engineer in the Philippines before the war, and when the Japanese invaded, he had not surrendered. Instead, he had gone into the back country of Mindanao, called himself a United States Army general, recruited and led a guerrilla army of 35,000 men, and fought the Japanese to a standstill until MacArthur returned three years later.

At the time we stood drinking at the Hotel Bayot's bar, the war had been over for 15 years, and Fertig and I were visiting all the places he had been during the war, talking with the survivors. I was making notes for the book which later came out under the title *They Fought Alone*, which you may have read in TRUE, where it first appeared in condensed form last September. During the course of this visit, I had been impressed by the fact that Mindanao was an island of curious customs. For instance, the thing that had happened to Nick Capistrano's eight-man surveying party, which he had sent out to plot a new cut of timber for Nick's sawmills, was that the Moros had cut off their heads. This was, one might say, an odd fate, but odder yet was that Nick seemed to have accepted this loss as an occupational hazard (he was not, I might add, with the party).

Then, when Fertig and I had traveled in Mindanao's Agusan Province, the local constabulary had given us two soldiers as bodyguards. We had the two wished on us because the Magahats were having a war in the upper Agusan River country at the time. The soldiers hadn't wanted to go, but they did, and stayed with us until we said we were next going to Lanao Province, which is Moro country. Suddenly the soldiers remembered their orders were to protect us in Agusan only, and—too bad—they were not allowed to go to Lanao. In Lanao we were given another escort, this one of soldiers who presumably were unafraid of Moros. The total impression was that Mindanao seemed an island of special problems; nevertheless I found it difficult to believe that now—in the second half of the 20th century, as I stood drinking good beer at a fine bar in a modern republic served by jet aircraft—I could be hearing about such a thing as slave trading still existing.

"That old Datu in the Kapai hills would sell you a girl," Fertig said.

"The sportsman in the purple pants?" I asked.

"Yes," said Fertig.

I could see, in my mind, the old boy in the tight purple trousers, with his red vest buttoned over a muddy-colored shirt, his many-colored *ma'long* draped anyhow over his skinny shoulders, looking in need of a better tailor—or at least an introduction to a decent Chinese laundry. He was leathery and wrinkled, surely not more than 5 feet, 2 inches tall, weighing perhaps a hundred pounds. He had a scraggly little goat's tuft of a dirty white beard, and he seemed an absurd old man, a comic lunatic lost in the harmless dream that he was a king—or perhaps a fugitive from Central Casting. And his people! You might have taken them for as scurfy and flea-bitten a crew of rustic ne'er-do-wells as ever infested the earth. It was no comedy. The Datu was indeed a king in his tiny valley, and his men were deadly blade-weapon warriors.

The Datu had but one eye, and it was as shiny and hard as the glass of a beer bottle. He had lost the other on a raid, and he said proudly that the man who put it out for him was, at the conclusion of the fight, buried alive up to his chin in the forest earth, to await the arrival of wild pigs. The old Datu carried both a *barong*—a wide, heavy knife—and a *kris*—a wavy-edged sword—in horizontal scabbards at his belt, and he not only had the power of life and death over his people, but also the right of the first night with newlywed brides. What is more remarkable for a man of his years, he still made good use of that privilege. At the time of our visit he was living quietly with his four legal wives and his three other women, greatly believing in the magic of the number seven. Even his *anting-anting*, or amulet, consisted of seven ingredients: the dried liver of a lizard, wing tips of a fighting cock, fang of a cobra, the ashes of a picture of General MacArthur, herbs, roots, and a tiny white pebble the size of a seed pearl taken from the stomach of a crocodile—all this pounded into a powder and rammed into a brass rifle cartridge case which he wore at all times around his neck.

He was not then at war because he was at home. When the Datu is not at home, he is raiding, but when he is at home he is at peace with the world, because no one today is foolish enough to try to dig him out of his hills. The Americans tried and failed, and so did the Japanese, and the Filipinos don't bother. You cannot say the old Datu seems fated to escape punishment for his crimes, because he has committed no crimes of which he is aware. He does not regard it as criminal to kill Christians or other pagans, or to enslave them, because he believes these virtuous deeds will earn him rest in the Garden of Allah.

"The first slave I ever saw was a Christian he had," Fertig said. "The slave came from Negros Island, and he had

"Hold it, Ed. Here's a light!"

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SMOKE ALL 7

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**"Frankly, I need the money!"**

been a member of the Philippine Army during the Jap invasion. He'd escaped from the surrender with his rifle, only to wind up lost in the hills. The Moros caught him, but the Datu said he would protect him if the soldier would give the Datu his rifle. To a Moro that's like giving up your manhood.

"The soldier figured he had no choice," Fertig continued, as though to himself, "so he turned over his rifle and accepted slavery. I've never seen a man so absolutely beat. When I spoke to him, he looked at the ground and he didn't want to talk. I didn't think any man could sink so low so quickly, but the Filipinos have a proverb, 'One comes to love life, however hard.' If he'd tried to run away, they'd have cut his head off."

After a little silence, I asked, "Suppose I wanted to buy a slave from Purple Pants. How would I go about it?"

Fertig grinned. "You'd first better learn everything you can about the old boy and his people. You could be wrong about both, and this would not be good for you."

So, during the afternoon, we drank San Miguel by the sea wall and talked of Moros and their ways. Briefly, a Moro is a Filipino who follows the Moslem faith. There are perhaps 500,000 Moros out of a total Philippine Islands population of 30 million that also includes Christians, pagans and "wild people." Most of the Moros live on Mindanao, the largest of the southern Philippine Islands, and on the lesser islands that drop off the Zamboanga Peninsula to dot the way across the Sulu Sea to Borneo.

According to the *tarsilas*, or Moro chronicles, a wandering Arab named Abu Bakr drifted up to the Sulu islands from Sumatra during the 15th century, Koran in one hand and sword in the other, and established the Sultanate of Jolo on Jolo Island, with himself as Sultan. It is believed that Bakr's men were Persians descended from Alexander's Macedonians. In any event, they were light-skinned, sharp-featured men with reddish hair who brought with them the arts of Araby, including the secret of firearms, and they made themselves masters of the delicately boned, soft-featured, black-haired, golden-tan Malays who had come to these islands centuries earlier. The Moro people sprang from the polygamous mating of Bakr's men with Malay women. Despite the passage of five centuries, the lineaments of the conquerors are still to be seen. Men and women of princely Moro families have lighter skins and smaller hands and feet than the common folk, higher bridges to their noses, glints of red in their dark hair. The one-eyed Datu, for example, is not of the bluest Moro blood, but he has a nose more aquiline than those of his men.

The principal gift of the conquerors was not genetic, but a sense of purpose. Their interpretation of the Koran was that it is the greatest of misfortunes to have been born into this vale of tears, that life is a hell from which death releases us into Paradise. It follows that no Moro fears death, but is glad to embrace it—a point of view that makes him a formidable warrior indeed. Furthermore, the Moros adhered to the ancient Moslem tenet that one gained Paradise most surely by slaughtering infidels (whom Allah loathed), and that when a true believer arrived in Paradise, those he had slaughtered would reappear as his slaves for eternity. And since infidels were the enemies of Allah, it was perfectly all right for a devout Moro to lie to them, cheat them, steal their rice, take their women, enslave them, or do anything else to them that seemed like fun.

Equipped with this invigorating philosophy, the Moros scrambled joyously into their swift-sailing outriggers and sped across the soft, warm seas, raiding as they pleased throughout the 7,100 islands of the Philippine Archipelago. Their sea-empire reached as far north as Manila, where a Moro sultan ruled when the Spaniards arrived with their galleons and brass cannon.

The northern areas of the Moro empire were but tenuously held by scattered outposts, however, and there was no such thing as a unified command or a national feeling among the Moros of the northern islands. So the Spaniards subdued these outposts one by one. But they were never able to conquer Mindanao or the Sulu Islands, nor was anyone else. The United States Army tried to pacify the Moros from the time of the Spanish-American War until the war with Japan. If there are any survivors of the Japanese forces who briefly invaded the Moro areas of Mindanao, they would be the first to say that our efforts had not been altogether successful. The new Philippine Republic likes to think that the Moro exuberance has now been curbed, but there are reasons—such as those already mentioned here—to think this is not entirely the case. Nor does it seem that conditions are apt to change so long as a Moro mother pulls her still-wet, new-born son across her lap and says to him the first words a boy must hear:

"Remember, my son, you were born to be a thief."

Such sons are subsequently given to understand that they are the heirs of a people who have never known a master; that they are expected to capture their brides, or at worst buy them for a few brass jars; that the jungled hills and the glinting seas are their rightful inheritance, no matter who else seems to be laying claim. The boys are given *krises* as soon as such a weapon, hanging straight down from the belt, can clear the ground. From that moment on, they go armed through life. Until all these customs and beliefs change, it would seem reasonable to suspect that the Moros will continue to pose problems.

For that matter, the Moros are not dependable neighbors when acting as individuals, much less when acting in concert. Like any Malay, a Moro may run amok. There is no way of telling the why of any such event, but a commonly accepted reason is that when a Malay feels life has become just too much, he may lash out in a murdering rage. The Moro version is to go religiously amok, becoming what the Spaniards called *juramentado*. The decision is not a spur-of-the-moment affair; a man doesn't simply start swinging. Instead he prepares carefully by purifying himself, binding his privates and belly painfully tight with *bajuco* vine to serve as a kind of armor, and dressing all in white, the color of death, before he whisks out his *kris* and starts chopping off heads until somebody kills him.

Lost in his crazy trance, the *juramentado* is insensible to pain and ordinary shock, and during the early days of our occupation of the Philippines, when swarms of such zealots would come howling through our lines at night, it was soon discovered that they could not easily be slowed by doses of .38 caliber lead

# Wooletin

VOL. 1 NO. WJ664 PUBLISHED BY THE AMERICAN WOOL COUNCIL AND WOOLRICH WOOLEN MILLS

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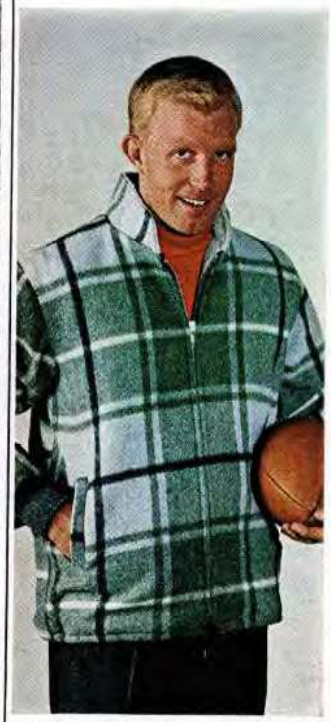

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unless hit in the head. Therefore, the .45 caliber Colt automatic pistol was adopted by the Army—specifically to stop the *juramentado's* charge. The idea was to knock him down, where he could be more easily finished off, for the Army had also learned that it is idle to wound and capture a *juramentado* and ship him to a hospital. When his strength returns, he will start where he left off, this time killing his fellow patients, nurses, orderlies and doctors—sending slaves ahead of him into Paradise. *Juramentados* are not so common as they were a few decades ago, but they are not precisely rare. If you should visit Mindanao and see a fellow run toward you, dressed in white, waving a bloody *kris* and howling like a madman, I suggest you try to avoid him.

Notice that I do *not* say shoot him. You can't because you won't have a gun. There is a reason for this seemingly foolhardy defenselessness, as Fertig explained that afternoon by the sea. "Never carry weapons with you into Moroland. The unarmed stranger who comes to buy a slave is a valued customer, but when a man carries a gun, he is a temptation. Moros are so in love with weapons they will ambush a traveler for the sake of the pistol he carries."

"They sound like a great bunch of guys," I commented.

"I wouldn't trust one of them from here to there," Fertig said, measuring an infinitesimal distance with thumb and forefinger.

We put our empty glasses on the bar and walked across the garden through the light rain to the hotel, which had once been the Officers' Club when all this lower end of Zamboanga town had been an American outpost, and before that, Spanish. I followed him with many questions unanswered, but during the remainder of our visit to Mindanao, I learned much more. For example, Fertig did not, in fact, mean you could never trust Moros. He was merely emphasizing that you must be forearmed with knowledge and forewarned that you must keep awake when having anything to do with them. Suppose you wish to buy a slave from some Moro—say from our friend of the purple trousers. This is the course you would be well advised to follow:

Approach him with the deference due his religion, his powers and his years, and he will seem to you a kindly and generous old man. Actually, he is a grasping skinflint who despises everyone who is not a Moro. His courtesy and his charming smile are entirely commercial. His smile is the key to everything. You have not seen the pleasant grin of a black-toothed Moro warrior who chews betel? You will. Betel stains the gums and tongue a bright scarlet, and against this redness you become aware of pointed teeth blackened with acid. Imagine the experience of having your teeth sharpened to needle tips by a dentist who uses a rat-tail file but no anesthetic, and the biting taste of the acid treatment, and you have begun to get an idea of both the fortitude and the vanity of your host, the Datu.

You must trade upon that vanity. Flatter him; praise him. Say that you have come all the way from Zamboanga, although the trails were very difficult, to meet the warrior who, during the war, sold so many strings of Japanese ears to the American General Fertig. These words will please the Datu, recalling to him happy times. In those days, Fertig paid one cartridge and 20 centavos in silver for every matched pair of Japanese ears, and they arrived in the general's camp looking like little dried figs, strung on loops of *bajuco* vine. The Datu will chuckle at the memory, for not all those little figs were pruned from Japanese heads. It must be said that the Datu is not entirely honest. For example, when the Datu's men killed a Japanese captain of incredibly honorable ancestry, the Japanese expressed a wish to recover the bones of their unfortunate leader. They offered money. And the Datu supplied bones in a brown sack. Not until much later did the Japanese discover the bones were those of a carabao calf, and that the smashed skull was a monkey's.

Flatter the old man; give him cigarettes; remind him of the ears and the bones, and he will reward you with that winning smile of his. Do not be afraid, and do not be in a hurry. He will know perfectly well that you have not come to honor him, but to buy a slave. How will he know? Because there are no secrets in the Philippines, where gossip is an art and a joy outranking even those of politics and love-making. The Datu will be expecting you while you are still a day's march from his valley. He will be expecting your lies, too, but the odd thing is that he is susceptible to the flattery he expects. The more you can get him to talk about himself, the lower the price of your slave. Just be sure to ask him to talk about war, and not about his rice crop, because, like all Moros, he dreams of himself as a warrior, and not as a haggling merchant.

It may be two days before you will be given an opportunity to come to the point. First there will be the happy surprise of your arrival, which will demand a *bitchera*. This is a sort of powwow plus feast. There will be endless speeches that no one will translate for you. Then there will be pomelos, pineapples, durians, monkey, fresh-water shrimps, carabao, rice, camotes, corn and tuba—a coconut beer. For such a distinguished guest as yourself, there may even be that treasure of treasures, warm Coca-Cola. Dancing girls will come on, to the music of goatskin drums and nose flutes, and of the *kulingtang*, a kind of xylophone made of brass gongs. You will hear a storyteller chant while pantomimists act out a Moro adaptation of a legend that came from Persia centuries ago. When you go to your sleeping mat, you will find a girl waiting for you. She is to cook your rice and sleep in your bed while you are a guest.

The quality of your reception will depend on the gifts you have brought the Datu. For a Number One reception, I advise you to give him a seven-waved *kris*, made by a Tugaya blacksmith of steel, gold, silver and ivory, and encased in a red *narra* scabbard. The greater the age of such a *kris* the more acceptable it will be. True, it will be costly, but you may consider the cost a sort of down-payment that establishes you as a serious man who understands Moros. To them, everything about a *kris* is important. The steel blade together with the ivory handle will ward off misfortune and such evil spirits as the Wak-Waks that come in the night to steal a man's soul through his nostrils. The gold-and-silver inlay on hilt and blade represent wealth. The waves of the

TRUE

". . . and while you're at it, you might as well give me one in a size 48, too."

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blade possess a significance that I admit I do not entirely understand. I do know that a seven-waved blade possesses more virtue than a blade of three or four waves, and that the blade symbolizes the Great Snake that the Malays worshipped before Mohammed's teaching was accepted. Taken altogether, the *kris* is a symbol of nobility and authority, as well as a weapon that can snick off a head.

In your dealings with the Datu—or with any Moro—you may expect a certain amount of cheating, even if the Datu succumbs to your flattery and comes to love you like a brother. The point is, a Moro would cheat his own brother as a matter of form, because none of the arts of peace so delights these people as crafty bargaining. For example, the Datu's position was somewhat ambiguous during the Japanese war. He sent some of his men to fight for the Japanese, and some to fight for Fertig's *guerrilleros*. In this way, no matter how the war came out, he could claim to have supported the winner. Meanwhile, he sold rice to the Japanese, and the *guerrilleros* asked him not to. The Datu sighed, and explained:

"You know that my new wife is a girl of 17. She is young and warm to the body when the nights are cold and the mist rises from the lake. Too bad, but she has a fault: she loves fine silks sewn with golden thread and seed pearls. For such silk she must have gold. The Japanese have gold, and you have none. A young wife is very expensive."

A few hours of bootless bargaining ensued, until at last the good Datu suggested an accommodation.

"As you know," he said, "General Fertig is my mother and my father—the sun shines only upon his head. But I must consider my domestic problems. I will therefore continue to sell my rice to the Japanese, but they will have to come here to cut it, and pay in advance. Now, my brother Barau will tell you when the Japanese come to gather the rice, and after that, it is in the hands of God."

This was, of course, satisfactory. The Japanese paid for the rice, and as they left the Datu's realm, the *guerrilleros* ambushed them and ate the rice themselves. Everyone was satisfied except, perhaps, the puzzled Japanese.

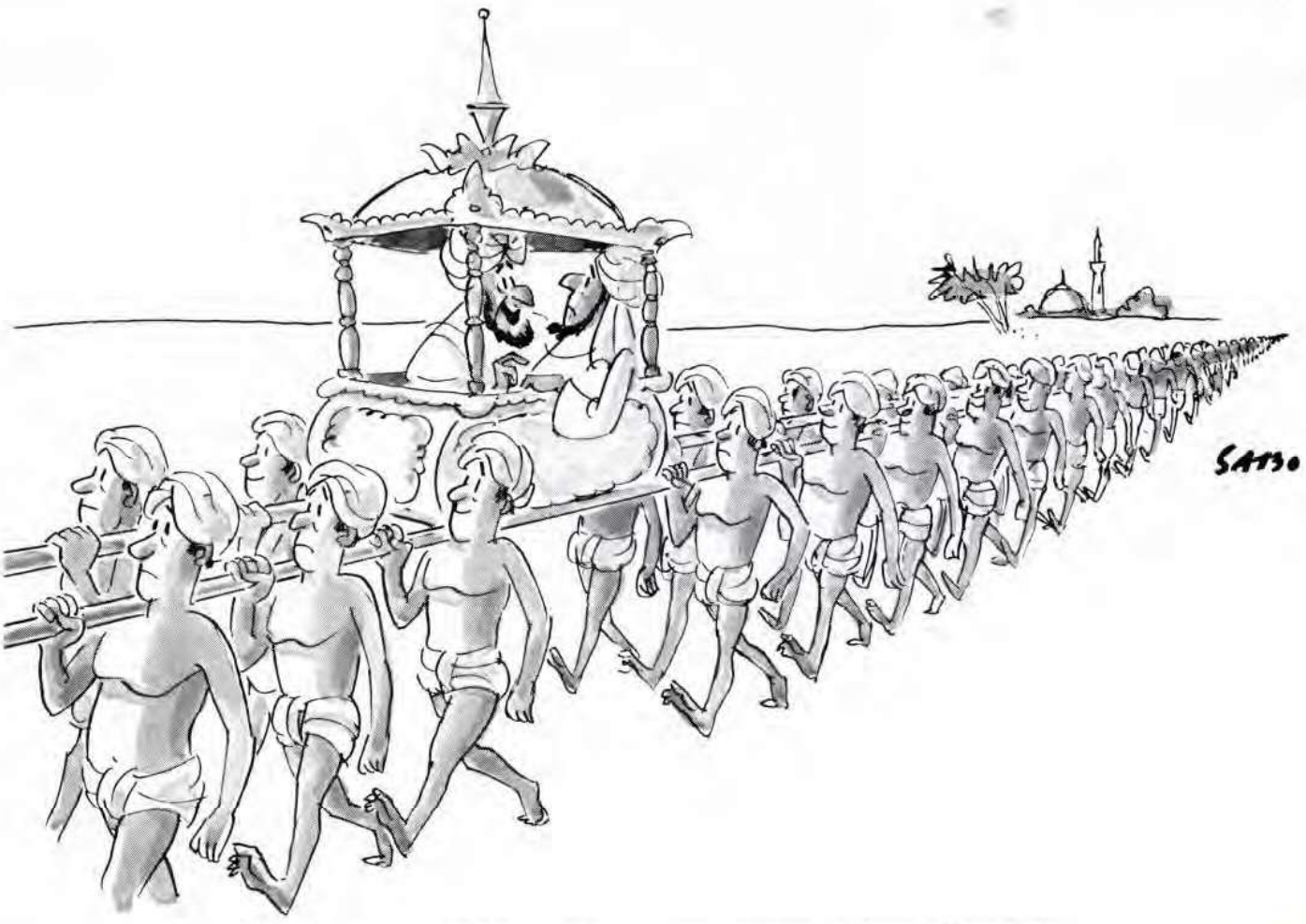
"It is a great pleasure to be the friend of all," the Datu said.

You may ask why I should recommend that you try to deal with such an evasive old scoundrel. The fact is, the Datu is more accommodating and peaceable than any other Moro chieftain I could suggest. He is a Maranaw. The word means "fighter with a blade weapon," but the Maranaws are relatively tame.

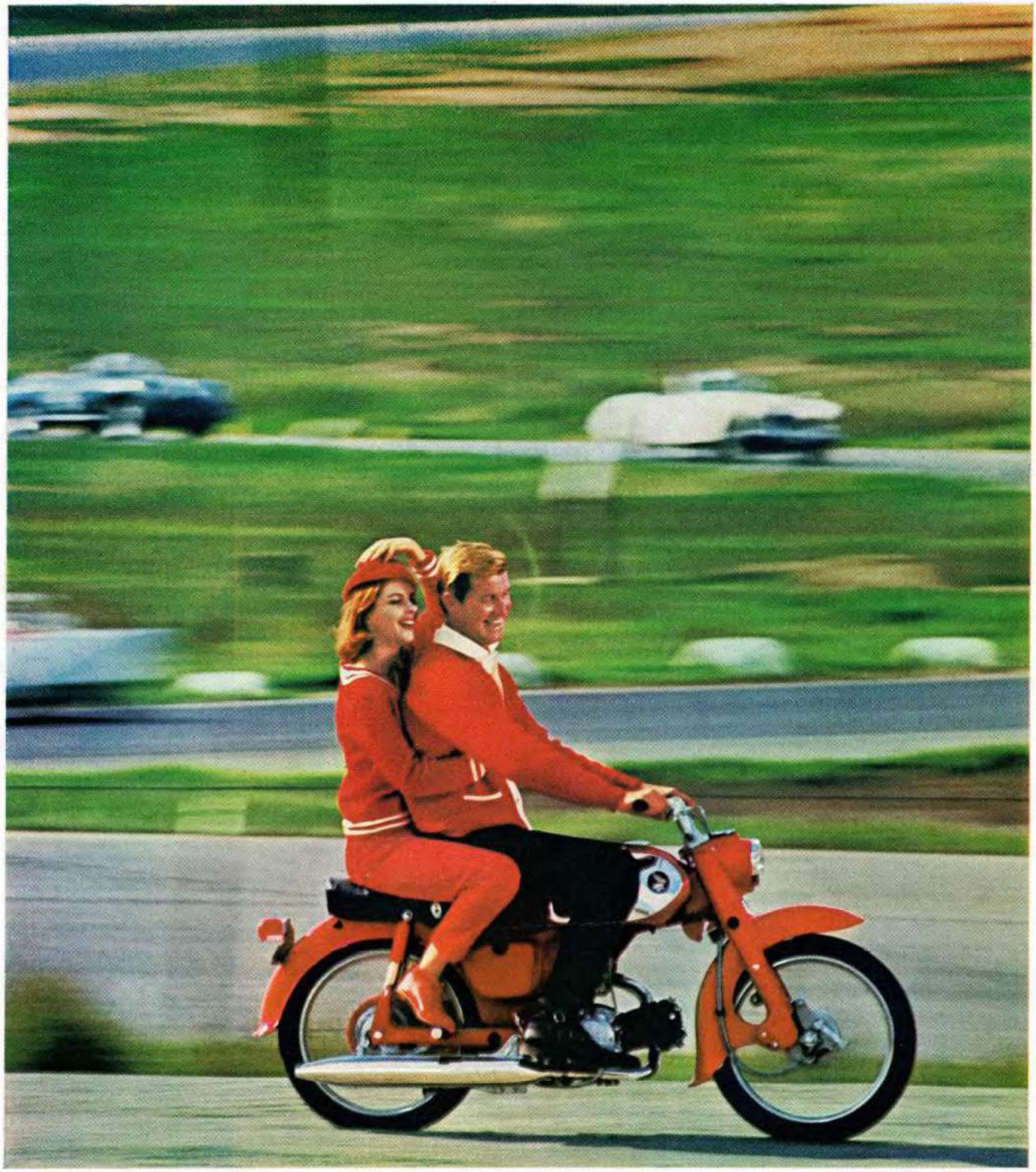
The rule of thumb is, the man in the hills has been driven off the beach by a stronger man; the boldest Moros are those who still keep by the sea. There are some who spend their entire lives in their narrow-hulled sailing outriggers. Fleets moor together on the open ocean to form a floating village, where women cook, give birth and raise their families, while the men scour the Sulu Sea in bright-sailed *vintas*—dugouts—that mount *lantakas*, which are muzzle-loading brass cannon patterned after the Spanish 15th-century swivel guns. A 9-pound ball is still as effective against wooden craft as it was 500 years ago, and the sea Moros prey on small craft, on smugglers, and on one another. The most enthusiastic are those who operate in the neighborhood of Jolo Island and off the pearling banks of the lesser Sulu Islands. I would not propose that you look for a slave among them, because they might regard you not as a customer, but as a negotiable property. You would be much better off with our old friend, the Datu.

Before I suggest those things to bear in mind during your bargaining, there is something you should know about the Moro conception of the word *slave*. It is common gossip that the Datu's present seventh wife was bought from smugglers who got her from a tiny Sulu island. If so, this would imply that she might be one of those pretty girls trained by their parents for a specific role, a girl from whom all the body hair has been carefully plucked in order to render the product more saleable—a practice on those islands. Such a girl is a slave only in the sense that she has no freedom in her choice of husbands. Otherwise she is a wife like any other. If she should be sold as a concubine, and not as a legal wife, then her master may—if he wishes—sell






"I may never use all that power, but it is nice to know it's there if I need it!"



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Women's fashions created for Honda by C. Capriotti

**"Good Lord! I've been taking the vitamins and giving *my* pills to the children!"**

her children. Aside from that, she enjoys all the status of a wife and will not be ill-treated. Would you mistreat a good horse or dog? No more would a Moro mistreat a good slave.

But what if the girl had not been sold by her kindly parents, had instead been captured in a raid? Should we grieve for her wretched fate? My best answer is that no folk tale is more familiar in the Philippines than the one of the new bride torn from her husband's arms. She sees him butchered before her eyes; she is carried screaming out of her village and thrust into the bilges of a *vinta*. Naturally the raiders are pursued. They are followed to their own island and are hounded inland. During this flight into the back country, the girl begins to learn something about her abductor. For one thing, he is bold and strong—obviously bolder and stronger than her husband, whom he slew. He may well be prepared to give her a greater personal satisfaction than her late husband had been able to provide. In short, she learns to admire her captor; she cooks and sews for him; he is kind to her; they share the hardships of the fugitives' trail. In the end, the pursuers entrap the raiders. There is only a slight possibility of escape: a hidden trail which could be reached, provided the attention of the pursuers were momentarily misdirected. Whereupon the girl, pregnant with the child of her abductor, darts into the open, deliberately drawing the fatal fire of those who have come to save her, in order that the man who stole her, but whom she has come to love, may safely get away.

The popularity of the legend is clear inference that not all who are called slaves think of themselves as such, or regard their servitude as an unmitigated disaster. Some men have accepted slavery fatalistically, as in the case of the soldier Fertig mentioned; some have embraced it willingly, glad to trade uncertain independence for the security of steady work and an unfailing supply of rice and clothes. Others have gone into slavery to their creditors in lieu of payment. Still others have accepted slavery as an alternative to criminal sentences of various degrees of severity.

If a chieftain sells the son of one of his concubines to another chieftain, we might say he has sold a slave, but the slave in question might disagree. To his mind, he might merely have exchanged one leader for another, and as far as the chieftains are concerned, neither is conscious of having trafficked in human life. Rather, one might say to the other, "I will give you a man. He will be happy to go with you, for a young man always likes change."

To be sure, there are those who are held against their will, and of these the most dissatisfied are usually the Christians who have been to school. The relative unhappiness of a slave may have much to do with the price asked for him.

With all these thoughts in mind, let us now come to the bargaining. The old Datu will find an easy means of opening the conversation. Perhaps, as you sit cross-legged beside him on the high porch of his grass house, looking across the greening rice fields, talking about war and watching the Christian captives digging in the garden, he will say something like this:

"How unfortunate is the man whose women must work all day in the fields, for they grow stringy and sunburned. As all the world knows, women should remain clear-skinned and soft."

This is your cue that the Datu expects you to get down to business. You reply.

"A fortunate man would then be he who has many women," you might say. "One could work in the garden, others in the fields, another could wash and cook, while the rest keep themselves beautiful and pleasing."

"So it might seem, but, my friend, it is not always so," the Datu may counter. "For who is less fortunate than he who must listen to the noise of a house full of jealous women? No, it is best to have men who will do your women's work, so that *all* your women can remain beautiful and live a happy life together."

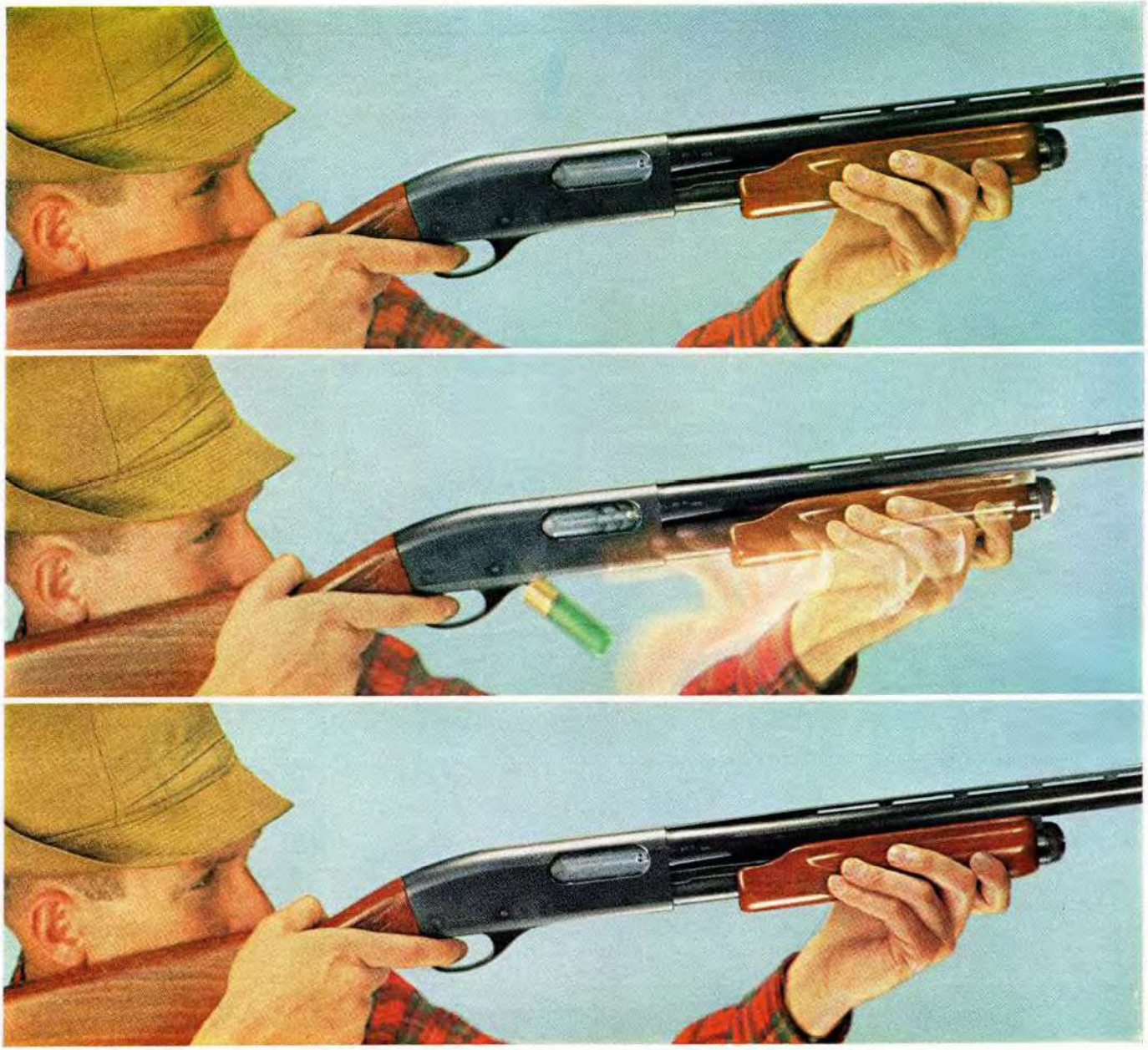
From such generalities, it is easy to find your way to particulars. What would you wish from the Datu? A man for your fields? A girl for your bed? You have only to say.

Price depends upon many factors. A first-chop concubine with a home-economics-school background might easily cost as much as the goods equivalent of $1,500. A male field hand, say a primitive Manobo in a G-string, or a so-so girl of no great beauty or attainment, can be had for as little as $100 to $200. You should also know that the price of any slave depends in part on how far you live from civilization. The point is, some slaves want to escape. They sometimes escape from remote areas, and frequently from houses or farms close to towns. So the price goes down as the possibility of escape increases.

This is not to say that the Datu will sell you a wonderful girl for practically nothing just because you live only a mile outside of town. But unless he takes you for an utter ass, he will not feel able to cheat you as much as he would if he knew you lived 25 miles back in the hills, where your remote situation would be some guarantee against loss. He will not cheat you as much because he will presume that you are not willing to pay a ridiculous price for something you might readily lose.

Of course I cannot tell you how to bargain step by step. This is your problem. You know your needs and you know your resources. All I can say is that you should never be in a hurry, that you should always come back with counter-offers which are not insulting, but which are at least two thirds lower than the first two amounts the Datu suggests. It is quite all right to switch the conversation, to suggest that you find the girl temporarily assigned to you quite pleasant and satisfactory, and to start to negotiate for her rather than for the pretty little thing with the provocatively carmined lower lip and the splendid education in home economics. Later you can return to the pretty one by pretending that Datu wants too much for the house girl he has loaned you, but what would he say if you were to buy both?

The Datu will expect any ruse you can imagine, for he has been a shrewd bargainer for many years among a people whose great joy is doing each other in the eye. Oddly enough, after he has cheated you to the best of his ability, he will make amends. The thing is, he finds



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his pleasure in the battle of wits, not in the sordid profit. So he will give you a present as you leave. The cash value of the present will almost, but not quite, equal the amount he has successfully overcharged you.

You can, therefore, tell to what extent you have been had by the kind of gift he makes. If you are presented with a fairly worthless *barong*, you have not been cheated much and the trashy gift is the Datu's high compliment to your ability. If he gives you a splendid piece of brass with enamel inlay, you have been roundly gypped, and the gift is derisive.

Once you have bought a slave, the next problem is: what are you going to do with your purchase? Obviously you cannot take a slave home to California or Connecticut. For that matter, you cannot take a slave out of Mindanao by any conceivable means of transport except perhaps a smuggler's *vinta*, and then only to the remote back country of some primitive island in the Philippine, Malaysian or Melanesian archipelagos. To keep a slave on Mindanao, you would have to be a bamboo American, living like a Moro in the jungled hills.

But while your personal acquisition of a slave might be merely a possibility, and your possession of one dependent upon your turning native, the case is anything but theroretical for the Moros, or for the denizens of a Manobo village that lies a day's march away from a Moro settlement. The Davao-Manila jet rushes each day over Mindanao, but the 20th century exists only several thousand feet aloft. At ground level, the 13th century is still in progress; the shadow of swept-back wings flits over jungles where the pattern of life is a Far Eastern version of Near Eastern feudalism; where men in turbans fight with swords and take slaves just as they have for 700 years.

Just how much fighting is actually done in the world of Mindanao-Sulu? When Fertig and I were there five years ago, there was ample evidence of armed men and depredation, but it would probably be accurate to say that this part of the world is not less safe than another. Our escort of soldiers? How were they different from the armed guards of a New York City apartment house? The number of acts of violence committed in the Islands at any time may be exactly equal to the number committed at the same time among any 21 million people living in metropolitan areas of the United States.

There is no real difference in the frame of mind of a Moro *juramentado* who chops off heads in a village, and that of the man who runs amok through a Camden, New Jersey, street, shooting 13 people dead before he is overcome. It is just that the Moro is more picturesque, and entertains a better hope for his future. Then, just as most violence in our cities is committed by a particular part of the population, and is largely perpetrated upon others in that same part of the population, so, too, Moros are the principal victims of other Moros. Out on the Sulu Sea, piracy is most often a case of one smuggler hijacking another. If Moros sell their daughters, the bargaining is hardly different from the purpose of a New York debutante ball. In each case, the parents seek to place their girls in the richest possible homes. If Moros make war and take slaves, they do so far less efficiently than a western dictatorship.

One must go slowly before judging these people uncivilized. They are simply our different equals, perhaps a bit behind in matters of technique. When I stood at the sea-wall bar at the tip of Zamboanga Peninsula, and looked across the strait to Basilan, and saw four *vintas* ghosting over the sea in the warm rain of a windless afternoon, it did not then occur to me that we all live in a world of violence and dominion, that the principal difference between us and the Moros is that we do not traffic as openly in human lives, nor as bravely, nor in a world as full of color.

But that was before further experience led me to reflect on these matters, and when I did, the sportsman in the purple pants came to mind. I could see that dirty little beard waggling, and one empty eye socket, and hear that derisive old man's voice say, "She is for your bed and will cook your rice." Very well—he had taken her in battle. And how, sir, did you acquire yours? **—John Keats**

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## DETROIT: 1965

[*Continued from page 67*]

average, run-of-the-road chariot driver.

A special "Rallye Suspension" package is also available as a Valiant option. It consists of heavy-duty front torsion bars and rear springs and a sway bar. When firm-ride front and rear shocks are added, this kit of hardware should make a Valiant as hard to catch as one of the Beatles with a barber after him.

The Barracuda, outwardly unchanged since its introduction at mid-last-year, rounds out the Plymouth family. Based on the 106 inch Valiant chassis, it is available with 170- or 225-inch Sixes—or the new 273-inch V8 in mild or hot form. The firmer suspension elements are also available, as is air conditioning. Disc brakes will be a dealer-installed option. New this year will be a competition-style paint job featuring three broad stripes of contrasting color extending down the center of the hood, roof and rear deck. (If nothing else will, this piece of decoration should call Barracudas to the attention of every speed cop on the pike. We predict they will come to be called catch-me-if-you-can stripes.)

Dodges for Sixty-five will come in three sizes, from 111-inch wheelbase to 121. Within this range, 80 percent of all U.S. cars are sold and Dodge is out to get its share.

The Dodge Dart hasn't been a true compact since 1962 when it upped from 106-inch wheelbase (Plymouth Valiant and Rambler American-size) to the present 111. In size, weight and power it is slightly more automobile than a Chevy II. Its styling has been refreshed to give a wider look across the front where single headlamps are incorporated into a new full-width grille. Darts are available in all body styles and come equipped with a standard 170-inch or optional 225-inch Six; also with the 273-inch V8.

The Dodge Coronet, a new creation for Sixty-five, has been designed to edge some other intermediate size cars in size. At 117-inch wheelbase it will be slightly longer than the Chevelle, Fairlane, Tempest or Rambler Classic. Byron Nichols, Dodge general manager, calls it "an ideal, family-size car."

The big new 121-inch-wheelbase Dodge Polara has its competition in sight, too. Like the Dart and Coronet, it is a slightly larger package size than its immediate competitors, the Chevy Impala, Ford Galaxie and Pontiac Catalina. It is powered by the 273-inch V8—with the five other larger V8s as options.

Chryslers for Sixty-five are new from the tire treads up and two inches longer on 124-inch wheelbase. They come in three degrees of trim and tune from the basic Newport, through the Sport 300 (including the 300L convertible), to the plush New Yorker. Dual headlamps are horizontally mounted behind panes of high-strength, tempered glass. Side windows are curved. The four-door town sedans have an extra, or "sixth," window at the rear quarter, a unique departure from the industry trend to "blind" or Thunderbird-style rear quarters.

Chryslers are powered by either a 383-inch or 413-inch V8, offering a power range from 270 to 340 horses.

Imperial, the big luxury barge that was given the full slab-side treatment last year is getting along with a lily-gilding this year. It is available as a four-door sedan, a 2- or 4-door hardtop and a convertible—all on 129-inch wheelbase. This 2½-ton automobile is powered (with a silky silence that only five grand can buy) with the 413-inch V8.

Their $30 million effort in automobile racing notwithstanding, not everybody at Ford Motor Company wears a crash helmet and goggles. One who does not is Styling Vice President Gene Bordinat. This doesn't mean that he isn't interested in competition, whether it's on the track (he designed the highly aerodynamic Ford GT [Gran Tourismo] car for LeMans and elsewhere)—or in the U.S. marketplace. Under his guidance, the company's division stylists have produced four totally new automobiles for Sixty-five, have reworked another so extensively that it *looks* new and have put a fresh shine on three others. If total performance is the byword of Ford engineers, total pizzazz is the effect Bordinat has tried to achieve. As the man responsible for the look of the Mustang, his credentials are in pretty good shape these days.

Perhaps reflecting the auto-racing image, Ford Motor Co. cars have a purposeful, powerful, forward-thrusting, going-someplace look this year. With the exception of the enlarged Mercury, they are about the same size as the 1964 models

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**"What I'm looking for is fast, fast, *fast* relief!"**

but look bigger. Use of low-profile tires has enabled Ford to switch from 14-inch to 15-inch wheels (from 13" to 14" on Falcon)—which, above all, means better brake cooling and a reversal of the trend toward cars with roller-skate wheels.

Nine engines—three Sixes and six V8s—are available with displacements from 170 cubic inches to 427. One of these, a 240-cube Six, is all new for Sixty-five. It is 50 pounds lighter than the 223-cube Six it replaces, its crankshaft turns in seven main bearings (that's the most you can have on a Six) instead of four and it puts out 150 horsepower. The 200-cube Six, introduced last year, has also been converted to seven main bearings. (Although the average car buyer almost never gets a look at his engine bearings, the fact that they are there with ample capacity is one of the reasons American engines are getting better and lasting longer. The average scrapped car in the U.S. is now over 11 years old and the average scrapped engine has almost 100,000 miles on it.)

Ford transmission options include 3-speed manual, 3-speed Cruise-O-Matic, 4-speed manual and overdrive on some Ford and Fairlane models. All Ford cars are now alternator-equipped.

Ford's bread-and-butter automobile, the point on the corporate spear, is the Galaxie 500. It outsells Falcon and Fairlane combined and probably returns a higher profit per unit as well. As the Galaxie goes, so goes Ford. This year it is an all-new automobile with a new, wide grille, vertically-mounted dual headlamps, clean, straight-line sides, curved side glass, new rectangular tail lights. Wheelbase is 120 inches on sedans, 119 on all other models. Thunderbird ancestry is apparent in the roof line of the sedans. Two-doors have a fastback look.

The Ford station wagons have a unique wind deflector incorporated in the rear pillar. This diverts the flow of the slip stream air 90 degrees and directs it across the rear window surface from each side. The result is a reduction of dirt, dust, water or snow on the rear glass.

Wagon interiors have been revamped by putting the gas tank into one rear fender and the spare tire into the other. This leaves space for a lockable stowage space under the rear compartment floor.

Seating in the 10-passenger wagons has been changed so that two small, center-facing seats replace the usual forward-facing third seat. An auxiliary rear-compartment heater is available on these 10-passenger wagons.

All Ford 4-door sedans will be available with an optional fold-down rear seat, the same as a station wagon second seat. When this seat is down it forms a flat floor and long items such as lumber, skis, ladders, etc. can be loaded directly through the car's trunk and up to the back of the front seat.

Ford will be powered by the new 240-inch Six or the 289-inch (Indianapolis size) V8. The 352- or 390-inch V8s are options on most models.

The intermediate-size Fairlane (116-inch wheelbase, unchanged) has all new body sheet metal for Sixty-five. The fender line is higher when viewed from the side, rising slightly at the rear quarter. Roof lines are Thunderbird-inspired, side glass is flat and dual headlamps are horizontal.

The compact Ford Falcon (109½-inch wheelbase, unchanged) has a new grille and other minor appearance changes. The old 85-horsepower Six has been dropped this year, replaced by the 101-horse, 170-inch Six. The 200-inch, 120-horse Six or the 289-inch V8 are options.

Mustang, the most successful new car to be introduced by Detroit for many years, continues to be a runaway best seller. A fastback is being added to the line this fall. Its sharply curved roof has functional air louvers in the rear quarters. This flow-through ventilation system exhausts stale air from the passenger compartment and also helps defog the large rear window. The rear seat folds flat. Skis, stilts, oars, pogo sticks, fishing rods, javelins, flagpoles or blowguns can be loaded into this area straight through a special hatch at the back of the luggage compartment.

Mustangs are powered by the 120-hp, 200-inch Six or the 289-inch V8 in 195-, 220-, or 271-hp variations. A 3-speed manual transmission is standard; automatic or 4-speed manual transmissions are optional. So are disc brakes.

Although the Sixty-five Thunderbird is only slightly restyled, it still offers some of Ford's most seductive goodies. T-birds (on 113-inch wheelbase, unchanged) come in hardtop, landau and convertible models and are powered by a 300-hp V8—no other choice. Disc brakes are standard equipment. A new feature for the convertible this year is a real glass rear window to replace the usual vinyl type. When the top goes down, the window automatically separates itself and folds away into the trunk with the rest of the top. It automatically rises into position when the top is raised.

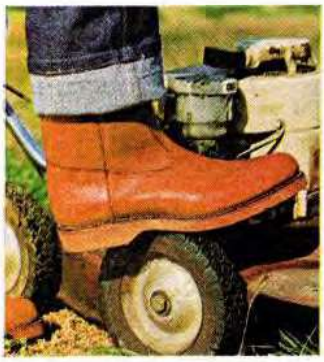
A new style turn signal called "sequential" is also new on the T-bird. Three bulbs behind a long, horizontal lens operate in sequence, from inside out, moving in the direction of the turn. (Remember the old theater marquees on which the lights seemed to race around the edge in one direction? Same idea.)

Thunderbird ignition keys have the tumbler notches cut on both sides so they can be put into the lock in either direction.

A seat-belt warning light glows on the T-bird instrument panel until the driver does the right thing and straps himself in. Then it goes out. Of course, the car will operate very nicely even with the warning light on—which, we think, is as it should be. When a man spends this kind of money for a car, he's got a right to live his own life.

The most changed car at Ford this year is the transformed new Mercury. Built on a 123-inch wheelbase (up 3 from last year) the Sixty-five Merc frankly steals its looks from the Lincoln Continental. Side glass is curved, the body is starkly slab-sided from front to rear. Slender vertical parking lights (and turn signals) accentuate the leading edges of the front fenders. These are matched by tall, vertical tail lights. Dual headlamps are mounted side-by-side. The reverse-backlight (rear window) is a carry-over feature in the four-door sedans. Hardtops use a flow-through ventilation system (similar to that used in the Mustang fastback) which exhausts stale air from the passenger compartment through the rear package tray and out a grille in the rear deck.

# *you need at least one pair of* Acme Wellingtons



You wear 'em on outings . . . cook-outs . . . football games . . . around the house . . . at all outdoor activities. Wear 'em the year 'round. Protects your feet against cold . . . rain . . . snow. They feel good . . . they look good! Going places? Doing things? Slip into Acme Wellingtons . . . and go!

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Mercury has an all new suspension system this year which uses coil springs fore and aft. Dip and dive under braking is supposed to be well controlled by this new set-up, although the ride is described as being "softer."

The 390- and 427-inch V8s are the only engines used in the three Mercury series. They offer a horsepower range from 250 to 425.

A novel option on the new Mercs is a "variable interval" windshield wiper system which provides intermittent action for light rains and continuous wiper action for downpours. The driver can adjust the interval between wipes from one to 12 seconds. Under acceleration, however (for instance, when passing another car) the wipers automatically switch from intermittent to full action to keep the windshield clear of wheel spray.

The Mercury Comet for Sixty-five is a heavily redesigned, but not quite all new car. Wheelbase remains the same at 114 inches. New sheet metal has been used front and rear, but doors and roofs are carry-over. This means side glass remains flat. Headlamps are "stacked" (i.e., vertically mounted). Minimum engine for the Comet this year will be the 120-hp, 200-inch Six (replacing the 101-hp Six used last year).

Continental is only slightly changed for Sixty-five. It is available only as a 4-door sedan or a 4-door convertible (the only one made in the U.S. Remember when they were called phaetons—and had two windshields, yet?) Continental is powered by the biggest displacement engine in the business—a 430-inch V8, developing 320 horsepower. Its 126-inch wheelbase is about three inches shorter than Imperial and Cadillac, but you shouldn't let it trouble you. Standard equipment includes disc brakes, automatic transmission, power steering, power brakes, 6-way power seat, power windows (including power vent windows), radio with power antenna, seat belts and whitewall tires. The car weighs over 2½ tons and sells for about a dollar a pound.

If it's true that the auto industry spent over a billion bills to retool for the Sixty-five models, then it's a safe bet that at least half that amount came out of the vast subterranean cavern where General Motors stores its petty cash. If the keepers of this hoard aren't exactly the last of the big spenders, neither are they tightfisted men when they believe the time has come to buy a new insurance policy on GM's more-than-50 percent share of the U.S. auto market. So what's a half a billion?—if you're keeping up appearances?

The man in charge of appearances at GM is a jolly Irishman named Bill Mitchell. He is vice president in charge of styling. (This is a little bit like being father of five talented and competitive sons. Each of the five division stylists who work under Mitchell are out to make *their* car the hottest item in the business.) Bill Mitchell believes that stylists should take their cues from the times in which we live—that the look of cars should reflect the look of other things that people use and admire. He points to modern furniture, Scandinavian tableware—even missiles—as the *shapes* of our time and he adds, "I agree with the statement that 'The shape of things, shapes man.' "

In 1964, three of the GM "things" that shaped man were called the Pontiac Grand Prix, the Buick Riviera and the Chevrolet Chevelle. All sold far beyond expectations and styling was the reason. This year, themes developed in these cars have spread to other GM lines.

"We've moved from sheer lines to more flowing lines," explains Mitchell, "but we're still keeping lightness and leanness." This means a rounder, softer look for GM cars. There will be fewer straight lines, creased edges, flat planes. For example, the "hop up" rear fender line and slightly swollen rear fender panels on Chevelle and Pontiac will now be found on Oldsmobile and Buick.

All this means that General Motors has come up with a new "B-body"—the basic shell which, with devilishly clever variations, is used for all its cars except the largest and smallest.

Chevrolet Division, which would be the sixth largest manufacturing company in the U.S. in its own right if it separated from GM, has five lines of cars: standard Chevrolet and Corvair have been totally restyled; Chevelle, Chevy II and Corvette are generally unchanged from 1964. All are built on the same wheelbases as last year.

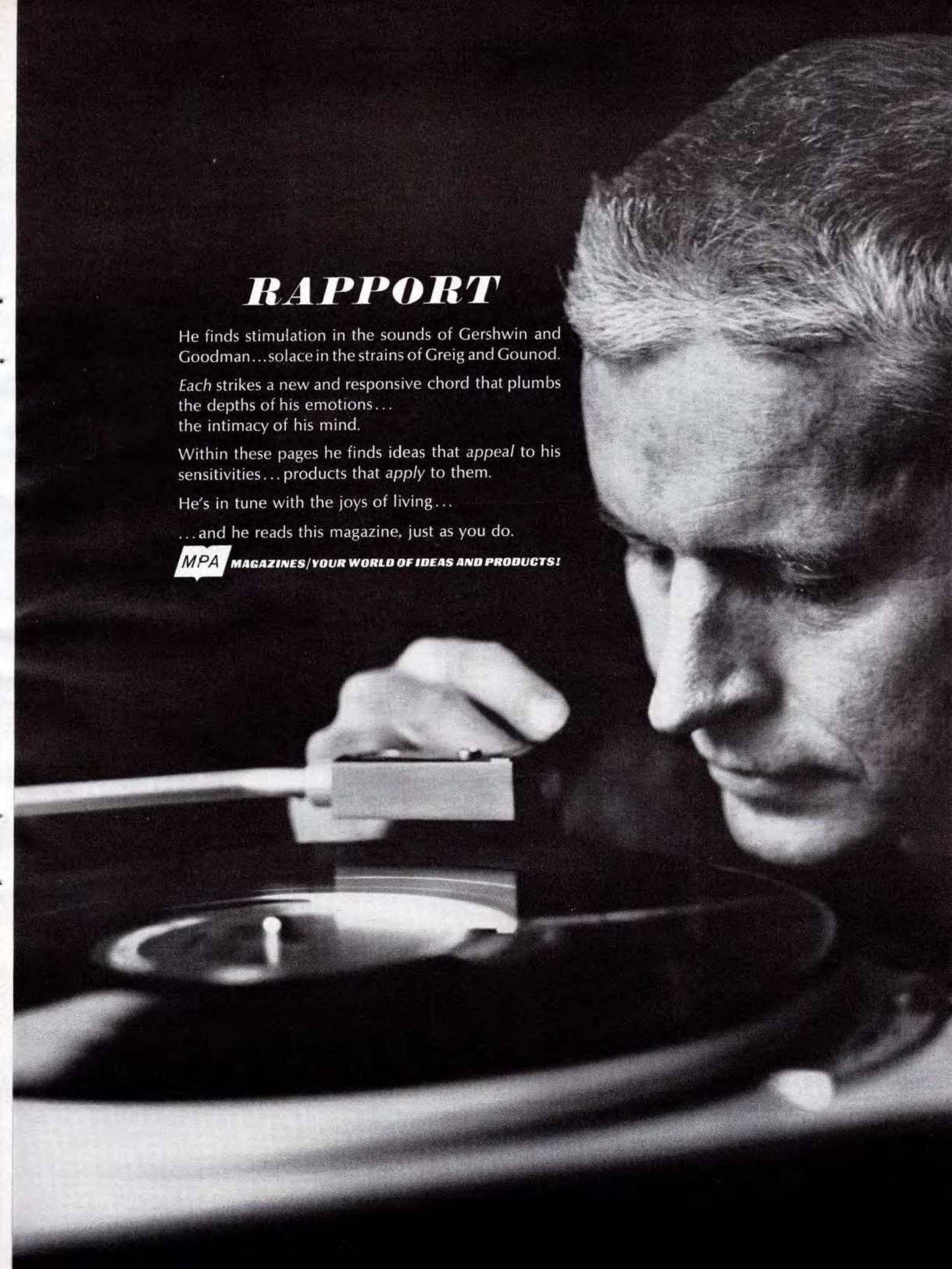
The big Chevy (which means Impala, Bel Air and Biscayne) will have an all new perimeter-frame chassis with wider track both front and rear, 119-inch wheelbase and all new body metal. Interior roominess is considerably increased. Side window glass is curved. Engines range in power from the standard 140-horsepower Six or 195-horsepower V8, through optional V8s of 250, 300, 340 and 400-horsepower.

Chevelle has been face lifted, mostly at the front end. Wheelbase is 115 inches. Power ranges from 120-hp Six to 300-hp V8. Chevy II on 110-inch wheelbase has also been what the company calls "refined" for Sixty-five. Engines run from 90-hp Six to 300-hp V8.

Corvair has been totally restyled for the first time since the car was introduced five years ago. It now has the new, flowing GM-look with curved glass throughout. New 2- and 4-door hardtop models replace the coupes and sedans offered previously. A new series, the Corsa, replaces the Monza Spyder. A completely new independent rear suspension design is intended to increase the sports-car-like handling. The basic engine is still a 164-cubic inch horizontally opposed (or pancake) Six developing 95-hp with two single barrel carbs. A new, higher-compression version of this engine at 9¼-to-1 with 4 single-barrel carbs and a special cam is used in the Corsa series. It develops 140-hp. Other combinations of engine hardware result in power options at 110-, 160- and 180-hp. Brakes are bigger this year, tread wider, steering quicker.

TRUE

**"Boy, you sure played hard to get. I hope when the time comes you won't be as difficult to get rid of."**


RAPPORT
He finds stimulation in the sounds of Gershwin and Goodman...solace in the strains of Greig and Gounod.
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**"What are your views on parole, Governor, now that you've seen how the other half lives?"**

Corvette styling for Sixty-five is changed only in details. The body is fiberglass, suspension is four-wheel independent, the standard engine is a 250-hp V8. This year disc brakes on all four wheels are added as standard equipment and a telescopically adjustable steering column is a new option. Until something better comes along, this is America's only true production sports car.

Changes at Buick reflect the GM pattern: face lifting of the small cars and all new bodies for the bigger models. The Special will continue to be available with a V6 engine; styling changes are minor. The bigger LeSabre and Electra series are all new and carry out the flowing-line theme of the big Oldsmobiles and Pontiacs. The Buick Wildcat (on same wheelbase as the Electra) offers a fastback-type two-door which is unique and may qualify as a poor man's Riviera.

Riviera remains basically the same for Sixty-five. New headlamps are about the only change. They will be concealed during daylight hours and, when opened at night, will be stacked vertically.

A performance image that won't fade away and styling that keeps the noses of small boys glued to showroom windows all add up to a lock on third place in sales for Pontiac. The 115-inch wheelbase Tempest is face lifted this year (new front end with stacked pairs of headlamps like its big brothers) but the Catalina, Star Chief, Bonneville and Grand Prix are all-new automobiles on longer (121- and 123-inch) wheelbases. All use curved side window glass and all arc lower and wider on the exterior. The belt line rises and swells at the rear quarter.

Pontiac engines start with a 140-hp, 215-inch Six in the Tempest, through V8s of 256 to 376-hp. There is a new automatic transmission, new automatic temperature control on the air conditioning system, new articulated windshield wipers which sweep a greater area than ever before.

Oldsmobile, holding down fourth place behind Pontiac in the national sales race, comes in three basic sizes for Sixty-five. The F-85 series on 115-inch wheelbase (cousin to the Pontiac Tempest and the Buick Special) is revamped up front and comes with V6 or V8 engines at 155, 245 or 310-hp. The big change, however, is in the Olds 88 and 98 series where an all new body/chassis combination and curved side glass has produced substantially roomier cars on the same wheelbases (123 and 126 inches) as last year. Shoulder room is increased a full four inches, trunk capacity is up nearly four cubic feet, the gas tank is enlarged to 25 gallons.

A new 425-cubic-inch Rocket V8 which is used throughout the 88/98 line is an important engineering advance. Running at 10¼ or 10½-to-1 compression with 2 or 4-barrel carbs, this giant puts out 300, 350 or 365 horsepower. Because of lightweight cast iron construction (with plenty of aluminum accessories) the new mill weighs less than last year's 394-inch engine.

The big news at Cadillac this year (aside from the disappearance of fins after 16 years) is a new Sixty Special model built on a wheelbase which is four inches longer than last year. The engine is a 429-inch V8 developing 340 horsepower. It has been moved forward six inches in the chassis this year to make for even greater interior space.

There's no better sign of the growth trend in Detroit than the changes at American Motors. Having made a reputation with the original 100- and 106-inch wheelbase Ramblers in the 1950's (and having thereby, in a way, boosted George Romney into the governorship of Michigan) AM now reads the moving finger which points toward bigger cars. The almost too-successful American model (which was totally restyled in 1964 and ended up getting 40 percent of AM's sales) remains pretty much unchanged on 106-inch wheelbase this year; the Classic stays on 112-inch wheelbase but has an all-new look; the Ambassador grows up to 116-inch wheelbase (200" overall, which is what AM calls the upper limit for a compact car) and is also an all-new automobile.

A deliberate effort has been made at AM this year to produce three distinct lines of cars—not three variations on the Rambler theme. For example, the American goes along with single headlights, the Classic has twin lights arranged horizontally, the big new Ambassador also has twin lights, but stacks them vertically. Front-wheel disc brakes (Bendix) are optional on Classics and Ambassadors; the dual master cylinder feature (which enables the driver to stop even if hydraulic pressure is lost on two wheels) is continued. Every AM car features curved glass side windows (which make possible thinner doors), a long-life, ceramic-coated exhaust system, deep-dip body rustproofing, 33,000-mile or 3-year chassis lubrication and a 24,000-mile or 24-month warranty.

Engines for AM cars range from the old faithful, 90-horsepower L-head Six, overhead valve Sixes at 125, 145 and 155-hp and two V8s producing 198 and 270-hp.

And that's the way 1965 looks in Detroit. In the next few weeks, the men who put their reputations on the line (and all that stockholders' money) will know whether these new cars appeal to the public or not.

Chrysler's Elwood Engle summed it up. "In styling, you don't go to the library for ideas. There is no book on the subject. It all comes out of a guy's head. If people don't like these cars, all that's been done is for zero."

**—Charles N. Barnard**

**COMING . . .**

An expert's controversial cry

**LET'S KILL OFF MORE OF THE LADIES!**

By Ted Trueblood

**NEXT MONTH IN TRUE**



OCT.—TRUE—M. ATL., N.E.

# SHEAR THE SHEEP
# SHAPE THE STYLE

New All-American look in wool-weather cl

eather clothes begins at left with a Barron-Anderson split raglan top coat in 100% bold plaid wool by Dickey, $90. The red rib-knit zip sweater with Danish-type chain loop for top button fastener is by Jantzen, $20. Next, foreground, is a Botany 500 natural-shouldered stretch suit, Hockanum Mills, that comes with a vest (not shown), $70. Hopsack weave suit, tailored by Southwick, features welt seaming and hook vent, 100% wool by Barnes, $95. Giant plaid sports jacket with suppressed waist, foreground, is "The Bugler" by Saint Laurie, $75. Next is Linett's two-piece suit in Livingston 100% worsted glen plaid, $85. McGregor is the label on chain-stitch knit jacket with quilted lining, zip front, suede trim, $28. Oat-colored, fisherman knit, turtle neck sweater is by Thane, $23.

PRODUCED BY RON BUTLER
PHOTOGRAPHED FOR TRUE BY CARROLL SEGHERS II

Wearing of the wool continues with PBM's na

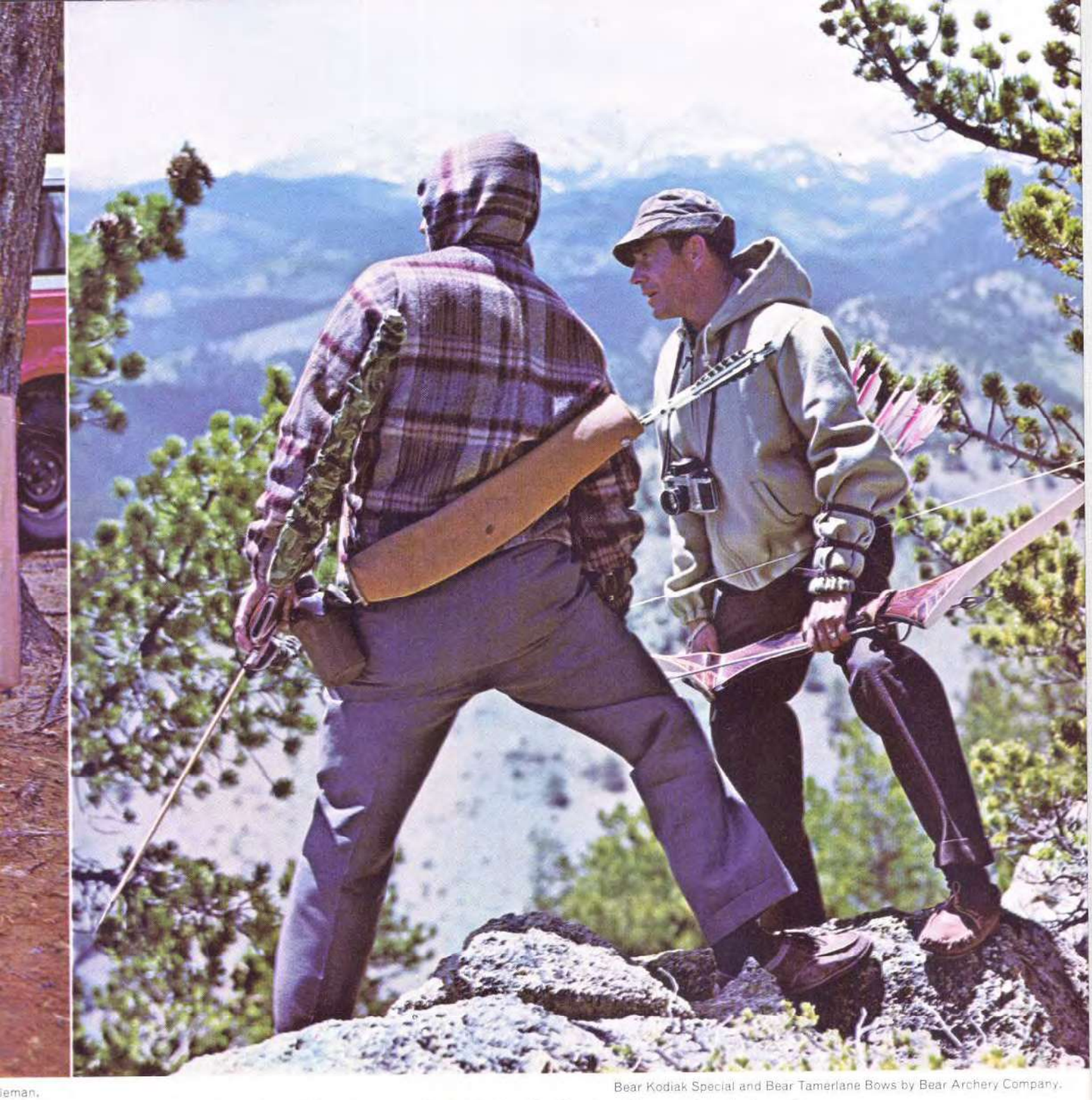
PBM's natural-shoulder suit, with reversible vest, in Raeford's 100% worsted sharkskin, $70. Next is a Charter House cheviot pattern, two-piece suit with shaped jacket, three hacking flap pockets, Barnes' worsted, $110. Short-sleeved heavy rib knit cardigan is by Catalina, $16. Zero King's reversible coat in Faribault's giant glen plaid wool (reverses to corduroy), with knit stand-up collar, is $45. Goodstein Bros.' shaped coat with modified peak lapel, $80. Louis Goldsmith suit, in herringbone tweed, comes with vest and extra trousers, by Hampton Looms, $80. Washable V-neck pullover is by Robert Bruce, $11. Sears' herringbone outfit comes with flannel vest and extra trousers, $67. Prices approximate. Garments shown are all wool loomed in America.

All-Wheel drive Scout by International Harvester. Camp stove and lantern by Coleman.

**For the perfect campsite, perfect clothes—by Russ and Edgeworth Mills.** Wool belongs on a family outing, bringing beauty to practicality and comfort. Edgeworth Mills puts father and son in soft, shaggy sweaters with the new brushed look. In green, blue, brown and black. Men's sizes S, M, L; about $18. Boys' sizes 12-20; about $13. Russ outfits mother and daughter in coordinated colors and clan plaids. Girl's skirt and sweater: sizes 7-14, each about $7. Lady's slacks: 8-16, about $9. Jacket: 8-18, about $13. Sweater: 34-40, about $8. Other fabrics by J. P. Stevens and Chatham Mills.

WOOL

# Wherever you



leman.

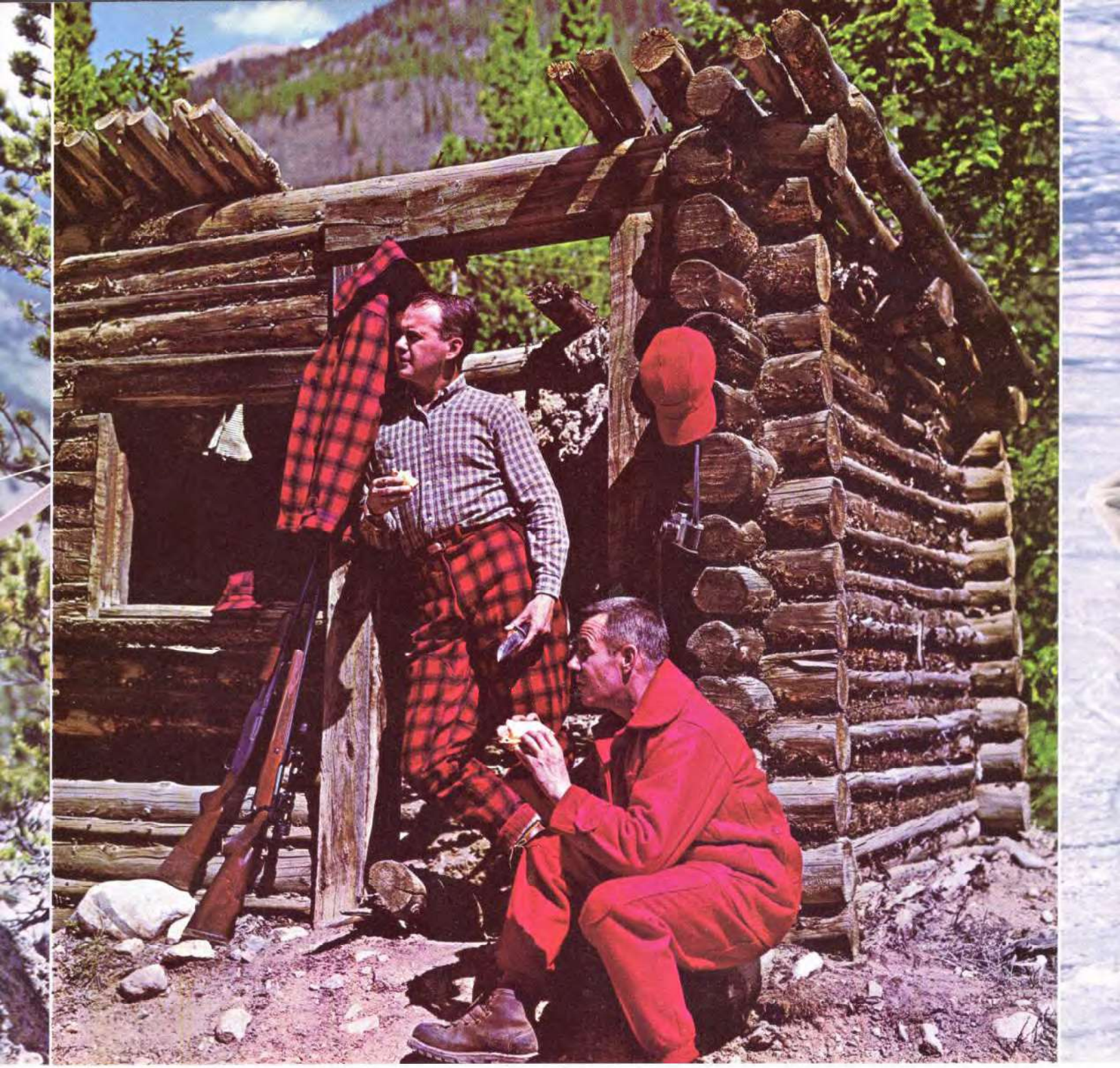
Bear Kodiak Special and Bear Tamerlane Bows by Bear Archery Company.

**Peters Sportswear hits the mark with both these all-wool whalers.** Wool belongs on a mountain trail . . . natural wool, loomed in America. For these modern-day Robin Hoods, wool brings warmth without weight to Peters' unlined, hooded jackets . . . brings soft, muted colors and rugged good looks. Both jackets in sizes XS, S, M, L, XL; about $15. In muted green, gray or burgundy plaid; or in these solid colors: navy, smoky tan, camel, burgundy, bottle green. Fabrics by Chatham Mills & Homestead Woolens.

WOOL

L

# ou go...Whatev



2X-7X variable telescope by Redfield Gunsight Co. 35MM Pentax Camera by Honeywell.

**Woolrich knows where the big ones are, and what to wear to get them.**
Wool belongs on a hunting trip, as every real outdoorsman knows. To both these outfits by Woolrich Mills, wool brings welcome warmth to ward off cold and dampness, freedom and flexibility for comfort, and the safety of true, brilliant color. Sizes: coats, reg. 34-46, X 48-50; pants, reg. 30-46, X 48-50; caps, 6¾-7¾; mittens, one size fits all. Scarlet outfit complete, about $55. Plaid outfit complete, about $58.

WOOL

# ver you do...W

by Honeywell.

Hart Galaxie and Hart Standard Skiis by Hart Ski Company. Women's ski jacket by Aspen Skiwear. All-Wheel drive Travelall by International Harvester.

**The mountains: Rockies: the sweaters: Alps'. . . perfect go-togethers.** Wool belongs on the ski slopes, and in the lodges, too. To its natural warmth and water shedding talents, add wool's bright colors, soft touch and good looks . . . and you have two handsome men's ski sweaters by Alps Sportswear. On the left, the brushed look with "Bay O' Fundy" blanket stripes. White with blue/gold or green/gold, or camel with white/black; about $25. Right, the brushed look in a Madras plaid pattern. In a bounty of colors; about $20. Both, sizes S, M, L, XL.

OL

WOOL

For further information on all garments shown, write The American Wool Council, Department WW-2564, 570 Seventh Avenue, New York, New York

# Wool belongs

## EUROPE'S TOUGHEST TROPHY

[*Continued from page* 55]

hunted them but I've never heard anyone boast of shooting a second one.

Favorite habitat for the auerhahn is that rugged band of real estate between the tree line and permanent snow. Here it feeds on buds, seeds, insects, berries and young pine shoots. The latter, I am told, gives its flesh a dandy turpentine flavor. Obviously it is not hunted as a delicacy.

A mature cock weighs up to 13 pounds and is about 40 inches long. The tail, consisting of some 16 large feathers for the young cock and 18 to 20 for an old one, measures 14 to 15 inches. Wingspan can reach 60 inches. As you can see, it's a big bird and except for a curved, hawkish beak, it is not unlike a turkey in appearance. Its English common name is Capercaillie (*Tetrao urogallus*) and it is the world's largest member of the grouse family.

The head and back of the cock auerhahn are blue-black with prominent white markings at the shoulders. The neck has a grayish, metallic cast which blends into a brilliant iridescent blue on the breast. There is a bright red, naked skin area above the eyes; the under parts are speckled black and white; and the legs are covered with feathers to the feet. Tail feathers are jet-black with a few white spots. All in all, it makes a magnificent trophy.

Although formerly quite widely distributed throughout the pine-covered mountains of Europe, the auerhahn has now become quite rare. In Ireland and Scotland, for example, it was called the "blackcock" but disappeared there entirely after the 18th century. Today, only small numbers from Scandinavia have been restored in Scotland.

A number of attempts have been made to introduce this great game bird into the United States. The Cleveland Cliffs Iron Company released some two hundred of the birds on Grand Island, Michigan, in 1904 and 1905. But the birds gradually disappeared and no trace of any of them has been found since 1913.

Two introductions of the birds were also attempted in New York state in 1906. Twelve birds from Germany were transplanted to Litchfield Park and to the Bay Pond Preserve. Because of poaching or other reasons, all disappeared within a few years.

Experts estimate there are no more than 8,000 auerhahn left in the world, three-fourths of them in Austria and the Black Forest of southern Germany, and the remainder in northern Scandinavia. It's little wonder they are so closely controlled. Why so few? Well, it's the old story of advancing civilization rather than hunting pressure. These birds just don't like people for neighbors! Nevertheless, there are still some areas where the auerhahn population is actually crowding the supply of feed available. Here, a careful harvesting of a given number of birds is still permitted.

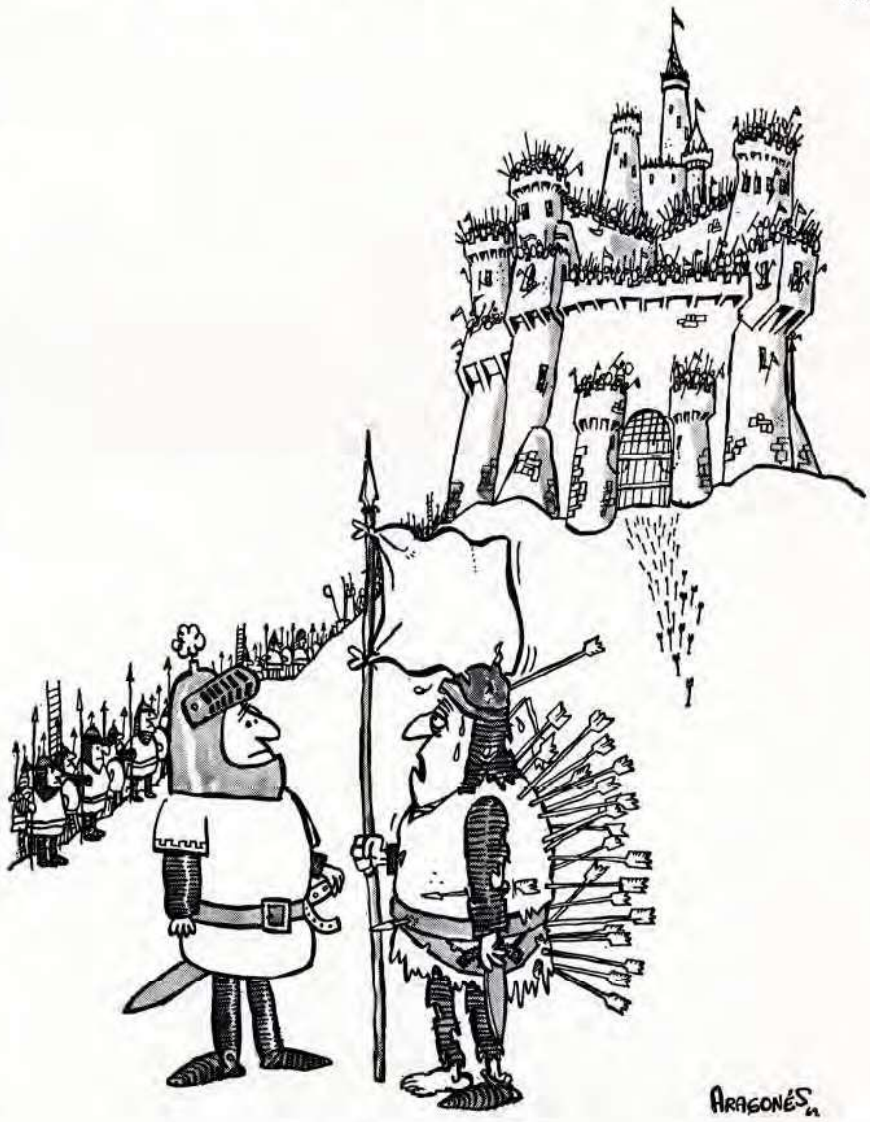
Arranging a hunt takes a bit of doing. But the trouble involved only adds more luster to winning an auerhahn trophy—comparable to bagging the biggest and wisest old gobbler that ever stalked the Pennsylvania hardwoods. The hahn is actually classified as "big game" and ranks well ahead of the bad-tempered European boar and even the magnificent crown stag or red elk of Bavaria and Yugoslavia. So bagging an auerhahn automatically places you in the top rank of European *Jaegers,* and for most, represents the pinnacle of hunting achievement.

There is always a waiting list for the few permits available in spite of a $125 trophy fee. This fee is payable even if, as the guides put it, you only "bless" the auerhahn. What they mean is, should you miss one, or even accidentally fire your gun without it even being pointed directly at the bird, the full amount must be paid. After sweating out a permit, and with some $75 or more already spent for licenses, guide's fees and local transportation, $200 and a lot of effort would be riding on a pull of the trigger. Yet, this tough little rule makes a lot of sense when you think about it. You're certainly less likely to shoot until you're in good range and are convinced you can make a hit. Result: fewer wounded birds and more successful hunters.

Somehow once you've hunted this cagey bird in its picture book mountains, you're sort of hooked. So finding myself with a free weekend while on a business trip to Austria, I took on the task of trying to arrange my third and final hunt. My first step was to contact an old friend, Helmut Dschulnigg, in Salzburg. Helmut owns a fine gunsmith shop and sporting goods store at which I usually manage to spend a few hours every year or so fondling the merchandise and peering down gun barrels. Helmut has a brother, Paul, who is sitting right smack on top of the finest job in the world. He is *Forstmeister* of a huge area in the vicinity of Mittersill, Austria, one of the top auerhahn and game districts in that part of the world. The living room walls of both brothers are lined with magnificent trophies, solid testimony of their hunting skill. It was through their help that arrangements for this hunt were made.

After a hurried equipping stop at Herr Dschulnigg's shop where I picked up ammunition, food for two days and, most important, a good pair of mountain shoes, we were on our way by Volkswagen to Mittersill. Helmut's master gunsmith was at the wheel. He would take me to *Forstmeister* Dschulnigg's hunting area and put me in touch with my guide, Herr Polanschutz.

TRUE




"They said, 'No!'"

**"Don't pick on the Great Zamboli's kid anymore!"**

*Oberforster* Kurt Polanschutz and his wife were waiting. The wrinkles at the corners af Polanschutz's eyes and the ruddiness of his complexion bespoke of a lifetime spent in the brilliant sunlight of the high country. Although in his early fifties he is a powerful man, quiet but quick to smile.

While we savored some delicious Austrian cooking, we talked about the hunt. Before long, I was almost bouncing off the walls in anticipation. By some marvelous stroke of fortune, I had hit the *Baltzeit* right on the button. That's the mating season of the auerhahn which lasts for only seven to ten days in late April. Its start varies from year to year depending on whether spring is early or late in the mountains. It was a little later than usual this year. Austria had had a real blitz of a winter.

The reason hitting this particular time is so important is that it's the only period of the year in which the auerhahn can be hunted successfully– and even then, only during the brief two-and-a-half hour period of blackness preceding dawn. To be sure, I'd seen them at other times, occasionally while chamois hunting, but always at a great distance, and always going the other way. You'd catch just a glimpse of a great blue-black bird swooping from his lofty observation point to some stunted spruce thicket farther down the mountain. But, during these few short days of the mating season, the hunter has a far better chance.

Around 3 in the morning, while it's still black as pitch, the hahn usually flies to a perch high in a larchen tree—a type of spruce that loses its needles like our tamarack. Usually a bird selects a tree that stands alone and will use it year after year if undisturbed. From this vantage point, it begins its mating call. The birds are polygamous; one male to eight or 10 hens is not unusual. Older cocks live alone and visit the brownish speckled hens only during the mating season. During this time, its lady friends remain on the ground apparently in wooing range.

The auerhahn is one of the very few game birds considered sporting to shoot when it is perched in a tree. By tradition, only the male of the species is hunted and considering the obstacles, it would be an almost impossible task were it not for the big bird's most unusual mating call. It starts with an extensive shaking of feathers and a slow snapping of the bill. A sharp ticking sound is heard like someone clicking his tongue. Gradually the snapping becomes faster, ending in a popping noise which sounds exactly like someone pulling a champagne cork. It's such an accurate duplicate of the real thing and so out of place in those surroundings, that the first time you hear the pop you want to burst out laughing and go look for the party. After a series of such loud clicks, the cock then starts the second part of its mating call with a hissing, whistling sound similar to that produced when whetting a scythe. This lasts about three seconds, then silence again while it checks over the landscape.

If not alarmed, the sequence starts all over again and is repeated with surprising uniformity. It's this series of sounds that provides the hunter his only means of initially locating a hahn. It also provides a badly needed homing beacon and an explanation of how the auerhahn got its name. *Auer* is colloquial German for "clock" and *Hahn* means a male bird or cock, thus: clock bird.

Now you won't believe this straight off, and I don't blame you, because I didn't either until I saw it. When the hahn makes the swishing sound, it spreads its peacockish tail, let its wings droop and stretches its thick neck toward the heavens. During these short three seconds, its eyes are closed and its hawk-shaped bill is open. This apparently short circuits its optic and auditory nerves. In any event, it is absolutely blind and deaf for these few short seconds! They say you could fire your gun in this period, and get away with it, too, if not for the echo. Any other time, one snap of a twig and the bird is gone.

This short three-second period is the only time a hunter can chance any movement once he gets within earshot range —two to three hundred yards. So it's this fact, coupled with the blackness, the steep rugged terrain, and the requirement that the hunter remain absolutely motionless until the swishing noise starts, that makes the auerhahn stalk so unique. The auerhahn performs this crowing ritual only in the predawn hours. This means if you want to get to it you'll have to travel in the dark. If you haven't bagged one by sunup, it's all over. After that, it stops calling and without the trance-periods it's impossible to approach the bird.

We started our climb out of the valley at 8 that evening. Only Herr Polanschutz in the lead carried a flashlight. I was in the middle and a second guide, Herr Oppacher, brought up the rear. With a pack, gun, mountain stick and flashlight to use up every available appendage, it's tricky climbing. We started slowly. That's one of the secrets of these Austrian people and probably why they can still scramble around in their beloved mountains at an age when most of us are finding easier things to occupy our time. Toward the end of the first hour we began to move faster and I could feel prickles of perspiration break out on my back. By now, muscles were warmed and with our eyes better adjusted to the dark we made surprisingly good progress.

Around 10 p.m. we stopped for a breather and it began to rain. What a rotten break! Where in blazes had it come from? More than anything else, an auerhahn hunt requires luck—this was certainly a lousy beginning. The previous year I had tried for an auerhahn in the Reintal-Zugspitze area of Bavaria and spent three nervous days sweating out a blanket of fog that never lifted an inch. It was so thick we never got to see the tops of the pines that surrounded the cabin, much less a hahn.

The first year I tried for a hahn, the rain had quit just in the nick of time. We located a cock and had a perfect stalk in the making when my guide and I stepped right in the middle of the old boy's harem, and that was the end of that hunt.

Now after the initial halt, on this third try, the going became slippery and just to be on the safe side, we passed a rope between us and hooked up. Shortly before midnight we broke clear of the lower clouds. By the time we had reached the 6,000 foot level and the little Alpine meadow with its hunting cabin, an almost full moon was lighting our way. It shone so brightly that it illuminated the snowy peaks above us.

I was bushed! But the rain had stopped, and the promise of perfect hunting conditions—a clear sky and wet ground—was already working on my adrenal glands. Things surely looked a lot better. Now if only the luck held out.

The cabin, as in the case with the others

I had been in, was cozy, spotlessly clean and practical. We soon had a fire going and with temperatures near freezing at that elevation, it felt mighty good. A hot cup of tea and some *Brottchen*, those delicious hard buns the Austrians make, put me in fine shape for the briefing that followed.

I would use Helmut Dschulnigg's fine 12-gauge Franchi automatic loaded with hi-base No. 4s. The gun was extremely light and had a full choke barrel with two white fluorescent sighting beads on the rib. Just the ticket for mountain hunting in such poor light.

The two guides, using an old auerhahn picture on the cabin wall, pointed out the vital areas and explained that the hahn is a mighty tough bird. Only as a last resort was I to take a breast shot. A hahn can carry a double load up front and still break away only to land 100 yards or so down the mountain and then run a country mile. Finding a wounded one in the dark in those rocks would be no sport.

"We'll maneuver until we can get a clear shot from the side or quartering rear," said Herr Polanschutz. "Let's hope that the hahn is perched well out on a limb and not too close to the trunk; otherwise, we may have trouble finding an angle from which the shot can reach it without the pattern being broken up by twigs."

Although both guides reminded me that a second shot might be needed, I'd made up my mind that it would be the *first* shot or not at all. The reason: Herr Polanschutz planned to rush to the tree after I fired to grab the bird, should he be only wounded. Cutting loose with a shotgun with a guide charging around somewhere in the dark didn't appeal to me. There was one more caution. If I only "blessed" the auerhahn, the full trophy fee would have to be paid. I gathered this happened with uncommon frequency. Quite understandable I suppose considering the hunting conditions, but what a way to put on the pressure. Well, with this last reminder, we hit the sack.

At 2:30 a.m. they awakened me with instructions to put on the thermal underwear I'd brought along and not to waste any time about getting dressed. After a quick breakfast of bread, jam and hot tea, we checked over the Franchi and loaded up. I noticed Herr Polanschutz watching me closely during the operation. He was as concerned as I was that in my half-awake condition I didn't goof. We stepped out into a cold, crisp night. The moon had gone down, but millions of brilliant stars shone down on the great spruce forests and white peaks that surrounded us. Thus far luck had held. The weather was perfect.

With a warm handshake from our second guide, Herr Oppacher, and the traditional *Weidmannsheil*, the European hunters wish for good luck and a successful hunt, he left us to work a second area to the east. If we were unable to locate a hahn and he had better luck, there might be time for him to intercept us and lead us there. Considering the limited time we had to work with, this made good sense. Twenty minutes later, we were moving slowly along the tree line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close to the 7,000 foot level. Every few minutes the guide would stop and listen.

The sky was beginning to gray when Herr Polanschutz suddenly stopped and turned to me in the dark and whispered, "Did you hear it?" I hadn't heard a darn thing. All I could hear was my heart pounding like a kettledrum. We continued to move. A few minutes later . . . there it was . . . the unmistakable clicking sound ahead and slightly below us. Fifty yards farther, my guide turned and with a broad grin on his face grasped my left wrist and I took a firm hold on his. Locked together in this fashion, we began the stalk in earnest.

Each time the clicking stopped, we would take three quick steps in unison, then freeze. What a crazy stalk! Timing and balance had to be perfect. I felt like one half of a ballet team and, if anyone had been watching us, he would have died laughing at some of the crazy positions we got into. At one point I found myself draped around a stunted pine, hanging on to Kurt who was standing on his toes on the ledge below. Another 50 yards farther, I could hear the swishing sound that follows the clicks and we cut our movements to two short strides. We began moving left and down, and now I could feel the sweat running down my ribs. Sometimes the noise seemed farther to our left; sometimes right over my head. I noticed we had cut our movement to a single stride during the swishing sound, and had almost completed a full circle around a group of tall spruce when, instead of moving at the appropriate time, the guide looked up and squeezed my wrist.

There it was, not 35 yards away, 50 feet up in a bare larchen tree and about three feet from the trunk. I could make out its outline and movements surprisingly well against the graying sky. Its head was held high, its huge tail feathers spread like a fan. "Swish-a'-wish-awish." The hahn was a beauty and a big one. But time was getting short. My heart was pounding so loudly that I was certain the bird could hear it.

After what seemed an eternity and after at least another full circle of the tree, Herr Polanschutz suddenly turned his back to the tree and faced me. On the next swishing sound he grasped both my shoulders and pushed me into a seated position on a low boulder. "People shoot poorly standing on such steep ground," he had explained to me the night before.

On the next swish-awish sound, I raised the gun and got the safety off. Fighting to catch my breath, I tried to hold it steadily. Herr Polanschutz had found me a perfect position: a hole just big enough for the full pattern to go through, and the hahn presented me a fine quartering shot from the left rear. Then, just as the bird began to click for what I hoped would be its last time, it turned completely around on the branch and faced us—head on, ruining my shot! The ticking stopped and it began to crane its head from side to side. What in blazes had alerted it? I held my fire—and my breath.

Since Kurt still had his back to the tree, I have since often wondered what must have passed through his mind as the seconds ticked by and his American guest hadn't fired. He told me later that he'd thought I'd left the safety on. My heart was in my throat. Then, just as suddenly, the call started again and without interrupting it, the big bird returned to its original position and the ticking sound echoed again down the mountain. The hahn was just a big silhouette up there and I can't remember seeing the barrel of the gun as I aimed. I squeezed hard and a flash of flame that looked a yard long blinded me. A second later a glimpse of the hahn falling, the sound of its hitting and the rush of Herr Polanschutz running for the tree all blended into one. I dropped the gun and dove to where, on his hands and knees, my guide had hold of the great bird. Grabbing a wing and a firm hold on its neck we knelt there in the gray dawn grinning at each other until it became still. I had my first —and last—auerhahn.

Rising to his feet, my guide stepped over to a young spruce and cut two small sprigs. He handed one to me, and in accordance with the age-old custom, I knelt and placed it in the beak of my hahn. *Die Letzte Beiss*—the last bite—a hunter's warm token of respect and thanks to this fine bird for providing him good sport and the thrill of the stalk. As I rose, my guide removed his hat and laying the second spruce twig on it, offered it to me together with his hand. Placing the sprig in my hatband, it became the well-known European symbol of a successful hunt. We stood there looking down at our trophy. I know he was just as proud of it as I was.

The squared off ends of the hahn's tail feathers and the two deep grooves in his sharply bent bill told us that it was an old bird, in top condition. Over each eye was the bright red eyebrow which is particularly noticeable during the mating period. Here and there a white tipped feather broke the iridescent dark blue of its plumage. We measured the wing span at 59 inches and except for a few missing feathers which we carefully searched for, it had weathered the rough treatment in good shape. Bigger auerhahn have been shot, but I doubt any ever gave a hunter more satisfaction.

Within an hour we were back at the cabin. Breakfast never tasted so good. A stiff brandy toast to a successful hunt, a pile of potato pancakes, and off to bed. Around 10 a.m. the guides woke me and we began the return hike down the mountain.

By 1 p.m. we were entering the village. A woman waved from her balcony and called, *"Weidmannsheil, Herr Jaeger"*—congratulations, hunter. She disappeared into the huge Bavarian-style house and a few moments later, the bell in a small cupola on top of the house began to ring joyously and triumphantly.

**—Fred W. Vetter, Jr.**

TRUE

**"Broads, you idiot!"**

**THE SHARPSHOOTER THE RUSSIANS FEAR**

[*Continued from page* 47]

officers spotted him during basic training, says, "When I was up there getting those gold medals, I didn't really believe it was true. For a month after, it wasn't real. You see, I dreamed it a long time before, when I was 15."

Stories like that make you eager to meet Anderson. When you do at last, you will learn that at 15 he took dead aim at Bogdanov, Russia's sensational shooting bogeyman, even though Gary had never fired a target rifle in his life. You will hear him say, "Shooting's changed my life. I'm going to college so I can be a minister."

A minister? A shooting parson? There is only one way to understand this young perfectionist who has done so well in world competition; go meet him face to face in the prairie country he calls home, spend some time with him. This I did last winter.

Winging the last leg from Omaha to Hastings, Nebraska, where Anderson attends Hastings College, I boned up on my subject by reading on him in *American Rifleman* magazine.

"Gary was calm beyond belief in the grueling matches, one of which lasted 6½ hours," wrote Frank Orth, Executive Vice President of the National Rifle Association. "He took four individual world championships. . . . To indicate the importance of this feat, it must be emphasized that only one other individual at Cairo set a new world record, although the finest shooters in the world from 43 nations were competing.

"The pressure . . . is terrific. Especially is this true because each shot is posted immediately behind the shooter on the firing line for all to see as the match moves forward. Thus the crowds of spectators follow the progress of the best shooters and the psychological effect on the individual shooter is most pronounced.

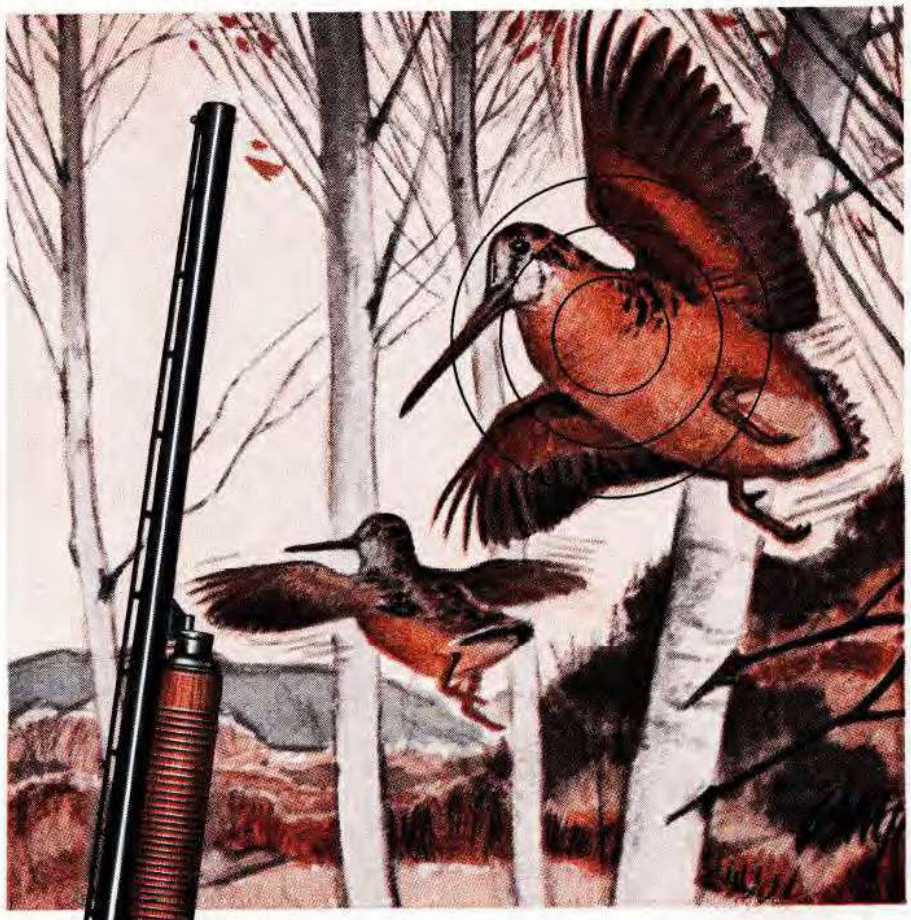
"The tensions thus built up have destroyed many a potential world record. In the case of Anderson it brought out his best. He would relax after a shot and often turned around and smiled at the crowd in a manner which seemed most unconcerned."

Unconcerned? Later, Anderson would tell me, "I had a friend blocking the entrance to my position to keep officials and spectators out. I shot a 100 on my last 10 shots. I walked out and took my friend's hand and said, 'There's a world record.' Then I went off and collapsed. That was the end, the eight days were over."

There was no reason to expect that Anderson's characteristic rifleman's shyness could be broken. Flying toward Hastings, I read on about him, hoping for leads that would make the interviews easier.

"Those of us who knew him best," Orth continued, "realized he was calling on hidden reserves of mental, moral and physical power."

Hidden reserves? There had to be more to Anderson than that. . . .

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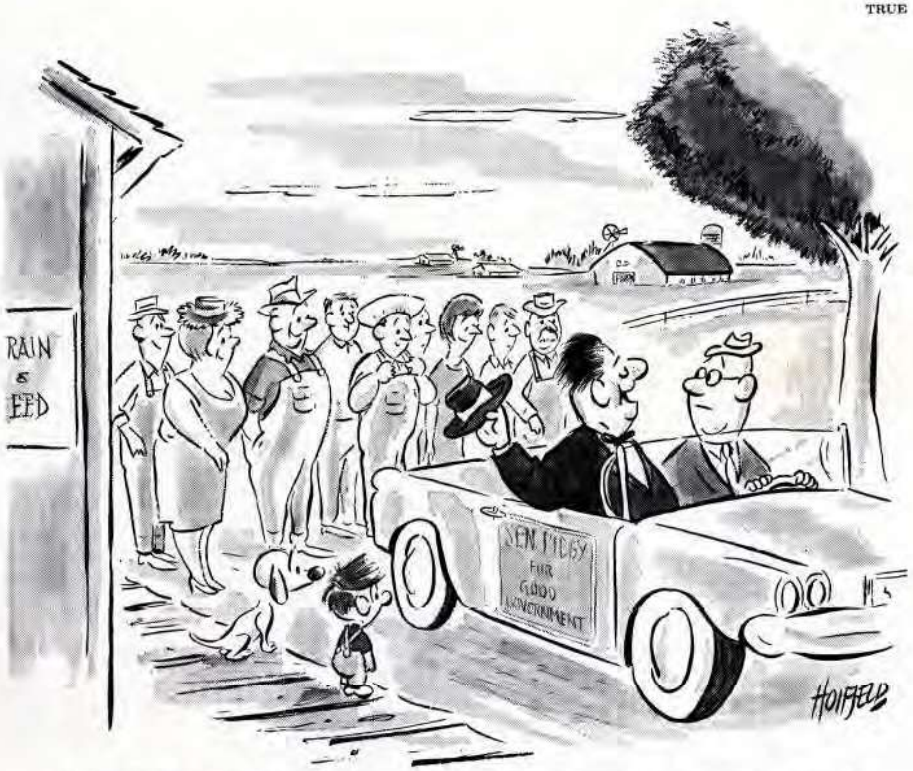


**"I made so many glowing promises to the farmers I'm tempted to quit Congress and go back to farming again."**

The little DC-3 crabs into a vicious ground wind at Hastings airport and gives a birdlike flutter as it settles down. The tunic of the bosomy hostess who smiles you onto the shaky ladder is labeled Frontier Airlines. The howling gale of a snow squall whips you across the tarmac to a small building where you grab your bag. Suddenly the sky is windswept clean; a cold crimson sunset blossoms across the corn-stubbled prairie; you have arrived in winterbound Nebraska. Nearby is Hastings College where Anderson is pulling a straight A. Fifty miles west is Axtell where he was born and raised.

You get a lift into Hastings along with seven mail bags. "Anderson the shooter?" says the driver. "Sure, he's a big hero around here. Checked his gear through when he flew off to Rome in '60 as a substitute. Waiting for the plane he showed me one of his rifles. Didn't look like any rifle I ever saw before. If a Martian turned up wearing a rifle like that, boy, I'd say that Martian and that rifle belonged together."

As the car tools down Hastings' main drag, a collegiate hot rod whistles past. But it is 10 p.m. and the sidewalks have already been pulled in, streets deserted.

"Best we've got," says the mail driver, parking in front of an ancient and once dignified hotel. "TV in every room. Myna bird in the lobby, knows 187 words."

Once registered, I called Anderson's dorm. A rah-rah voice does not know where he is, but try the armory.

"Go to hell!" says the myna bird distinctly.

A doddering old gent gets out of a lobby rocker, waves his cane at you, and shouts through his whiskers, "You Prohibition Party, er are you Demmycrat?"

"My bonny lives over the ocean," says the bird as you escape into the windy street. Welcome to Nebraska.

A light shines behind the armory door; the wind helps you through. Then you poke among trucks and jeeps parked on glittering enameled concrete, looking for the right corridor, while a distant rifle shot echoes. Bungling around in the car park, you remember Anderson is a National Guard second lieutenant, pulled basic and OCS at Ft. Benning, Georgia, graduated head of his class, and was given a big sharpshooter push by the rifle instructors there when they discovered how missless he was. (Like other target shooters, he can get a break on ammunition through the National Rifle Association, but there is no equipment subsidy.)

Following the sound of the shot, your ears lead you down halls and stairs to an open door in the basement. Easing through, you find yourself in a darkened tunnel-shaped gallery room, brilliantly lit at the remote end where the targets hang. In shadow 30 feet from you stands a slender rifleman aiming in a stance so peculiar this has to be Anderson. And yes, of course, the man is left-handed, the rifle butt braced to the left shoulder and slightly canted so the offset sights are on top.

Anderson is sighting. His right arm is V-ed, elbow to body, the heavily mittened hand supporting the rifle by its potato-shaped palm rest. His back is skewed to the rear so that his shoulders are far behind the center line of his body, as though he were trying to turn into a pretzel, or had once been deformed in some terrible accident. But his backward-tilting twist nicely balances the 16-pound dead weight of the rifle during the long crucial aim.

As you wait for him to shoot, you get your camera on the sensational marksman. In the viewfinder you see that there is no motion whatever: the barrel is steady like a rock. The *clacking* of your shutter does not disturb his eternal concentration. Two minutes pass but he will not shoot. Someone coughs and you see a pretty girl huddled in a corner on a stack of prone-position mats, doing college homework. Anderson has not heard her. He does not hear the camera *clack* and *clack* again. He will not shoot. Against the hairlines of the viewfinder he is stone.

The standing or offhand position is the toughest of the three basic positions and is the subject of international controversy. The triumph of Bogdanov and his Russian pals in the 1952 Olympiad led to publication of *Sportivnaya Strel'ba Iz Vintovki*, a 300-page bible of modern technique that was later translated by the U.S. Army Advanced Marksmanship Unit at Fort Benning, Georgia, into a manual under the English title "Competitive Marksmanship with Rifle and Carbine," which is what the Russian means. This fantastic treatise covering everything from explosives to eye and ear anatomy is so highly revered that not a single word was changed.

Primarily, the manual pays exhaustive homage to Honored Expert Marksman A. I. Bogdanov and his weird methods: "A. Bogdanov bends his torso in the back in order to achieve a definite tension of the muscular groups in the back, that is to give them a somewhat strained tone which makes it possible for him to keep the operation of those muscles under his control."

Later, Anderson would show you his copy of *Sportivnaya*, and you would see how he had underlined in pencil much of the Russians' shrewd advice. Then you would also have a chance to read Anderson's own unbelievably complex treatise on stance science in an American magazine, showing how adroitly he has out-Bogdanoved Bogdanov during his meteoric rise to international crackshot fame.

Still in the armory . . . Anderson has shot at last. He was three minutes in the motionless hold; it seemed an hour.

You get 40 shots in 135 minutes in Tokyo. Does that seem slow? Well, if the shot doesn't "break" right it will put a man out of first place just like that, and may mean a wasted trip to Tokyo. In his .22 caliber aggregate score at Cairo, Anderson whomped his closest competitor, a Russian, by 10 points, but in .308 at 300 meters, he won a 1,138-1,138 deadlock by the rule of having the best prone score. So a single point in total score would have lost Anderson the gold medal. Free-rifle decisions are often squeaky; in that event there were two men a mere two points down, at 1,136—Capt. Tommy Pool of the U.S. and a Russian, Iakonuk.

Anderson keeps shooting in the armory. He uses every second of his time, firing with a long-drawn rhythm called "cadence" that he has learned to sense clocklessly. By cadence, the top shooters use all their time, never rushing, never panicking.

Anderson fires again. The *cah-rack* dies off. The girl looks up from her books. (This is Ruth Ann Bell of Cheyenne, Wyoming, a coed inseparable from Anderson these days. She knitted the wool liner for his palm-rest mitten.)

Anderson lowers his rifle at last. He turns toward me and says, "Hi!" as though he had looked up from a newspaper. He draws back the bolt of his rifle, extracts the spent case, places it meticulously with his slender fingertips in an empty cartridge box—he uses German competition grade .22: Sinoxid R50 made by Dynamit Nobel, Nurnberg, West Germany—and reloads with a fresh round. He fires two more shots with a three-minute interval, looks casually over his shoulder and calls, "Ruth Ann, get me that little screw driver."

While she fetches it he lays his rifle gingerly on the mat and walks to the targets. You walk with him, making introductions. Anderson is friendly but not effusive; his face is frank and easy and the eyes behind the circular shooting specs are a dark, sort of painted-on blue that make his expression intense. His red hair is brushed slicky back and nicely trimmed. His speech is painstaking, that is, he wants each word right. Handling the target, he laughs to himself.

"Hardly scratched a 10," he says. Anderson has been shooting the new A-36 gallery paper which scales the 50-meter international small-bore target to 50-foot indoor proportions, a move to encourage Americans to participate in events which are considered fun throughout Europe, Anderson explains as we walk back.

"They are so used to real fine shooting over there," he says, "that people walk up and down the range to the targets while others are shooting! Here, if you put your little finger across the line, they give out the big 'cease fire.' In Cairo they had people raking up the slope while we practiced at the lower emplacements. Free-rifle shooting is very accurate."

He went on, "In Europe, shooting is like golf or bowling here. People love it, the Russians love it, and you can't blame all their successes on professionalism and government subsidy all the time. They just like it and they're good."

Anderson has fired two shots into each of nine 10-rings; he has two shots in the 9-ring. He makes an unpleasant worried expression as his mind flits to the steely, grim Olympics competition lying ahead in Japan. He keeps talking about Russians. "People think, you know, if I were a Russian, I could shoot, shoot, shoot. Well, one of the shooters in Cairo was a Russian oil geologist, and he worked full time and had to practice after work. He said that was hard. A nice fellow. Obviously they're not going to let an oil geologist abandon that profession.

"Another was a student like myself. Some of the Russians would wait until their pals had gone and admit they spoke English. We talked guns, because they wouldn't talk politics. Those Russians brought their own food. Salmon eggs for breakfast! Don't laugh; half our people got sick on Egyptian food. Blankenship, our top pistol shooter, was way off his rating. Man, did he have the GI's. He

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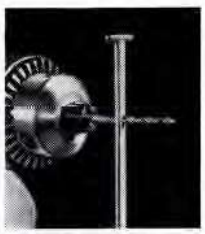

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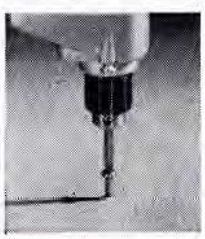

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really lost weight. Why didn't we have our own food? Is that good planning?"

Anderson is removing the trigger assembly of his Anschutz rifle. The famous Anschutz is made in Ulm, West Germany, and affiliated now with our Savage Arms Corporation. Anderson's front sight is Anschutz but his rear sight is Walther. A C-hook buttplate catches his armpit, letting the major portion of the butt ride visibly above his shoulder. The custom stock is pistol gripped, and there's a handy thumb hole providing a wrap-around grasp. The basic rifle costs $150. Anderson's .308 is the $350 special 40X Remington with a custom barrel. Both rifles weigh 16 pounds, against the regulation 17½-pound limit. The big weight of these free rifles is in their hoe-handle barrels, of course.

Anderson fusses with his trigger. "Worry a lot about triggers," he says. "In the '60 Olympic trials a trigger probably cost me a shot." As it was, Capt. Dan Puckel squeezed out two trial first places, shoving Anderson down on the standings so that he was only able to go to Rome as an alternate, or fill-in. Puckel won no gold medal in Rome, and Anderson never fired an official shot, but he practiced like mad at the Russian techniques and talked with their shooters. Then in Cairo two years later, he caught them flat, beating Puckel in the process.

"This trigger's coming alone fine," says Anderson, reassembling the rifle. "I've got a new system. A relaxed hold and a squeeze through, a single-stage trigger. They break real nice—you don't know when the shot will fire, so you average out within the limits of your hold. Takes a lot of tension out of aiming. Do you understand what I mean? The trigger doesn't tighten up just before it releases the firing pin so you don't anticipate."

"Clear as mud."

"Let's go get some coffee."

The next day is spent with Anderson going through his campus routines. In a morning political science class, the prof talks on Russian cold war aims, and the international shooter makes neat lines of notes, but makes no remarks about Russians when the class breaks into an open bull session. In the hall after the bell, Anderson hobnobs with his campaign manager in the student-association presidential election.

"Sally Howe will swing her nomination votes your way at the convention," says the manager. "I think you're the man."

"That might lock it up," says Anderson briskly.

The next jump is to a girls' dorm where Anderson will make a campaign speech. The ace marksman is willing to admit to a social shyness he developed during his years of shooting and is trying to broaden his interests. The students on campus seem to like Gary and to appreciate his carefulness. He seems to know what he's doing all the time.

Anderson makes his speech to a roomful of coeds, half of them with a head of hair curlers on. After 15 minutes of general talk, he moves against the question of his world-shooting notoriety, handling it cleverly. "As a member of the Army marksmanship unit I traveled to many colleges around the country and observed conditions there. This experience ought to make a better student association president. Also my experience in international rifle competition has taught me to accept responsibility."

It is campus gossip that Anderson was a shooting winner; he does not press the idea. The girls look at one another somewhat puzzled, and a few smile. Perhaps the idea of marksmanship amuses them, if they know what the devil it is.

Next day is Saturday and no classes. Anderson will drive me to his home 50 miles away where his trophies are; most of the time he lives on campus, though. Anderson tools his natty blue Corvair through Axtell at the tail end of our trip, past a 1904 town hall that seems about to topple into the street. A slow shifting of gears will put you through the town, it is so small, but Gary says proudly, "It's 480 now but we'll make 500 yet."

Then whizzing across the Nebraska prairie again, prairie that skids flat toward horizon like some vast shooting range, while Anderson explains the technicalities of irrigation in terms of the network of canals laid bare by winter. He talks with a farmer's pride, as the son of a farmer. "I like it out here a lot," he says. "We've got air that has never been breathed before. Now that there and there is Pa's 160 acres, original homestead in his Pa's name."


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We have come to a modest white house with a few outbuildings; Anderson cuts into the yard, sending a bushytailed leghorn rooster scooting.

"The hardware is up my room," he says. We go in through the kitchen of a clean and neat house. In the parlor are the heads of buck deer and pronghorn antelope. "Shot the muley out western part of the state, ponderosa pine country," says Anderson. "Pa took me. Had a big argument with the principal over that. I said, 'Look, there are kids go on trips with their parents and get time off. Why not to hunt?' I went anyway. I went the next year, too."

We climb to Anderson's tiny, well-furnished room, the room of his childhood and boyhood. One by one the medals come out, the big ones and the little ones, the gold important ones and the earlier, lighter, slightly tarnished ones. I take some pictures of the medals, and of a Cairo target autographed in Arabic, and then I ask an obvious question, expecting an obvious answer.

"How did you get into target shooting?"

"I was sitting right here one night," he says, tightening almost imperceptibly. "I was 15 and was reading about Bogdanov, the world champion. There were pictures of him up on the pedestal getting the gold medal, and all of a sudden I saw *myself* up there. After that I couldn't think of anything else, except beating Bogdanov.

"I didn't even have a target rifle. I marked a spot on the wall for a bull's-eye and every night after football practice I'd hold on that for two, three, four hours, practicing for steadiness, and squeezing off fake shots with my hunting rifle, dry firing they call it. I had hunted a lot, rabbits and birds, and was a pretty good shot. Well, that summer I got a target rifle. I worked on the standing position first, every night after school that fall. I kept a diary of my scores and made comments on my progress. I kept thinking about Bogdanov. I never doubted I would make it, I guess."

Anderson pulls out some of the old training diaries. They are neat and legible, the youthful observations terse, methodical, sometimes imaginative and perceptive. He noted wind, temperature, ammo, performance and attitude. Woven throughout the passing months and years was the cord of hope: "I am getting better and better."

How many boys have hatched a dream like that? Probably many. But how many have had the combination of guts, intelligence and skill to make it come true?

Says Anderson, "For a month after I won in Cairo, it wasn't real. Sure, I had been climbing for a long time. I was on the University of Nebraska rifle team. Then I went in the Army, got my basic, and joined the Army international rifle team. I won some championships here and there. I kept improving."

We go down from the room into the empty house. "My folks are shopping," he says. Out in the farmyard, the few trees are windblown by Nebraska gales and point like fingers to the brown, endless prairie eastward. "I run out there," says Anderson. "I run here or at school. You have to stay in shape for shooting; I do two miles a day." He checks a small pen of beef cattle, vaults out over the fence, the Olympic patch on his jacket glinting. He tosses a bale of feed to the animals and splits it. Then we leave the farm, driving fast.

"What's after Tokyo?"

"Win or lose," he says, "I go on to Princeton Theological Seminary next year. I have three years there, then I get a church. I'll keep with shooting, though. I'd like to organize shooting clubs through the church. People think of guns and war but I don't think that way. Marksmanship is a difficult sport with many benefits; you have to be very self-disciplined."

"If you want to kill someone you can do it with your bare hands."

"Right," says Anderson. "Marksmanship has benefits which many people don't appreciate." **—Dale Shaw**

[*Continued from page 53*]

One such event, to which the society points, occurred in the town of Catanzaro in southern Italy, not long ago. A 17-year-old girl named Maria Talarico walked onto a bridge there with her grandmother. Three years before, the body of Giuseppe Veraldi, a man of 20, locally known as Pepe, had been found in the river bed beneath the bridge, the evident victim of suicide. Suddenly in her journey over the structure Maria stopped and riveted her attention on something below. Then, without a cry, she fell to the bridge in a faint. When she was taken home, she revived and said contemptuously to her mother in a man's rough voice, "You are not my mother. My mother lives in the wooden hut and her name is Catarina Veraldi. I am Pepe."

Maria called for wine and cigarettes. She took paper and wrote in the dead man's handwriting. Then she began to play imaginary cards with the people who were there, calling them by the names of the four men friends who were known to have been with Pepe on the day of his death.

When Pepe's mother arrived, summoned by the terror-stricken family, Maria said to her, still in Pepe's voice, "My friends drugged my drink and murdered me. They threw me into the river to make it look like suicide." Then Maria, without any warning, raced at astonishing speed from the room and returned to the bridge. She climbed the parapet and threw herself from it, saying, "Leave me alone. Why are you beating me?" She fell to the exact spot on which Pepe had been found. When Pepe's panting mother, accompanied by the remainder of the horrified group, reached her side, the old woman ordered the spirit of her son to leave the girl. Maria returned to her normal state and arose.

For days the town talked of little else. Eventually the incident was forgotten. Some years later, however, a letter came to Catarina Veraldi from the Argentine. It was from one of Pepe's companions who had emigrated to South America. He confessed himself the murderer and implicated the others as accomplices. The letter confirmed everything that Maria had said.

Few persons, the Society for Psychical Research realizes, witness anything so dramatic as a case of apparent possession like this, wherein the soul of an identifiable dead person enters and controls the body of a living being. Yet to a lesser degree many of us encounter the peculiar, the odd, the inexplicable. During a reverie, perhaps, you imagine a happening at a distant locality; later you learn, to the accompaniment of a distinct prickly sensation, that something very close to what you were imagining had actually taken place. Or the face of a person forgotten for years pops into mind; then, a few minutes later, you run into him—reversing the normal and understandable process of first seeing and then recogniz-


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ing a human being. Baffling things of this order happen to many people.

One who had such an experience was Mark Twain. The celebrated author had always wanted to see a ghost. On this day, while smoking a cigar down the street from his home, he saw a stranger approaching it. Before Twain's astounded eyes the man vanished into thin air. Tremendously excited, Twain rushed into his house to record the appearance of the phantom. There, seated on a chair in the hall, he found the stranger, who had come to see him on a matter of business. To put it mildly, Twain was perplexed.

I am a member of the American Society for Psychical Research. Like Twain, I have always wanted to see a ghost, thus far unsuccessfully. But my own most memorable experience along psychic lines is almost as strange as his. During a party at my mother's a while back, I met a Broadway actor much disturbed at not having heard from a Danish noblewoman at whose castle he had stayed some months before, and with whom he was in love. He feared she was sick or dead. At the same gathering was a Middle-European violinist who overheard the complaint. He offered to ease the actor's mind by sending part of himself to Denmark and returning with the necessary information.

Apparently he did so. The next day, in front of me, he gave the astounded actor a minute description of the castle, and comforted the man with the assurance that although his inamorata had been extremely sick, she was now recovered and he would shortly hear from her, which he did.

The headquarters of the society, in whose work I became interested following this occurrence, are in an exclusive residential section of New York City at 880 Fifth Avenue, a 20-story, white-limestone-faced, co-operative apartment house, the upper levels of which are festooned with terraces and penthouses. Around the corner stand the richly planted grounds and opulent stone mansion of the Frick Museum. It is a most unspooky neighborhood.

The society's three-room suite is on the first floor and consists of a reception room; an office for the executive secretary, Miss Adele Wellman, and Mrs. Laura Abbott Dale, editor of the society's quarterly publication; and a library filled with hundreds of volumes on the lore of the supernatural. When I was there the other day, I noted such titles as *Phantasms of the Living, Occult Science in India,* and *Supernormal Faculties in Man.*

Activity in the offices can be brisk, particularly in the months of the school year, when academic investigators are often in touch with the society. This period also coincides with the peak of TV and radio programming, the offerings of which frequently touch on the supernatural. Partly because of the present scientific interest, partly because of a recent spate of books and some popular broadcast shows on the theme, and partly because of the self-generating work of the society itself, the organization receives hundreds of phone calls and letters a month, soliciting information or offering details on paranormal happenings. The society fulfills all these requests on the theory that the greater the number of investigators around, the sooner it will reach the obviously difficult goals it has set for itself.

These, succinctly put in the society's statement of purpose, are: "The investigation of claims of telepathy, clairvoyance, veridical hallucinations and dreams, psychometry, precognition, dowsing, and other forms of supernormal cognition; of claims of supernormal physical phenomena, such as raps, telekinesis, materialization, levitation, fire-immunity, poltergeists; the study of automatic writing, trance speech, hypnotism, alterations of personality and other subconscious processes; in short, all types of the phenomena called psychic, mediumistic, supernormal, parapsychological and metaphysic."

The field is large. Webster, for example, defines precognition as knowledge related to a future or not-yet-experienced event or state; materialization as the appearance of a spirit in bodily form; psychometry as the divination of facts about an object or its owner by simply being near the object; telepathy as thought transference; and clairvoyance as the power of discerning objects not present to the senses.

The work of the society these days is principally concerned with the investigation of spontaneous (or unanticipated) phenomena. This is almost the exact opposite of the chief activity of the well-known Dr. Rhine, who attempts to induce displays of extrasensory perception in strictly *controlled* laboratory trials. His object is to have those being tested demonstrate psychic powers by guessing long runs of hidden symbols and numbers above the level of random chance. While Rhine's statistics are unquestionably important in establishing the existence or non-existence of paranormal abilities, their production is much less interesting to the average person than the society's work.

Part of this work is the effort of Dr. Stevenson and others to bring some system into the wildly diverse metaphysical field. Psychic phenomena seem to run all over the lot. Investigators today are testing a theory, now enjoying considerable vogue, that certain emotional tendencies, the result of past experiences, predispose a person to such psychic representations as telepathy, clairvoyance and precognition. These tendencies are most easily described as emotional links that exist between persons or between persons and objects. In other words, people are like radio sets; they tune into things on their emotional wave length. Establishment of the truth of this theory could put at least some common denominator into psychic investigation.

Examination of claims of previous incarnations are also undertaken by the society. Dr. Stevenson recently published a report on a number of these after scanning scores of documented accounts gathered from around the globe. The two that follow—both of which show emotional linkage—are among the several dozen which, in his opinion, justify "a more extensive and sympathetic study of this hypothesis than it has hitherto received in the West."

The first of these accounts is about an American couple on a world cruise. When their ship stopped at Bombay, they were surprised to find they needed no guide. The city seemed known to them. They anticipated what was around each corner, or two or three blocks away. Deciding to test this knowledge, they headed for a particular sector where they felt a certain house and a banyan tree were to be found. These were missing when they

TRUE

"Do you want me to spell 'goddam' as one word or two?"

arrived. But a policeman whom they questioned in the area said that his father had told him that both tree and house as the couple described them had formerly stood there, and that they were owned by a family named Bahn. The couple, for reasons they had never understood, had fancied the name Bahn and given it to their son.

The second report concerns a Japanese boy named Katsugoro, who, when about 8 years of age, said he had been called Tuzo in a previous life a few years earlier. Dr. Stevenson's brief of the case follows:

"He claimed to have then been the son of a farmer called Kyubei and his wife Shidzu and to have lived in a village called Hodokubo. He further stated that Kyubei had died and that his mother had then married a man called Hanshiro. He said that he, himself, Tuzo, had died of smallpox at the age of 6, a year after his father had died. He gave details of his burial and described the appearance of his former parents and their house. Katsugoro was eventually taken to the village he named, and the persons he named were found and identified as having lived there. In the village (unaccompanied by anyone from the village) he led the way to his former parents' house and recognized it and his previous mother and stepfather. He pointed to a shop and a tree in the vicinity, saying that they had not been there before, which was true.

Altogether, Katsugoro's statements provided 16 items correctly matched with the verified facts. Responsible witnesses made numerous affidavits respecting the facts of this case. The child's grandmother accompanied him to the village of Hodokubo and testified to his statements about the house and its surroundings."

To increase the number of up-to-date spontaneous cases available for study, the society recently solicited readers of a large Sunday newspaper supplement to send in accounts of their psychic experiences. Out of hundreds of replies received, here is an example that the society regards as authentic. It concerns a 26-year-old girl (whom I shall call Betsy) who lived in the country, just west of the Mississippi River.

Betsy had a high-school education and had once gone off for brief employment at an office of Northwest Airlines. But she did not like working in a city, and returned to the rural surroundings of her home to raise Palomino horses and to keep house for her father. Her mother was a teacher stationed a thousand miles farther west in a remote area that lacked telephones and was 30 miles from the nearest town or railroad, inconveniences which the mother accepted because of the post's high salary. Despite the separation, however, members of the family felt warmly toward one another. The daughter had once driven her mother to the distant school, and the mother came home regularly for Christmas and summer vacations.

One January night Betsy had a dream. In it she was angry about something that had happened to the horses. She thought she would feel better if she could tell her mother. Accordingly, she imagined that

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she set off on foot to do so. In her dream she was wearing a certain white blouse and other light attire.

Here, in brief, is her account of what happened: "Let me say that this experience is extremely hard to set on paper as the sensations are very hard to describe—especially certain phases—in mere words. This report will no doubt sound fantastic, but I give you my word I am reporting it exactly as it occurred. . . .

"As I walked on, I seemed to be going through a place that was neither light nor dark; there were brown tones. The distance was like high, banked, soft-drifting brown clouds. There were people on either side . . . They spoke in quiet tones; they seemed very content, and in a way sort of 'waiting.' Someone asked me something and I gestured with my arm (this is a natural habit for me) and replied, 'Well, I'm just going to tell her, it makes me *so* mad!' Then I laughed a little and continued on my way."

After reaching her mother's small house in the dream, Betsy's report goes on: "The furniture of the room was just as it is. After I entered, I leaned against the dish cupboard with folded arms, a pose I often assume. I looked at my mother, who was bending over something white and doing something with her hands. She did not appear to see me at first, but she finally looked up. I had a sort of pleased feeling, and then after standing a second more, I turned and walked about four steps."

At this point, Betsy awoke. The clock at her bedside showed the time as 2:10 a.m. The impression was so overwhelming that she had actually just seen (and been seen) by her mother a thousand miles away that next morning Betsy wrote her parent asking whether she had experienced anything unusual that night.

The mother's reply in part follows: "Why don't you stay home and not go gallivanting so far from home when you sleep? Did you know you were here for a few seconds?" The mother said it was 1:10 a.m. on the night in question. Her letter continued: "It would have been 10 after 2 your time. I was pressing a blouse here in the kitchen—I couldn't sleep either. I looked up and there you were by the cupboard, just standing smiling at me. I started to speak and saw you were gone." The girl, according to the mother (who saw her only from the waist up), wore the light blouse of her dream.

The society believes that this is a case of reciprocal telepathy with elements of traveling clairvoyance. Another way of summing up the two-fold experience would be to say that Betsy evidently had the power while asleep to transmit part of herself a thousand miles and to note what was going on at that distance, that her mother had the power to recognize whatever arrived as Betsy, and that Betsy could later remember what had happened to this somewhat unorthodox piece of her.

The society's stiff standards are shown by an analysis of the episodes submitted by the newspaper supplement's readers. In accordance with the society's policy, these were checked by careful research through mail or personal investigator, and sometimes both. Of the communications, approximately 250 were regarded as crazily eccentric; 1,000 as pointless; 250 as routine ("I can always tell who's at the door"); 100 appeared on the mark but unverifiable; and 80 at first glance seemed to meet scientific requirements. Ultimately these, under the society's continued probing, were reduced to 20. The case of Betsy is one.

Paranormal powers in animals are also surmised. Instances of those the society investigates as well. Two cases it knows about concern a cat and a dog.

The cat lived with a family in Virginia. Prior to the time of which we're speaking it had always acted like a good quiet pet. But when the family's two young sons, of whom it was almost preternaturally fond, went off on an overnight camping trip, it began to yowl uncontrollably at 2 in the morning. The mother became convinced her sons were in danger. She hurriedly dispatched her husband to the campsite by car. He found the normal route cut off by a roaring forest fire. Recalling an old woods road, he sped over it through sparks and heat just in time to reach his sons and bring them out safely. At home the reunited family found the cat her old quiet self.


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his parents' murderer

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The dog was the pet of a bomber crew based in North Africa during World War II. Each time, long before the plane returned from a mission, the dog would trot to the runway to meet it. During one raid, however, the dog set up a frenzied howling in pilots' quarters. That day it refused to go to the runway. Its plane had been shot down over Italy.

These appear to be instances of clairvoyance. That and the ability to "home" from great distances are psychic qualities which animals seem particularly to possess.

Among the society's publications is one giving an instance of the materialization of a genuine specter, the case, in fact, of a ghost seen in broad daylight simultaneously by six persons. The witnesses, officers billeted temporarily in a mansion, had gathered in a second-floor hall before lunch, and were discussing coming maneuvers when they became aware of an elderly gentleman with neatly trimmed beard and old-fashioned clothes standing among them. None knew how he had arrived, but all agreed later that he had seemed not in the least supernatural. After making some polite conversation with them, the elderly gentleman said, "Now is the time for me to go," and he went downstairs.

At lunch one of the officers idly asked the butler who the visitor was. At the officer's description, the butler grew agitated, left the dining room, and returned with a photograph. "Is this he?" the butler inquired. "Yes," said the others. "That was the old master," said the butler. "But he has been dead for 20 years."

Poltergeists (the German word for "noisy spirits") are deemed elementals—loud and often mischievous forces that appear to enjoy doing pointless damage. An example, contained in the society library, concerns the Reverend Samuel Wesley, the father of John, founder of the Methodist religion. The phenomenon occurred in the village of Epworth in Lincolnshire one eventful winter and spring when John was a child. Frightful groans, squeaks, tinglings and knocks were heard in the rectory. From under the stairs came a sound like the breaking of empty bottles. Thinking the trouble was caused in some way by disgruntled parishioners, the clergyman procured a stout mastiff as guard. The dog, however, was soon demoralized. At one point in an evening's jollity, something like a badger with no head ran from under a bed as the mastiff cowered and whined piteously in a corner. Reverend Wesley's own words are perhaps the best summation of the experience: "Wit, I fancy, may find many interpretations, but wisdom none."

Twenty instances of more contemporary poltergeists were catalogued this year by the society. Some in this group produced noises heard a hundred yards off. Objects, such as large stones, were thrown, breaking windows and furniture. One harried household saw the sudden production of streams of urine and large quantities of feces (which, however, had no odor), and the girl who was the principal object of these attentions had her clothing torn and her hair cut off by invisible means. Poltergeists don't seem to have changed much over the centuries.

Dowsers are the only metaphysical practitioners accorded status in the mundane world of business. In this country, and at many places abroad, they receive substantial fees for locating water and other valuable underground substances through the movement of a pointer, often a forked hazel twig, held in their hands. As with all supranormal claims, their power is highly controversial. But a Nobel prize winner in physics has said that the power to dowse is a proved power, and dowsers themselves scoff at the doubts of skeptics. Their continued employment, they say, is the best proof of their ability.

Individuals with faculties more esoteric than those of dowsers exist. They have borne various names through the ages—"seer," "witch," "medium" among others. A modern version of these is Peter Hurkos, a native-born Hollander now living in Milwaukee. Hurkos calls himself a psychic. By the time this is read, he may (or may not) have correctly pointed the finger at the Boston strangler of lone women and/or been convicted or acquitted of impersonating an FBI man, an act with which he has been charged. Regardless of the outcome of these matters, his record unquestionably contains psychic achievements in the past.

One of the powers claimed by Hurkos

is psychometry, the ability to divine from objects facts about the owners. Our national sport of baseball has witnessed many odd incidents. But certainly few are odder than Hurkos' trip through the major-league training camps before the start of the 1959 season. His aim was to predict the clubs' order of finish in the pennant races to be concluded six months later. He knew so little about baseball he often called it football. He was accompanied by a newspaper reporter.

Hurkos had no interest in the game. Once, after Al Lopez, the manager of the Chicago White Sox, had pressured him into watching one, he turned to his host and said, "When you see somebody with a stick knock with the ball, he runs away like crazy and then another guy runs to another corner. For what?"

The question depressed the genial Señor Lopez no end, but Hurkos returned to the manager's good graces almost immediately when he prophesied that the Sox would finish no lower that year than second place.

The consensus of four staff and two AP sports reporters, which was printed at the start of the season in the New York *Herald-Tribune,* predicted the order of finish of the first three clubs in the two leagues as follows:

National—1. San Francisco Giants. 2. Milwaukee Braves. 3. Pittsburgh Pirates. American—1. New York Yankees. 2. Detroit Tigers. 3. Chicago White Sox.

Hurkos saw it as:

National—1. Los Angeles Dodgers. 2. Milwaukee Braves. 3. Cincinnati Redlegs. American—1. New York Yankees. 2. Chicago White Sox. 3. Cleveland Indians.

The actual finish was:

National—1. Los Angeles Dodgers. 2. Milwaukee Braves. 3. San Francisco Giants. American—1. Chicago White Sox. 2. Cleveland Indians. 3. New York Yankees.

Thus Hurkos named five of the six teams that finished in the money, as against the sportswriters' four. His greatest feat, however, was in correctly picking the Dodgers, generally disregarded that year by baseball authorities, as the National League winners. Furthermore, the reporter who accompanied Hurkos through the training camps quoted him as saying, in an article written in April: "Milwaukee will be at the top most of the year. But in the last days they will lose the flag to the Los Angeles Dodgers." The Dodgers won the flag at the end of the season in a play-off with Milwaukee.

Questions far more serious than future baseball standings have, of course, been answered by psychic means. Crimes, for instance, have been solved by them. A case in point is from the files of former Police Chief Michael Gier, of Edmonton, Alberta, the record of which is to be found in the society's library. Members of Gier's department for days could make no progress in attempting to penetrate the mystery of a quadruple slaying that took place some years ago at the Booher ranch outside the city.

In Canada there was at that time a small, elderly Austrian mind reader named Dr. Maximilian Langsner. He had come to Gier's attention earlier


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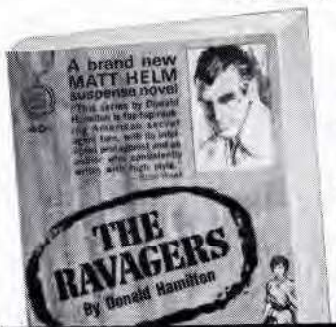


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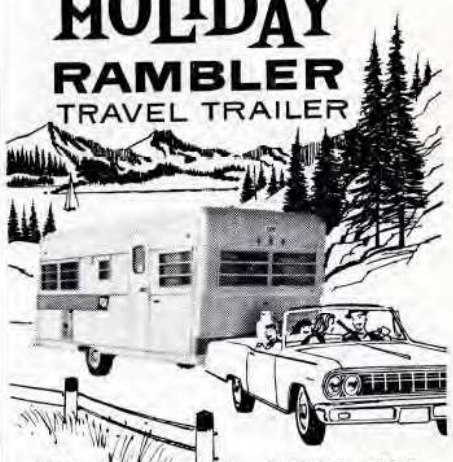

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when he had cracked a tough robbery case for the Vancouver police, by reading the mind of the prime suspect while standing silently in his cell for half an hour. Chief Gier called him in.

Victims in the mystery were Mrs. Booher, a generally much-loved woman, her elder son Fred, and two hired hands. They had been killed on a summer Sunday between the hours of 6 and 8 p.m. Their bodies were scattered over the good-sized ranch, on whose remote reaches Mr. Booher and the younger son, Vernon, had been working separately during the long summer twilight. The murder weapon, which had not been found, was thought from the fatal slugs to be a .303 rifle like the one stolen that day from the home of a neighbor named Stevenson. Since Booher, Vernon and Stevenson were all friendly with the slain, the police were looking for a psychopath.

At the inquest, Dr. Langsner sat quietly in a chair, studying the witnesses, including a number of neighbors, as they gave their testimony. When the inquest was over, he named the son, Vernon, as the slayer of all four. He added that the murder gun, from which Vernon had removed the fingerprints, was to be found in a clump of prairie grass 200 yards behind the ranch house. Vernon, the mind reader said, was not sorry he had killed his mother; she had been overly possessive and had insulted a girl he wished to marry. But he regretted the others, whom he had dispatched later in fear that they had seen his act.

The gun (lacking fingerprints) was found where Langsner indicated, and Vernon was taken into custody as a material witness. But no charge could be laid against him. Juries do not accept mind reading as evidence. A confession was required. "Find the woman he fears," said Langsner when this problem was posed to him. "The one with the small pixie eyes and the lantern jaw." The detectives knew just whom to bring in. Confronted by her statement that she had seen the prisoner stealthily leave and reenter church the day the rifle was stolen, Vernon Booher confessed and later was executed.

The society was founded in Boston in 1885 by the eminent American psychologist and philosopher William James with a number of other substantial Bostonians, for the purpose of delving into the kind of phenomena we have been considering. It pays its administrative costs and investigation expenses with the income from an endowment fund and the dues paid in annually. The members, who reside in almost every state in the Union and on every continent in the world, contribute a minimum of $10 a year each.

On the cover of the society's brochure describing its work appear these words of William Gladstone, Queen Victoria's great Prime Minister: "Psychical research is the most important work in the world —by far the most important." The society keeps them there after all these years because they still seem valid. Its members realize that fake spiritualistic mediums prey on the gullible, that wishful thinkers may widely misinterpret events, and that coincidence is ever a possibility for the seemingly inexplicable. But they agree with Dr. Murphy, the president, when he says, "There is enough well-authenticated evidence, even when studied with a cold and critical eye, to show that the paranormal is not only a legitimate field for search but one of great importance, from which we are likely to learn a good deal

TRUE

"For God's sake, Harry! Blow that thing again!"

about the human race. Workers in this area stand on the threshold of a vast and challenging unknown, urgently calling for investigation."

Taking the most optimistic view of its activities, the society feels that investigation of the evidence may eventually lead to proof of what is perhaps man's most intimate concern—the survival of the personality after death. At the very least, it seems clear that the accumulated evidence undoubtedly indicates certain substantial and hidden powers of the mind; their establishment and the determination of the rules of their functioning could be of critical importance in furthering man's advance through widening our knowledge of his mental faculties. By continuing its program of research in an unbiased and scientific fashion, the society hopes in time that it can answer the mysterious, provocative, long-standing question: what indeed is the supernatural?

**—Eugene Kinkead**

## LEATHER FOR LIQUOR

[*Continued from page* 57]

stitched. When the costrels began to leak, they came to an ignominious end on the village green where they were kicked around in a rough game much like soccer and rugby.

Traveling drinkers, on the other hand, took their wine or ale from leather bottles joined at the neck and conveniently slung over their horses.

In the 16th and 17th centuries the inhabitants of big estates, monasteries and schools ate and drank in a common dining hall. There, capacious leather pitchers were in use. The really rich and hospitable had enormous leather Black Jacks called "bombards" because they looked like cannon. The monks of one English village who were renowned for their thirst, had a giant bombard which they hauled around the parish once a year to be filled with ale at every stop. Singers in church choirs suffered frequent thirst pangs and custom allowed them to stash a special Black Jack of ale in an inconspicuous place for refreshment between hymns. A proper Black Jack was made by using one piece of leather for handle and body. The bottom was recessed so it would stand.

When the common dining hall was given up and the gentry retreated into the parlor, men began to line their flasks, flagons and mugs with pewter and to mount them with silver. However, not all agreed with the new refinements. In rural Yorkshire there is still scratched on the wall of an ancient hostelry:

*Pour not my ale*
*In pewter or brass*
*But fill me a hide*
*Whose sweetness abides . . .*

The vessels on pages 56-57, now in London's Museum of Leathercraft, are from the private collection of a Scots doctor, D. H. Edmondson. The museum notes with pride that while some of the leather containers are several hundred years old, they still don't leak.

**—William D. Cole**

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[*Continued from page* 51]

and defensive platoons, but the majority will use three teams—a starting 11 playing both offense and defense, relieved by one alternate unit that's predominantly defensive and another that's predominantly offensive.

In addition there are such specialists as punters, place-kickers, place-kick holders, etc. One team reportedly has gone to the extreme of employing a pregame coin-toss caller, known as "Lucky Louie."

Punters will strive for out-of-bounds kicks to stop the clock. Field goals will determine the outcome of more close games than ever before. Exactly 318 three-pointers were kicked in major college games last season, a record.

With fresh players on the field a greater percentage of the time, offenses should reach new peaks of variety.

"Hard-nosed teams which have depended upon super-conditioning won't have such an advantage now," predicts Frank Howard, Clemson coach. "A player can go all-out for five or six minutes and then you can rest him if he needs it."

Next New Year's Day college bowl games will be televised nationally from early afternoon to near midnight as the Orange Bowl is played under the lights. Army now listens to bowl feelers, and I predict Notre Dame will change its policy and accept a bowl bid within five years. Independent colleges do not have to share the money from bowl games as conference members do. That wasn't the reason Georgia Tech pulled out of the Southeastern Conference, but Tech has an ear attuned to Miami and the Orange Bowl's purse of approximately $200,000. Georgia Tech left the SEC because it opposed limiting the number of athletic scholarships to 140. These scholarships are expensive.

Only one college, Hardin-Simmons at Abilene, Texas, has abandoned football since last season. Meanwhile, Kansas State in a crash program to bring its football "to the level of other schools" hiked student fees $9.50 a year, at the instigation of the students. And at University of Tampa, the alumni association has assumed financial responsibility for upgrading football.

Alumni appear to be less bloodthirsty for the scalps of losing coaches, and some students reportedly are not as crude in expressing their dissatisfaction. "When we're in a losing streak they still hang me in effigy," remarked a coach in the Middle West, "but my head is now sculptured by an art major."

Now to the chancy business of forecasting. In addition to the Top Twenty teams, conference champions, bowl game opponents and All-America teams, I offer these predictions, with a nod of thanks to the many coaches, players, game officials, sports writers, pro scouts and college information purveyors whose expert opinions are so helpful:

Lineman of the Year—Dick Butkus, center, Illinois

Back of the Year—Roger Staubach, quarterback, Navy

Sophomore Lineman—Charles Hinton, center, Mississippi

Sophomore Back—Floyd Little, halfback, Syracuse

Now, let's move on to the toughest part of this job, the regional breakdowns. We'll discuss top teams and players in every section and predict the champions in all major conferences.

### EAST

Five top independents, each with a chance to finish in the nation's Top Twenty, dominate Eastern football; below them, there's a marked drop in team strength. Syracuse returns nine of the 11 leading ground-gainers from the squad which piled up 255 points earning an 8-2 record last season, plus a sophomore halfback whiz, Floyd Little. Army's crack first unit, commanded by quarterback Carl Stichweh, matches any Eastern foe, but the replacement platoons are untested. Pittsburgh hopes senior Fred Mazurek's passing and running will offset admitted line problems. Navy again boasts fine backfield material, including brilliant Roger Staubach, 1963's "Player of the Year"—but the schedule is tougher. Penn State, big but not fast, must develop a quarterback.

Another tie looms for the Ivy League championship, so balanced are the main contenders. Yale's defense, yielding more than one touchdown in only three games last season, again is sturdy, and its air attack sharper. Dartmouth and Harvard are especially strong at halfbacks. Princeton harnesses its ground attack to stellar fullback Cosmo Iacavazzi. Brown is the league's darkhorse. Columbia relies on dynamic long gainer Archie Roberts to outscore the opposition. Cornell's line is the stoutest in years. Pennsylvania adds the 'T' to its single wing offense.

Boston College's early schedule is a killer. With good records, Holy Cross or Villanova might be tapped for the Liberty Bowl, to be played indoors at Convention Hall, Atlantic City, Dec. 19. Delaware is a shoo-in for another Middle Atlantic Conference title.

**Top Independents**

1. Syracuse
2. Army
3. Pittsburgh
4. Navy
5. Penn State
6. Holy Cross
7. Boston College
8. Villanova
9. Buffalo
10. Colgate
11. Rutgers
12. Boston University

**All-East Team**

E—Cripps, Syracuse; Whalen, Boston College
T—Freeman, Navy; Zadel, Army
G—Ressler, Penn State; Popp, Pittsburgh
C—Holly, Buffalo
B—Staubach, Navy; Mazurek, Pittsburgh; Stichweh, Army; Donnelly, Navy

**Ivy League**

1. Yale
2. Dartmouth
3. Princeton
4. Harvard
5. Brown
6. Columbia
7. Cornell
8. Pennsylvania

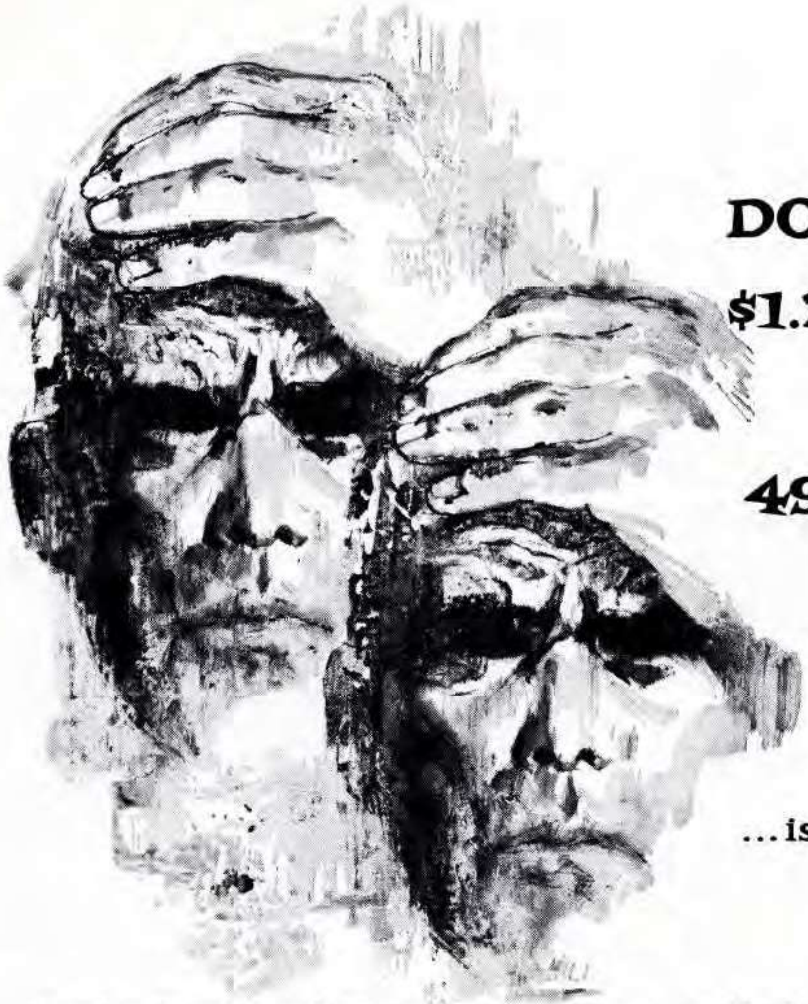
**All-Ivy Team**

E—Parry, Brown; Boyda, Harvard
T—Lawrence, Yale; Jentes, Cornell
G—Savidge, Princeton; Hoffman, Harvard
C—Komives, Dartmouth
B—Roberts, Columbia; Molloy, Pennsylvia; McLean, Dartmouth; Iacavazzi, Princeton

TRUE

"Of *all* the cows in Texas you *could* have rustled . . ."

OCT.—TRUE—M. ATL., N.E.



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**Best of Rest**

1. Delaware
2. Bucknell
3. Massachusetts
4. Maine
5. Connecticut
6. West Chester
7. Temple

**Outstanding Stars**

Bianco, e, Delaware; Mitchell, e, Bucknell; Whelchel, b, Massachusetts; Ferguson, e, West Chester; Smith, t, Maine; Kubec, g, Connecticut.

## SOUTH

With overspin from the Gator Bowl romp, North Carolina's veterans fuse with flashy sophomores to operate the Green Bay Packer type of offense, and could win all seven of their conference games. Ever-dangerous Duke has a powerful line, but some unseasoned halfbacks. North Carolina State, 1963's surprise ACC co-champions, and Clemson each returns only three first-string players. Promising sophomores make both Maryland and Virginia bigger and faster than last season. South Carolina's prime asset is an all-senior backfield. Wake Forest, winning only one of its last 20 games, expects no quick miracles from new coach Bill Tate.

If superb triple-threater Bob Schweickert escapes injury, defending Southern Conference champion Virginia Tech could equal last year's 8-2 record. West Virginia tries to tighten a defense punctured for 201 points in '63. Air-minded Richmond has lightened its schedule. VMI is thin at many spots. Furman and Citadel have quarterback worries. George Washington is big and deep. William and Mary hired Marv Levy, 1960-63 coach at California. Davidson converts ace end Steve Heckard into a quarterback.

**Atlantic Coast Conference**

1. North Carolina
2. Duke
3. Clemson
4. North Carolina State
5. Maryland
6. Virginia
7. South Carolina
8. Wake Forest

**All-ACC Team**

E—Barlow, North Carolina State; Cameron, Wake Forest
T—Kowalkowski, Virginia; Lonon, Duke
G—Joyce, Maryland; Bunton, Clemson
C—Hanburger, North Carolina
B—Glacken, Duke
B—Willard, North Carolina
B—Curtis, Duke
B—Crain, Clemson

**Southern Conference**

1. Virginia Tech
2. West Virginia
3. Richmond
4. Virginia Military Institute
5. Furman
6. Citadel
7. George Washington
8. William and Mary
9. Davidson

**All-Southern Conference Team**

E—Hilton, Richmond; Phlegar, VMI
T—McNeil, George Washington; Reeves, Citadel
G—Hvozdovic, Virginia Tech; Hoover, West Virginia
C—Murphy, Citadel
B—Schweickert, Virginia Tech
B—Stoudt, Richmond
B—Zuberer, Furman
B—Leftridge, West Virginia

**Best of Rest**

1. East Carolina
2. Elon
3. Wofford
4. Emory and Henry
5. Lenoir-Rhyne

**Outstanding Stars**

Cline, b, East Carolina; Housel, e, Wofford; Correll, t, Lenoir-Rhyne; Bryant, g, Emory and Henry.

## SOUTHEAST

Perennial powerhouse Ole Miss packs the no-weakness wallop to go all the way. The Rebs' speed and striking power often overshadow one of college football's most formidable defenses. Alabama is blessed with an expert senior-junior quarterback duo, Joe Namath and Steve Sloan, to implement its many resources. Auburn's experienced cast features robust runners Jimmy Sidle and Tucker Frederickson. Louisiana State, with not a soft spot on its schedule, admits line worries. Prize sophomores could make Kentucky the SEC's most improved team. Florida's main asset is halfback-fullback Larry Dupree's touchdown prowess. Mississippi State, as well-manned as last year, loses its "ambush" vantage. Georgia and Tennessee, under new coaches, will do well to win two league games. Two such victories might satisfy hard-striving Vanderbilt and Tulane.

Georgia Tech, no longer in the Southeastern Conference, possesses enough finesse and diversity to earn a bowl bid. Memphis State, beaten only once in its past 21 games and experiencing schedule difficulties, appears less potent offensively. Florida State is air-minded. Disciplinary casualties cripple Miami.

**Southeastern Conference**

1. Mississippi
2. Alabama
3. Auburn
4. Louisiana State
5. Kentucky
6. Florida
7. Mississippi State
8. Georgia
9. Tennessee
10. Vanderbilt
11. Tulane

**All-SEC Team**

E—Brown, Mississippi; Humble, Vanderbilt
T—Murphy, Florida; Neville, Mississippi State
G—DeLong, Tennessee; Hindman, Mississippi
C—Watson, Mississippi State
B—Namath, Alabama
Sidle, Auburn
Frederickson, Auburn
Dupree, Florida

**Top Independents**

1. Georgia Tech
2. Memphis State
3. Florida State
4. Miami

**Outstanding Stars**

Curry, c, Gresham, b, Georgia Tech; Schuh, t, Brooks, e, Memphis State; Banaszak, b, Brinkos, g, Miami; F. Biletnikoff, b, Hermann, g, Florida State.

## MIDDLE WEST

The only way Illinois can improve is to win the national championship. The 1963 Big Ten titlists and Rose Bowl victors were a young team; two lettermen return at each of the 11 positions, including invaluable Dick Butkas, everybody's All-America center. If Ohio State's offense measures up to its defense, the Big Ten crown could be decided against Illinois Oct. 10. Michigan is a threat, with a better backfield and Bob Timberlake's accurate throwing. Michigan State, despite heavy personnel losses, again might be a sleeper. Wisconsin will be a passing team. Northwestern's new coach Alex Agase complements Tom Myers' air gunnery with a strengthened running attack. Purdue mends a defense which leaked 21 touchdowns last year. Indiana should have its best team in 15 years. Among Minnesota's many needs is a versatile quarterback. Iowa, a young team, lacks breakaway backs.

Ara Parseghian, Notre Dame's third coach in three years, begins the task of restoring a once-proud football image with the remnants of a 1963 squad which won only two games, plus some average sophomores. Whether the Irish use a power offense or a pro-type passing attack depends upon what kind of quarterback emerges. Notre Dame's last winning season was 1958.

The Mid-American Conference title is headed toward Bowling Green, where coach Doyt Perry has the best record in the nation (68-10-5).

**Big Ten**

1. Illinois
2. Ohio State
3. Michigan
4. Michigan State
5. Wisconsin
6. Northwestern
7. Purdue
8. Indiana
9. Minnesota
10. Iowa

**All-Big Ten Team**

E—Henderson, Michigan; Spahr, Ohio State
T—Sutton, Illinois; Rush, Michigan State
G—Kelley, Ohio State; Croftcheck, Indiana
C—Butkas, Illinois
B—Myers, Northwestern
Barrington, Ohio State
Grabowski, Illinois
Nowatzke, Indiana

**Top Independents**

1. Notre Dame
2. Detroit

**Best of Rest**

1. Bowling Green
2. Ohio U.
3. Miami U.
4. Xavier

**Outstanding Stars**

Carroll, g, Wolski, b, Notre Dame; Hoovler, c, Ohio U.; Kellerman, b, Miami U.; Mainer, b, Xavier; Mass, t, Beier, b, Detroit; Cunningham, b, Bowling Green.

## MISSOURI VALLEY

Oklahoma is without Bud Wilkinson for the first time since 1946. His successor as head coach, long-time assistant Gomer Jones, inherits an impressive nucleus of 26 seniors. Missouri is loaded with good backs, but graduation left gaps up front. Kansas propels adept running specialist Gale Sayers; the only concern is defense. Big Eight and Orange Bowl champion Nebraska reconstructs its interior line. Iowa State boasts its best-ever overall speed. Oklahoma State has quarterback and end problems. Colorado returns eight regulars. Sophomores bolster Kansas State.

In the Missouri Valley Conference, speed makes Cincinnati the favorite. Tulsa bids to lead the nation in passing for the third straight year, and Wichita again should roll up heavy ground and air yardage. Both North Texas State and Louisville unveil talented rookies.

**Big Eight Conference**

1. Oklahoma
2. Missouri
3. Kansas
4. Nebraska
5. Iowa State
6. Oklahoma State
7. Colorado
8. Kansas State

**All-Big Eight Team**

E—Shinn, Kansas; Jeter, Nebraska
T—Kramer, Nebraska; Neely, Oklahoma
G—Burton, Oklahoma; Kresnak, Colorado
C—Berrington, Iowa State
B—Lane, Missouri
Sayers, Kansas
Vaughn, Iowa State
Grisham, Oklahoma

**Missouri Valley Conference**

1. Cincinnati
2. Tulsa
3. Wichita
4. North Texas State
5. Louisville

**All-MVC Team**

E—Twilley, Tulsa; Carr, North Texas State
T—Moore, North Texas State; Johnson, Louisville
G—Perdrix, Cincinnati; Buffone, Louisville
C—Waskiewicz, Wichita
B—Rhome, Tulsa
Owens, Cincinnati
Farr, Wichita
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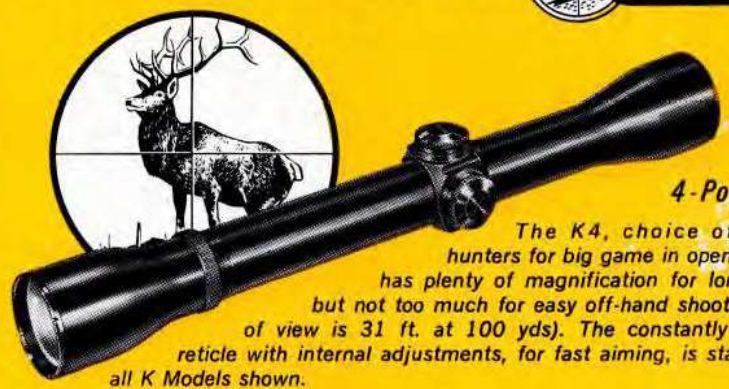

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6-Power K6

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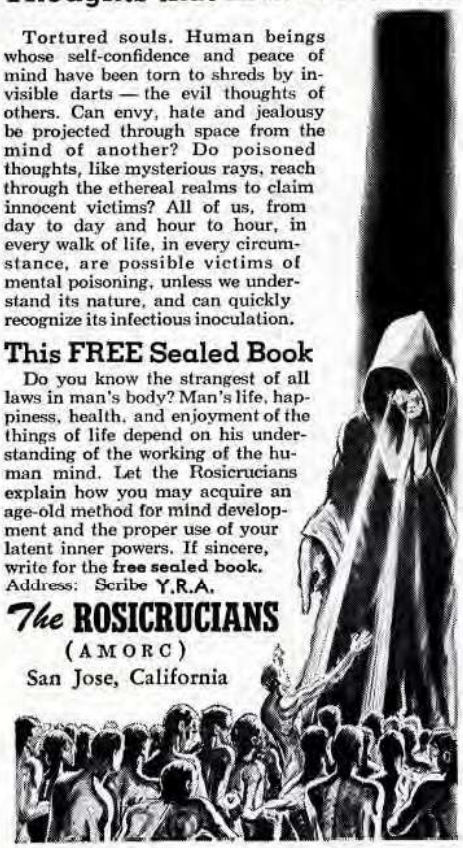

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### SOUTHWEST

Rice is solid at every position, with a late-blossoming senior quarterback, Walter McReynolds, and vigilant linebackers in Malcolm Walker and Russell Wayt. Defending national champion Texas' supply of first-rate material appears inexhaustible, though there's a bit of concern about a tackle-to-tackle thinness. The lusty Longhorns warm up for the Oct. 24 Rice game by playing Army, Oklahoma and Arkansas while Rice engages less formidable West Virginia, Stanford and Southern Methodist. University disciplinary action deprives Arkansas of three useful performers, but the backfield is intact and coach Frank Broyles is one to exploit liberalized substitution to the fullest. Baylor believes young passer Mike Marshall, stepping into departed Don Trull's spot, can maintain its spread-T at a winning pitch. Southern Methodist's dominant factors are the punting of Danny Thomas, whose 44-yard average led the nation last year, and spirit; the Mustangs could react fierily to the probation penalty imposed by the conference for recruiting violations. Texas A. & M., with added speed, should score an upset or two. Texas Tech returns its five top rushers from last season. Texas Christian employs a new dual offense—'T' plays to one side, power plays to the other.

Independent Houston, still aspiring to SWC membership, is considerably improved over the '63 Cougars who lost eight of 10 games.

**Southwest Conference**
1. Rice
2. Texas
3. Arkansas
4. Baylor
5. Southern Methodist
6. Texas A. & M.
7. Texas Tech
8. Texas Christian

**All-Southwest Conference Team**
E—Elkins, Baylor; Lamb, Arkansas
T—Hinze, Texas A. & M.; Knee, SMU
G—Nobis, Texas; Caveness, Arkansas
C—M. Walker, Rice
B—Anderson, Texas Tech
Harris, Texas
Fauver, TCU
Wayt, Rice

**Top Independents**
1. Houston
2. Texas Western
3. West Texas State

### ROCKY MOUNTAINS

Trying for its third straight WAC championship, New Mexico fields a starting unit with nine seniors. Arizona's veteran squad diversifies its offense. Wyoming is well-supplied with good linemen. Utah's attack features superb pass-snatcher Roy Jefferson. Arizona State inherits only two regulars from the fine squad which won eight of nine games. Brigham Young has a brand new coaching staff.

Utah State, without the bombing wing which made it 1963's highest scoring major team, now emphasizes running. Air Force Academy's quarterback situation is cloudy.

**Western Athletic Conference**
1. New Mexico
2. Arizona
3. Wyoming
4. Utah
5. Arizona State
6. Brigham Young

**All-WAC Team**
E—Jefferson, Utah; Wood, Brigham Young
T—Tyrdik, New Mexico; Memmelaar, Wyoming
G—Briscoe, Arizona; Levine, Wyoming
C—Abendschan, New Mexico
B—Wilkinson, Wyoming
Hudlow, Arizona
Quintana, New Mexico
Jacobs, Utah

**Top Independents**
1. Utah State
2. Air Force Academy
3. New Mexico State

### PACIFIC COAST

Washington's defense is grade-A, and if quarterback Bill Douglas' leg injury has fully healed, the backfield should be one of the nation's best. Despite an exacting schedule, Southern California's exceptionally young, trim corps has tremendous potential, and the AAWU (Athletic Association of Western Universities) championship probably will be decided when the Trojans meet Washington Oct. 31. Senior quarterback Bob Berry spearheads Oregon's well-balanced forces. California accents Craig Morton's pinpoint passing to towering ends. Oregon State's strength is in the line. Some key junior college transfers may help Stanford. UCLA beefs up its running game. New Washington State coach Bert Clark counts on a bright segment of sophomores.

**AAWU**
1. Washington
2. Southern California
3. Oregon
4. California
5. Oregon State
6. Stanford
7. UCLA
8. Washington State

**All-AAWU Team**
E—Thomas, Southern California; Shaw, Washington State
T—Koeper, Oregon State; Calegari, California
G—Redman, Washington; Fisk, Southern California
C—Tobey, Oregon
B—Berry, Oregon
Garrett, Southern California
Morton, California
Coffey, Washington

**Best of Rest**
1. San Jose State
2. Pacific
3. Los Angeles State
4. San Diego State
5. Fresno State

**Outstanding Stars**

Kindig, e, Marteen, b, Los Angeles State; Kroll, c, San Jose State; Strain, b, Pacific; Dowhower, b, San Diego State.

—Fred Russell

# MAN TO MAN ANSWERS

The modern Olympic Games provide quite a spectacle, but they're not in the running with the razzle-dazzle performances that were part of the ancient Olympics. That's our conclusion as we undertake to answer the question lobbed in our direction by Bob Hurley, of Springfield, Massachusetts, who wonders: What's the first recorded Olympic contest?

The first Olympics, run off in the town of Olympia, in 776 B.C., consisted of one foot race. It corresponds most closely to the 200-meter dash of today's Games. The modern Olympics, which started in 1896, have had a pretty short run compared to ancient ones. They were held every four years for almost *eleven hundred years*. In peace or war, the sports-mad Greeks never missed a single one, even after they were conquered by the Romans and forced to turn an all-Greek affair into an international one.

The Games were banned in 394 A.D. by the Roman Emperor Theodosius I after a wild rhubarb in which Roman contestants squawked about alleged favoritism of Greek umpires.

From their start as a single event, the Olympics were gradually built up to include a number of contests, some corresponding roughly to ones we have today. The pentathlon, or five contests, added in the 18th ancient Olympics, included the broad jump, in which the athlete swung weights shaped like dumbbells to give himself momentum in his leap from a standing start; the discus throw, in which a circular plate of metal or stone weighing 12 pounds was thrown; the javelin throw; wrestling and running. The last category was expanded to include not only the sprint of 200 yards but also one of 400 yards, and a race of 2 and ⅔ miles (all figures approximate). It also boasted an armed race, with the runner toting a heavy shield.

Contrary to popular belief, the Greeks never did include the Marathon as part of their Olympics. Nor did they go in for pole vaulting, hurdles, the shot put, hammer throw, hop, step and jump, and high jump, which are part of the modern Games.

On the other hand, they had some lurid contests not included today. One of them was the chariot race, considered the high spot of the Games. Charioteers raced 12 times around the stadium, with plenty of pile-ups in the turns and such skulduggery as slashing opponents' reins. In one race, only one of the 40 starting chariots finished.

They also had a little number called the *pancratium*, "game of all powers," a combination of wrestling and boxing in a fight to the finish. It had just two restrictions: no biting, no eye gouging. One contestant let his fingernails grow and disemboweled his opponents in what was probably the goriest event ever in amateur athletics. Incidentally, the ancient Games were always strictly amateur in


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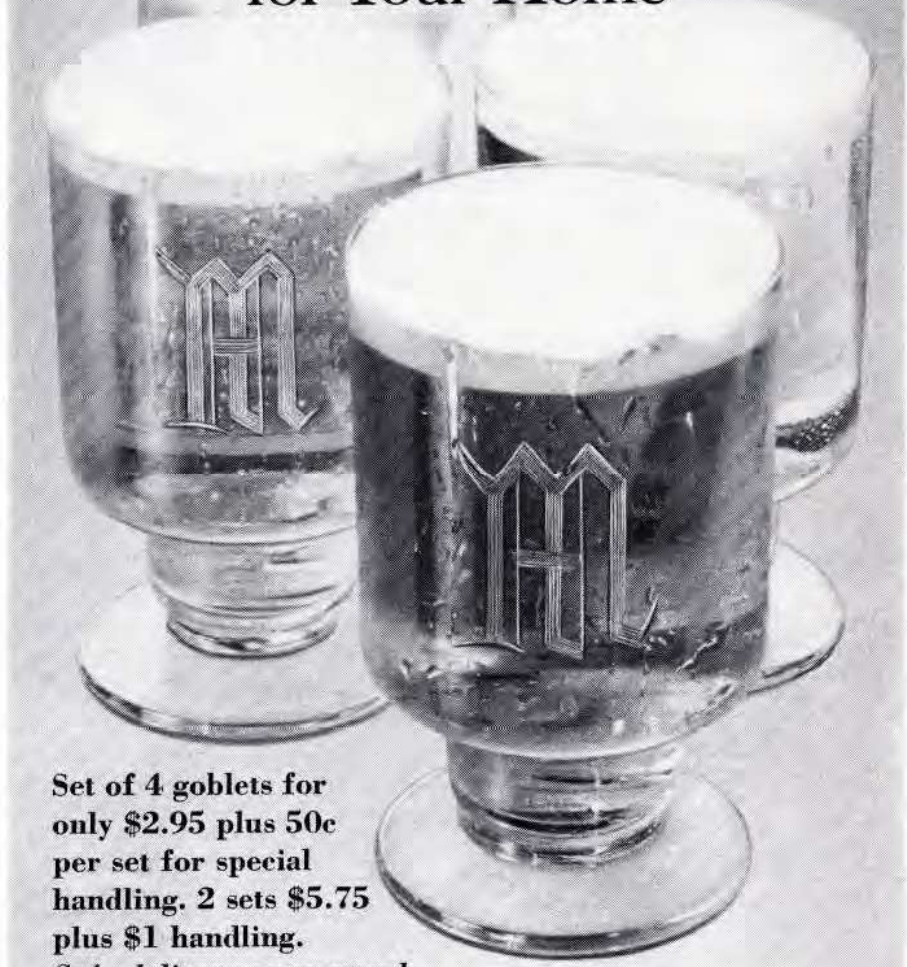

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**These short-distance runners were the big feature of ancient Greek Olympics.**

the sense that no money prizes were ever given.

They were also strictly stag affairs, with no women allowed to contend in any event. In fact, for centuries females weren't even permitted to watch the feats of the stark naked contestants.

**Q: What is the origin of the song, *Lillie Marlene? John Ruark, Brooklyn, N. Y.***

A: The music of *Lillie Marlene*, composed in Berlin in 1938, is credited to Norbert Schultze. The words are from the Hans Leip poem, originally spelled "Lili Marleen," written in 1923 in Hamburg. The song, perhaps the most popular of any tune in German history, was introduced by a Swedish cabaret singer, Lale Andersen. Her recording became a favorite of Rommel's Afrika Korps during World War II. The fame of Lillie Marlene was soon to magnify a millionfold, on both sides of the Atlantic, when the British Eighth Army "captured" the tune during the bloody Libyan Campaign which saw the defeat of Rommel's troops. The words, "Underneath the lantern by the barrack gate, Darling I remember the way you used to wait. . . ." became a standard with armies on both sides, and its haunting melody still lingers long past the end of history's most tragic war.

**Q: Is it true that spreading oil on rough water will calm it enough for a seaplane to make a safe landing? *A. W. La Vergne, Houston, Tex.***

A: In reasonable instances, yes. It's hardly recommended in typhoon or similar storm conditions. Oil tends to increase the surface tension of water, preventing the crests from breaking and delaying the development of smaller waves that lead to the larger ones.

**Q: Does venison contain as much iron and protein as an equal portion of beef? What about calories? *Mrs. Arthur Young, Gorman, Tex.***

A: Venison contains as much (or slightly more) iron and protein as an equal portion of beef. It has fewer calories than beef, since beef has less moisture and a higher fat content.

**Q: Where is John Paul Jones buried? *Mrs. F. E. Wood, Charleston, S. C.***

A: In a chapel crypt at the United States Naval Academy at Annapolis, Maryland. After his death, at 45, on July 18, 1792, he was originally buried in Paris where he had resided the last two years of his life. In the spring of 1905, through the efforts of Gen. Horace Porter, the American Ambassador to France, his remains were discovered and identified and brought back to America. After a temporary interment, John Paul Jones found his final resting place at Annapolis in 1913.

**Q: Is surfing possible on the Atlantic coast? *Joseph V. Sullivan, Jr., Bronx, N. Y.***

A: Surfing is possible on the East Coast, and, in fact, is being carried on quite extensively. Presently a 20-mile stretch of ocean front from Indian River inlet, Delaware, to Ocean City, Maryland, is being surfed. The south shore of Long Island, and parts of the Florida shore also are being surfed. The best conditions for surfing, however, are still in Hawaii on the north shore of the island of Oahu, the California coast, and in Australia where big clean waves that seemingly curl forever, carry the surfer on and on.

**Q: How does salt cause snow or ice to melt? *Charles Hoshibata, Wahiawa, Hawaii.***

A: It doesn't. It simply delays the refreezing process. Salt mixed with snow or ice at a temperature not too far below the freezing point forms a solution with a lower freezing level than water or snow. If salt is mixed with snow in extremely cold weather little change is noticed.

**Q: How do bees turn on the buzzer? *E. W. Van Aman, Menlo Park, Calif.***

A: Bees have no buzzers, actually. The loud buzzing sound bees make is made entirely by the rapid vibration of their wings. Some bees can beat their wings at the rate of 11,400 strokes a minute.

**Q: What became of Lieutenants Welch and Taylor, the two fighter pilots who managed to get their P-40's into the air and down Japanese planes during the attack on Pearl Harbor? *Robert Jones, Highland Park, Ill.***

A: Lt. George Welch went on to become an ace in the Pacific Theater, and was awarded the Distinguished Service Cross by President Roosevelt for his action at Pearl Harbor. He received many awards and decorations for his service during World War II. He was killed on October 11, 1954, while testing an experimental craft at Edwards Air Force Base. Lieutenant Taylor is now Col. Kenneth M. Taylor with the 28th Air Division at Hamilton Air Force Base, California. He was also awarded the DSC by President Roosevelt for his Pearl Harbor valor. He continued in the Pacific area during World War II, flying P-40's on 40 aerial missions, and logging 100 combat hours. An ace with six enemy planes destroyed, he received many other awards and decorations for his service. He was also engaged in the Korean conflict, with honors.

**Q: Around the turn of the century, the longhorn cattle in the Southwest had horn spreads of 10 to 12 feet from tip to tip. True? *Joseph R. Ganse, Lancaster, Pa.***

A: Although horn spreads of between nine and 10 feet on steers have been reported, the average distance between the tips of the horns of larg steers is four or five feet. There is no information available that any reached the span of 12 feet, although such stories, like fishermen's tales, are told.

**Q: Isn't it true that the United States produces all its own meat and is completely independent of foreign markets for its supply? *Stephen Hohener, Oakland, Calif.***

A: No. In 1962 (last figure available) 971 million pounds of beef and veal were imported into this country. Value of these imports is estimated at $312 million.

**Q: What is the University of the Seven Seas? Can you tell me when, where and by whom it was founded?** ***Mrs. R. H. Bromberg, Birmingham, Ala.***

A: The University of the Seven Seas is actually the ship *M.S. Seven Seas.* It is a floating university that cruises around the world once every semester with classes aboard ship and field trips ashore to develop international understanding through firsthand experience. It was founded by the Whittier, California, Rotarians four years ago and is open to all college students and graduating high school seniors. Entrance requirements are similar to other universities. Total costs per semester range from $2,270 to $2,970, depending upon grade of reservations aboard ship. For further information, write: Director of Admissions, University of the Seven Seas, Whittier, Calif.

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**Q: Is "G.I. Joe," the homing pigeon that saved the lives of more than 1,000 British soldiers during World War II, still alive?** ***Ken Browne, Milwaukee, Wisc.***

A: No. G.I. Joe, which remained a happy attraction at the Detroit Zoo, for many years, died there on June 3, 1961, at the age of 18. This dark, check-splashed bird distinguished himself on the morning of October 18, 1943. The day before, a British division had requested air support to assist it in breaking a stubborn German front in Italy. Soon after the message was sent, however, the division was able to take the German-held village. The commanding officers immediately tried to cancel the air support but found that communications were gone. To prevent being massacred by their own planes, G.I. Joe was chosen to carry the life-or-death message and intercept the takeoff of allied air support. G.I. Joe got through, with flying feathers, and was later honored by both England and the United States.

**Q: How many of our 50 states do not have capital punishment?** ***John Allen, Minneapolis, Minn.***

A: Eight: Michigan, Rhode Island, Wisconsin, Maine, North Dakota, Minnesota, Alaska and Hawaii. Michigan was the first to abolish it. There are 10 states which abolished capital punishment, but later reinstated it. Delaware was the most recent of these, abolishing the death penalty on April 2, 1958, and restoring it December 18, 1961.

**Q: What is meant by "Bloodin' O the Drums"?** ***J. D. Taggert, Decatur, Ill.***

A: The term "blooding of the drums" actually refers to beating of the huge Lambeg Drums of Northern Ireland during celebrations each July 12 to commemorate the Battle of the Boyne in 1690. The drumming is more a test of endurance rather than musical ability. Competitions between various towns are held and the winner is the drummer who holds out the longest. Many of the drummers continue until they have in fact drawn blood from the laceration of their knuckles on the wooden rims of the drums.

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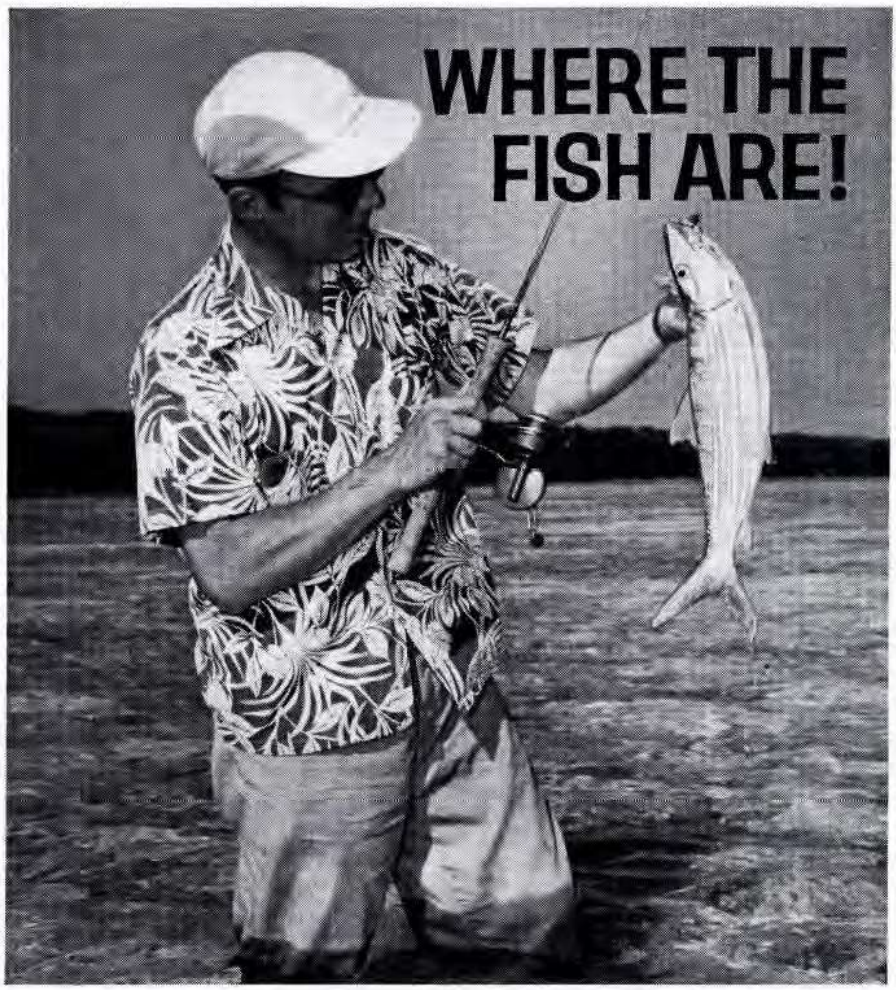


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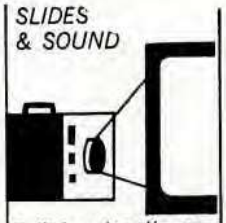

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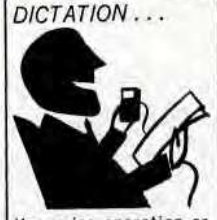

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## SPOOR OF THE HUMAN CAT

[*Continued from page 44*]

one by one, bathroom, hallway, finally bedroom. He waited silently, immobile through the lengthy process.

At last, convinced all were asleep, he had made his move. A small branch snapped—and a dog growled. His hand snaked to the gun in his waistband, then he froze, forcing himself not to be afraid. Dogs could smell fear. He waited again. Ten, 20, 30 minutes. He extended his hand—no growls—and petted the "vicious" family watchdog patrolling the grou ds.

He had chosen the powder-room window because it was the smallest, easiest to open, most frequently unlocked. The Turner window slid up noiselessly, and he had crawled through with as little effort as a cat. Now he stopped and listened. There was no sound but his own heartbeat.

He turned on a pencil flashlight. It cast only a dim light, for he had deliberately run down the batteries so it would be unnoticeable from the street. Cautiously he opened the powder-room door and set out to explore the downstairs. Once the floor squeaked. Instantly he dropped to all fours and, after a pause to listen, crawled to equalize his weight. Another time, feeling a cough coming on, he opened a miniature whisky bottle filled with water and swallowed enough to moisten his throat. Painstakingly he searched the downstairs, pulling out drawers, fingering through a desk.

Finding no money, he headed upstairs toward the sleeping Turners, sticking to the sides of the steps to avoid squeaks. At the head of the stairs he paused again, sensing out the place, then tiptoed down the hall and into the master bedroom. For an instant his light flickered on the sleeping couple, before slipping off to catch the money clip on the bureau. As he reached for it, George and Agnes Turner awoke.

"Stay where you are," he ordered, his voice thick with a hillbilly accent. "I've got a gun. Make a sound and you're dead. I want your money."

The Turners were paralyzed with fear. All they could see was the pinpoint of light and the dim outline of a man.

The burglar lifted $350 from Turner's money clip and wallet and Mrs. Turner's purse. As he turned to leave, he spotted a $2,500 diamond sparkling on her finger. He asked her to remove it.

"I can't," she wailed. "My finger swells in warm weather. It won't come off."

"Try."

She tried. It wouldn't budge.

"Stay where you are—both of you."

He strode across the hall to the bathroom, got a glass of water and some soap and returned. "Use this," he said to Turner. Dutifully, the husband began to soap his wife's enlarged knuckle. There was a plaintive query from the doorway, and the Turners' small daughter entered. The burglar assured her everything was all right. She climbed into bed with her parents.

Finally the ring came off and the intruder pocketed it. "Don't leave the bedroom until 6 o'clock," he said. "If you do, you'll get hurt." Then he ripped out the telephone cord. No one heard him leave the house.

Clifford Albert Larson, premier modern cat burglar, had struck again. He operated in Baltimore and its environs for almost a year, entering at least 75 homes. No one knows how much he stole, but estimates ran to $50,000. Yet it wasn't so much what he stole as how he did it. For audacity, deception and stealth, he had no equal. To the Baltimore upper crust he was a one-man plague. Locked doors couldn't keep him out, and night sweats became common to people who, in broad daylight, wouldn't dream of doing more than perspire. It wasn't funny. Man's inherent fear of the night had become, for Baltimoreans, a dread of the Cat.

And if he scared the people stiff, he gave the cops fits. The Turner case was no exception. Moments after Turner awakened a neighbor to get to a phone, Baltimore county's finest, under Lt. Charles Niemeyer, were there. The police searched the house, scampered through the grounds and scurried over the neighborhood, but all they caught was the balmy summer air and a few select mosquito bites.

**COMING . . .**

Why do we still spend millions on the fish peddler's "cure"?

**THE GREAT HOAX OF CHIROPRACTIC**

By Ralph Lee Smith

**NEXT MONTH IN TRUE**

Larson the Cat had vanished, leaving only a meager description, distraught victims minus money and jewels, and an enraged police lieutenant. The rage was understandable. The homes Larson hit were those of the rich and the politically powerful, including a federal judge and a member of the state legislature. He made the men feel like fools, sneaking through their homes while they slept, catching them in their night dress, forcing them to cringe in front of their women.

The victims, their fear changing to fury, brought fearful pressure on the politicians. The squeeze was passed on to the police, first to the authorities in the city of Baltimore, then as the Cat extended his operations, to the separate force of suburban Baltimore county. There it filtered down to Elmer F. Adams, inspector of detectives in the county police, a tough cop with a tongue so much like a rapier it needs a sheath. By the time the pressure got down to Lieutenant Niemeyer, who was in charge of the case, it was explosive.

The Cat's Baltimore crime wave began in November, 1961, two days after Larson had been paroled from the New Jersey State Reformatory at Bordentown. He entered the home of 60-year-old Mrs.

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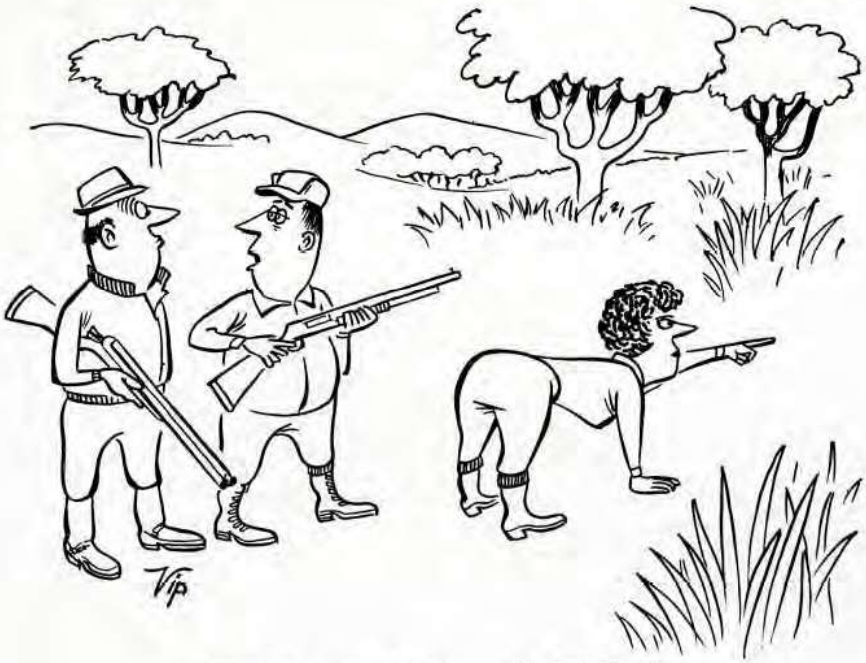

**"Don't you ever take *your* wife hunting?"**

Clare Sener at 4 Bishop Road, in the fancier reaches of the city. Mrs. Sener heard him and called to her butler, Lester Ringold, who slept in the basement. He rushed upstairs in time to see a shadowy figure duck out the front door. Police came and conducted a routine investigation leading to a routine report: Person or persons unknown had gained entry through an unlocked kitchen window. Amount taken, $100.

A hundred bucks. It was hardly the United States mint. But it was untraceable cash and that was important. Larson had to eat, and with his record prospective employers weren't about to look upon him as a *summa cum laude* graduate of Harvard. Since leaving Bethel, Maine, he'd served a stretch for house burglary at age 13 and another at 18. There'd been a third in Maryland and a fourth in New Jersey, with a rerun as a parole violator. And he was only 28. You could, with some reason, say it was steal or starve for Larson.

And yet it wasn't just the money. The last stretch, the rerun, had enraged him. He wanted to get even. He wanted to show the world that he, Cliff Larson, was smart—smarter than any cop, cleverer, with more nerve and more guts. He wanted to make a name for himself—and a monkey out of the cops. And he knew how. He'd had four years in prison to work out his plan.

He stole. On December 10 he entered the home of William M. Graham on North Charles Street. The next night it was the Charles Harper residence. Three nights later he sneaked into the home of Mrs. Margaret Wyatt, widow of a state legislator. Two nights after that it was the C. Kirk Staub place. Two days before Christmas he padded into the Albert Seires mansion, and New Year's Eve he spent in the Stephen Kucera residence.

The pickings varied: as little as $72, as much as $1,263. And the volume was terrific. The day after New Year's, the mark was the residence of John J. Airosa. The next night he was in the home of Harrison L. Winter.

At first, Larson made little splash. House burglary is one of the more common crimes, and cat burglars come along from time to time. Baltimore newspapers gave him scant space.

But that snobbish attitude changed with the Winter job. Harrison L. Winter was a respected Baltimore attorney just sworn in as judge of the Federal District Court. He and his wife Gladys were asleep when, about 4 a.m., Judge Winter snapped awake with a primitive reaction. Someone was there. At that instant, a small dim flashlight shone in his eyes.

"Be quiet and you won't get hurt," a voice said. "Roll over on your stomach and put your hands on your head." Mrs. Winter awoke now, and the order was repeated. Worried about their three young children asleep in other rooms, they could only comply.

Larson asked where the money was. With voices muffled by the pillows, the Winters told him, and he lifted $15 from the judge's wallet, $84 from his wife's purse. The Cat demanded more. Judge Winter told him there was a souvenir $10 bill in a desk downstairs.

"You think I'm stupid—to be caught with that?" Larson demanded.

"You've got it all. We have no more."

Larson hesitated, then said, "All right. Both of you stay where you are for 10 minutes or you'll get hurt."

Judge Winter heard no further sounds. A few minutes later he called police.

Any journalistic neglect ended right there. The Cat had entered a judge's bedroom while he and his wife slept, had humiliated him and robbed him with callous nerve. This *was* news. And newspapers, radio and television leaped at it.

The publicity was a boon to Larson, and he knew how to take advantage of it. The night following the Winter job, he entered the Allen Gladding home and endeared himself to animal lovers by letting their collie out to do a little night roaming itself. Two nights later Larson struck another house, and in two more nights he was crawling through the home of Dr. Conrad Inman, Jr.

By this time all hell was breaking loose. City police were turned out by the score. There were mounted patrols and unmounted patrols, and officers who didn't patrol at all but just lurked hopefully in bushes. The K-9 Corps, which Baltimore pioneered, shifted its dogs from the nominally high-crime areas to the silk-stocking districts. The Battaglia Plan, a highly effective scheme under which all suspicious cars are stopped for driver-identity checks, was applied to the city's upper classes. Bankers, merchants and professional men were asked the ego-bruising questions of who they were and where they were going. Police public relations turned impossibly bad.

The cat burglaries continued. Again and again Larson hit, defying the police by walking through them as if they weren't there. And always he was waving that gun.

A pall of fear swept over the Guilford and Homeland sections of Baltimore. It was as if the prosperous people of the city were unwilling participants in some kind of science-fiction thriller, a search for the visible-invisible Cat. They could see the police preparations, the cruising cars, foot patrols, menacing-looking dogs on leashes. They couldn't get to their own homes after dark without meeting a demand for identification. Yet the burglaries continued.

Careless about locks up to this time, Baltimoreans began bolting their doors and latching their windows, even on hot nights, and installed chain catches and purchased dogs—preferably noisy dogs. And they made jittery jokes. The Cat wouldn't come. Not to "our" house. How could he? All those cops out there. The house locked. Still, the Cat's staunchest deriders found themselves sticking purses in bottom drawers, for the night, and shoving billfolds under mattresses. All very silly, of course, but how about that fellow who woke up to find his pants on the dining-room table, his money gone?

So the affluent people of Baltimore went nervously to bed, the men wondering what they'd do if the Cat came to their homes, the women lying awake listening to creaking sounds they'd never heard before—and suddenly aware that the everyday husbands beside them were males, and, in the final analysis, their defenders. It was a comforting thought—even though, in the morning, the wives might read of a burglary three blocks away, and wonder how it felt to have this menace invading a house and violating the sanctuary of the home, the bedroom. And in the morning, as a tingling sense of danger coursed their spines, the men would ask, how could he get through all those cops? But they asked only themselves, or each other. To their wives they belittled the threat of the Cat: "Only a chance in a million he'd ever try our house. Makes you wonder about the cops, though. Just wait till he misses a stop sign. They'll get him then."

But the city police were not entirely

a failure. They made things so hot for Larson he moved northward into suburban Baltimore county, where Lieutenant Niemeyer greeted him with something less than enthusiasm.

The choice of Niemeyer to catch the cat burglar was strange in a way. He is a hard cop, lacking in polish. He's never been long on manners, and he's about as dapper in dress as a used prune. But Inspector Adams picked Niemeyer because he's like a bulldog—tough and tenacious. He never gives up and he works night and day. And Adams knew the Cat would take persistence. He had a feeling this was going to be a long, hot summer. The key words were: "Get him!"

The thoroughness of Niemeyer was astounding. Within minutes after a burglary was reported, his men were at the site. They made an impressive show. They took over the house, dusting for fingerprints, hunting hairs, threads, anything and everything which might be analyzed for a clue to the identity of the Cat. All members of the house were interviewed, repeatedly and at length.

All this produced exactly nothing. Niemeyer got a description, indeed—of a man about five-eight, 140 pounds, with blond hair—some said balding. He snorted at the thought of the number of Baltimore men these details would fit. Oh, yes, the Cat did speak with a hillbilly accent, and he had a strange glide to his step—like Groucho Marx. That was all. The Cat had no face. But Niemeyer kept at it. Time after time he brought in the Identi-Kit, a device which allows a witness to put together a composite face by selecting mouth, eyes, nose, from hundreds of different facial parts. And always no dice. What do the eyes of a shadow look like?

It was no better for the crime-lab men. Sure they found prints. Dozens of them. The average house is full of prints. And Niemeyer tried to run each one down. In many cases he fingerprinted every member of the family and every person known to have been in the house recently. These prints were matched against the files. The job was maddeningly slow and fantastically time consuming. And its contribution to finding the burglar was precisely zero. Nor were results any better with threads, hairs and footprints. For all that science could turn up, the Cat might as well not exist. But he did, and the cops couldn't lay a hand on him—that's what infuriated Niemeyer. If only somebody would catch one good glimpse of him—or even of his car, since he had to have a car.

But Larson had no intention of being spotted and took elaborate pains to insure that he wasn't. That was the key to his success. Neither Niemeyer nor Adams could conceive of his incredible cautiousness.

There was the matter of his car, for instance—or, rather, the location of it. He drove a vintage Lincoln, a vehicle not likely to raise suspicion. Still, if it were spotted in the same neighborhood several times, it most certainly would be stopped and searched. His jig would be up, because his paraphernalia were stashed in the trunk. To prevent detection, he simply didn't bring his car to the scene of action.

On the night Larson hit Judge Winter's home, for example, police raced in and sped around the area looking for suspicious cars. Where was Larson's? Almost two miles away in another part of town, parked in a line of cars on a busy boulevard. He returned to it—but only after studying it from a distance through binoculars. In the dark privacy of its back seat he changed into street clothes and awaited dawn's early light, so he could melt into the early traffic of law-abiding citizens going to their law-abiding jobs.

In all his burglaries, Larson never parked closer than eight-tenths of a mile to the house he hit. Often the car was three miles away. Police nets didn't extend that distance.

But parking so far off meant he had a long way to go on foot. Larson used alleys and empty lots and rear lawns, avoiding all contact with anyone. Once he squatted in a shrub for 40 minutes while two cops, staked out in a squad car, parked not four feet from him. Another time, in a house, a woman awoke and screamed. He ducked out the bathroom window just as she flicked on the light but the law arrived before he could leave the area. So he took root, while the police, many with dogs, were all around him.

Another time he was spotted leaving a house. He realized the owner was watching him from an upstairs window. Larson willed himself to walk slowly, giving a big show of his fake shuffle, and heading southwest. All this was noted by the victim. The police got an elaborate description—"He walked like Groucho Marx and he went that way." Actually, Larson started in the wrong direction deliberately, then, out of sight, doubled back northward toward his car.

Deception Larson had in spades—so much that he had Niemeyer looking for someone who didn't exist: a blond or bald man, 5 feet 8, medium build, with a hillbilly accent. It was a laugh. What victims saw were white handkerchiefs tied over Larson's head. One covered his hair in back and another his forehead and bald spot in front. For good measure, he protected his face with a third handkerchief worn bandit style over his nose.

He added inches to his height by wearing women's size six wedgies—inside men's size eight brogans, to leave the footprints of a bigger man. The illusion of size was further enhanced with baggy coveralls. And a man who waves a gun is always big.

The hillbilly accent? Larson had a pronounced Down-East twang from his childhood in Maine. But during his last term in New Jersey he had studied the drawl of a fellow con from the moonshine hills, and once out he had practiced it by the hour. It became so natural to him on his raids that he even reacted in it when surprised.

To give the cops something else to think about, Larson also tried to appear as two burglars. On the nights he scheduled more than one job, he hit houses far enough apart so that it seemed impossible for a single man to have covered the dis-


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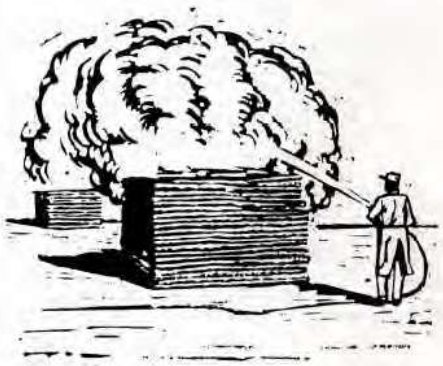

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tance between them. He accomplished that feat by swiping a bicycle from a lawn—some kid always left one out—and returning it, after the double job was done, to its exact location before, so that it wouldn't be reported missing and arouse suspicion.

To keep the crime-lab men from feeling neglected, he often left behind him cigarette butts, hairs and threads—none his own—to give them something to work with.

It was all deliberate, and it all drove Niemeyer wild. But he kept clinging to the certainty that is the cop's last hope: sooner or later the Cat would make a mistake. He'd leave a print or allow someone to see him or say something to give himself away. Then Niemeyer, the bulldog, would charge.

But that was a last hope. Meanwhile, the lieutenant was pursuing other investigative tacks. He and his men talked to stoolies, seeking a line on the Cat. That took time and netted nothing. The Cat was a loner, or at least he didn't move in the usual underworld circles. Niemeyer talked to the known fences. Again nothing.

Every suspected thief, yegg or small-time hood was hauled in for questioning. Some were held overnight for a second grilling. Anyone arrested on any crime, even purse snatching and till tapping, was questioned about the Cat burglaries.

All this paid off, but not in the way Niemeyer hoped. He found plenty of crooks. Many burglaries were solved. Auto thieves were nabbed by the car checks. The underworld began to confess to crimes police never knew had taken place. So absurd did the situation get that in a way the Cat did the citizens of Baltimore county a favor. There was a noticeable improvement in law enforcement, and a corresponding drop in crime.

Niemeyer caught the Cat a half-dozen times. "We got him, Inspector," he would say to Adams. "I'm sure of it." And Adams would listen to the evidence: the suspect was caught lurking near a house, he has a record for burglary, he's medium build, with a southern accent. Yeah, the Inspector would nod. That's him. Book him. Two nights later Larson would let them know they were wrong.

There was Roy Drain, who had the misfortune of once having served time as a cat burglar. Arrested in 1958 and sent to prison, he had reformed, returned to Baltimore county and settled down to a respectable life. Niemeyer went over Drain like a plumber. Every move was observed. He was checked out through his family, friends, employer and neighbors. He was questioned and questioned anew. But Drain was innocent. He had never been in the same league with Larson.

Spring came, and summer. About the only change for Larson was that he fell in love. Her name was Ruby, and he met her on the street the day after she had been abandoned by her boy friend. They moved into an apartment on Melville Avenue, and for a month Larson pulled no jobs. He found the nocturnal hours had other uses. Suddenly a man of responsibility, he tried to make a living trading cars. But he had no business sense. He could rob a man and scare hell out of him with a gun, but he couldn't cheat him in a business deal.

He went back to the trade he knew, cat burglaring. Ruby posed only a small problem. He explained his nocturnal absences in terms of secret work for the government. She didn't question him; she loved him. Thus, dressed to the nines, bearing an official-looking briefcase, Larson departed for "work" each evening in his battered Lincoln.

And he applied himself. Two or three nights a week he'd park the car and slip through rear lawns and into homes. If he became hungry, he'd raid a refrigerator. If he wearied, he'd nap in a game room. If lonely, he'd chat, over his gun, with his victims, who had no choice but to listen. He was a snoop, peering into closets and drawers, not alone to steal, but to see what was there, and he became a self-appointed critic of interior decoration.

A favorite gambit was to enter a house with an out-of-state car parked outside. Such a job was unplanned, but the car meant travelers carrying extra money. It meant a party, booze, and deep alcoholic slumber—an easy mark. And Larson couldn't resist making it a dirty trick as well. He would be exceedingly careful not to awaken anyone. He figured the missing money wouldn't be reported. The guest would blame the host and vice versa, but neither would say anything because of friendship. Consequently many of his jobs never were reported. He was so quiet and so careful, a man often didn't know there'd been a real robbery. The missing money? More than one wife was unjustly accused of pocket raiding.

He *was* cocky. On July 9 he entered the home of Dr. Benjamin T. Lombard, 60. The doctor's wife, Joyce, hadn't been sleeping well that night. An attack of bursitis was bothering her. She lit a cigarette, then decided to get some medicine. As she headed for the bathroom, she heard a noise in an unoccupied bedroom. Peering inside, she glimpsed a white-headed figure holding a gun just before a light flashed into her eyes. She screamed and ran back to her bedroom.

Larson followed, confronting her and her now awakened husband huddled on the bed. "You dropped your cigarette," he drawled. "It like to burn a hole in the carpet. And listen. Next time a man comes in your house and shines a light in your eyes, don't scream. He might shoot." To make his point clear, he darted the gun forward ominously.

Searching for money, he found $70 in the doctor's pants and $42 in a bureau drawer. He asked for more.

"That's all there is. Now please go," said the doctor.

"You're a physician, aren't you?" Larson demanded roughly. "Where's your bag?"

The doctor hesitated. "I—I don't have a bag. Just go. Leave us alone."

Larson grew impatient. "I know there's a bag. Your wife will help me find it." He ordered her out of bed, then said to her husband, "If you make a move, I'll shoot her in the back."

The bag was downstairs with $300 in

it. Angry, Larson marched Mrs. Lombard back to the bedroom. Bending over the glowering physician, he barked, "You lied to me. I ought to shoot you."

Four nights later the Cat entered the home of A. B. Cecil. He had been delayed, and dawn was breaking as he entered. He should have abandoned the job, but he had a compulsion to finish once he'd started. So he headed upstairs. Just as he made the first landing a bedroom door opened and out came Cecil, sleepily getting ready for work. The sight of a masked man and his snub-nosed revolver shocked him awake.

At gunpoint Larson forced Cecil back into the bedroom, which he searched, taking a sum of money and a .32 automatic from Cecil's nightstand. They went back into the hall.

"Who's in there?" Larson asked, pointing to a room with a closed door.

"My wife. But don't go in, please," Cecil implored. "She has a heart condition. You'll kill her. Besides, she has no money."

Larson was persuaded. He stuffed Cecil in a closet and told him not to come out for 15 minutes. Wedging a chair under the knob the Cat fled the house.

About 6:30 that morning, Harold Ross, night watchman on a nearby highway construction site, spotted a silly-looking figure in baggy clothes walking across a field not far from the tool shack. Ross stayed out of sight and peered at the guy. He wore a mask and carried a flashlight. The watchman ran for a phone.

Niemeyer swept in minutes later and scoured the area for the getaway car. But again Larson was saved by having parked a mile away.

As it happened, Niemeyer and Adams did not identify the figure Ross spotted as the Cat. The description the watchman provided was radically different from the one Cecil gave. To the detectives, it seemed Cecil's man was the one they were after, and Cecil's close-up view the one to heed.

That was a blunder, but an understandable one, for Baltimore county's finest were edgy. Months of night patrols, ceaseless investigation, total futility and infinite frustration had taken their toll. Niemeyer was eating and sleeping his worst enemy, yet he had no more idea who the Cat was in July than he had in January.

Every cop knew this wasn't just the case of an elusive burglar—this was a man on the loose with a gun, and showing every disposition to use it if he were really crossed by one of his victims. The possibility haunted Adams. Night after night, as he went to bed, he wondered whether this night the phone would wake him with the fatal words: "Now the Cat has murdered a man, Inspector." To Adams the Cat was not just embarrassing, not just dangerous—he was positively lethal. The inspector once explained his feeling about the burglar to Niemeyer: "I've a brother who's a colonel in the Army. If you don't awaken him just right, he comes out of bed fighting. Sooner or later this Cat character is going to run up against someone like my brother. He's going to shine that light and all hell'll break loose. That gun is going to be used. Somebody'll get hurt. Now find that burglar."

Another chill thought had occasionally shaken Adams of late. He was beginning to wonder, as he read report after report of the Cat's exploits, whether it would occur to the burglar to make a complete laughing-stock of the police by invading the inspector's own home. The idea made sense. The Cat liked to show off. Entering the inspector's house would be just the sort of stunt he'd pull. And Adams knew he was an easy mark because he slept soundly. Just in case, he started keeping his gun next to his pillow. If the Cat came in and Adams heard him, all nine lives would end right there.

The frustration of Adams and Niemeyer would have been unbearable had they known that about this time Larson was turned in to the police. His landlady, a Mrs. Kirwin, could add two and two. Oh, the man she knew as Mr. Wedholm paid his rent promptly and made no fuss around the apartment. He and his wife were ideal tenants. But he was so quiet. He'd come and go at strange hours and she wouldn't hear him, yet she considered herself a light sleeper.

"You're as quiet as a pussy cat," she said to him one morning in July as he came home from work. He carried a briefcase and looked fine, except that his shoes were muddy. "You go in and out so I can hardly hear you. Why, I bet *you* are the Cat."

Larson laughed and brushed past her to his apartment.

But the idea had been planted. It was fertilized with further observations, until Mrs. Kirwin reported her suspicion to a neighbor, who told her brother. He was a detective on the city force.

Mrs. Kirwin's tenant was checked out and found to be what he seemed—Gustav Victor Wedholm, a dealer in used cars. He had no criminal record. His papers checked. He had, in fact, gone to court to collect money owed him on a car deal. Cat burglar? Wedholm was as shining clean as the blue-ribbon winner in a feline show.

But Larson the night rover was a different kind of Cat. On August 1 he made a foray into Baltimore's western suburbs and entered the home of contractor Christian P. Sorensen. From a shelf in the kitchen he lifted a set of keys, one of which was marked for Sorensen's construction-company office downtown. From an upstairs bedroom he took $200—and found a slip of paper in Sorensen's wallet bearing the combination to the company safe.

This was too much to resist. Larson drove to the office and unlocked the door with the key and the safe with the combination. After looting the safe, he wiped his prints off carefully and departed, leaving the keys in the door so Sorenson would find them. Upon arriving at his own home, he began to worry. Suppose he'd left a print on the keys. The office wouldn't be opening for yet a while, so he drove back to the office and wiped the keys.

Niemeyer got the news shortly. Catch the Cat!


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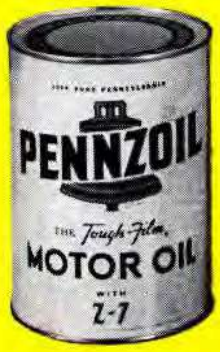


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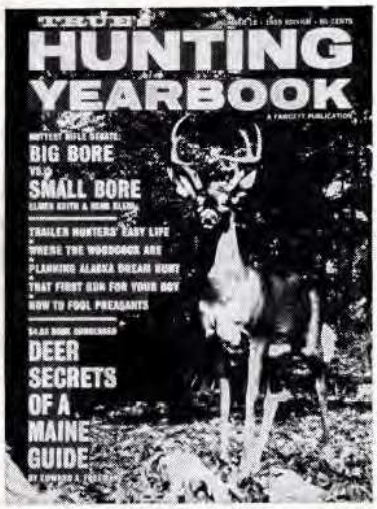


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# DEER SECRETS OF A MAINE GUIDE

Two days later, the Cat made his biggest haul, $30,000 in jewelry and furs from an unoccupied home.

A few days after that, Larson drove to Boston to dispose of the goods—at a fraction of their value—and took Ruby with him. On the way she told him she was pregnant. As with many men, approaching fatherhood had a profound influence on Larson. He wanted to marry Ruby and give their child a name. And what kid wants a father who's a housebreaker? He worried about his occupation all the way to Boston and back.

For the next few days Larson was inactive, too busy thinking about himself and his future to work. He had to stop his burglary—that was for sure. He was pushing his luck. And the thought of prison again made him shudder. But how to quit? He sure couldn't make a living trading cars . . . unless he went into the racket in a bigger way. If he had a used-car lot and a sign and a little stake. . . . Larson spent nearly a week looking around, and finally decided $3,000 would get him in the business right. He began to work toward that sum. It was a noble goal.

Inspector Adams, too, had a noble goal, and it was inevitable that it should conflict with that of the Cat. To help him ponder it, Adams had set up a large map of metropolitan Baltimore, with pins marking the site of each of the Cat's burglaries. The more he studied it, the more the inspector saw a pattern beginning to emerge, and he got an idea. But the full development of it was delayed while Larson was deciding the direction of his future. Then, on September 15, Larson hit the home of a state legislator in Catonsville, a western suburb, forcing him to open a safe.

That did it. Adams knew he was right. The Cat had been moving steadily northward as pressure from city and county police mounted. Now, with the last few jobs, he was suddenly west of the city. This could only mean that the Cat was using the Beltway, a new road circling the city which had opened July 4. If so, the Cat could be caught, for the Beltway was a limited-access superhighway. A few roadblocks, and the Cat was on a merry-go-round which would inevitably stop.

Adams began to feel a little like a cat himself, awaiting the arrival of a mouse. Larson was co-operative. On September 22 he did a cat burglary in Annapolis, 20 miles south of Baltimore on Ritchie Highway. Adams virtually purred. The Cat must have taken the Beltway and gone off onto Ritchie. Now he could be trapped. The inspector picked up the phone and dialed the police in Anne Arundel county to the south.

Larson was also delighted with his new area. After the effort it now required to dodge the police in Baltimore and its northern suburbs, Anne Arundel county was a paradise. He hit twice in the Glen Burnie area, just south of town, then saw the mark he figured would allow him to quit—the Wagon Wheel, an isolated roadhouse on Ritchie Highway. He picked it because it figured to have a lot of money, and because he believed the owner lived upstairs. He'd get it on the next trip.

After Inspector Adams' call, the police of Anne Arundel were primed. When the flashes went out for the Glen Burnie burglaries, 33 cruisers roared for their planned roadblock positions. They weren't quite fast enough to nab the Cat—but Adams assured them it was only a matter of time. The cops increased their patrols.

Days passed. The police grew impatient—and Adams' certainty began to dwindle to hope. He cursed at the thought that the Cat might have quit. He couldn't quit now.

Larson hadn't. On October 7 at 11 p.m. he left Ruby and headed south over the Beltway. On the way he stopped to push some girls who were having car trouble. About 1:15 a.m. he drove past the Wagon Wheel, located on the west side of Ritchie, a dual highway, and then turned east on a side road. About a mile down he parked in the bushes, donned his disguise and walked to the tavern. He hid in the woods abutting its parking lot and waited for the place to close. The temperature was falling, and he shivered. He would have to wait till the bar closed at 2.

At 3, people were still coming out as Larson's teeth chattered. He was freezing. Finally no one else appeared and the lights went out. The owner, Larson thought, must have gone upstairs. He started forward, then stopped. He'd better wait awhile . . . but hell, it was too damned cold to wait.

Just as he got to the door, it opened. Out came Walter S. Brown, the proprietor, and Marilyn B. Rosier, a waitress. Larson was stunned. But he reacted.

"Don't move," he snapped, yanking out his gun.

Brown stopped abruptly and put up his hands.

But Marilyn Rosier kept on walking. "Don't move!" Larson barked loudly. Out of guts, fear and plain female stubbornness, she strode on.

"Stop!" he yelled.

She ignored him. Larson's finger tightened on the trigger. But he didn't pull it. He could only watch thunderstruck as she got in her car, calmly backed around and drove off.

Larson was scared. He knew she would phone the police. Yet sheer gall kept him going with the stick-up.

"Give me your wallet," he demanded of Brown.

Cautiously the tavern proprietor lowered his hand and fished out his wallet.

Larson took out the money. There was only $24.

"Where's the rest of it?"

"That's all there is."

"I said, where's the rest?" Larson dug the revolver into Brown's stomach.

Brown stiffened, then shrugged. "In the safe, I guess."

"Let's go." Larson motioned him inside. Slowly they entered and approached the safe. "Open it."

Brown shook his head. "Can't."

"Why not?"

"Don't know the combination."

It was a reply that might have thrown

a hold-up man into a rage. Instead, burglar Larson came to his senses. He had to get out of there. *Right now!* He locked Brown in the closet and ran outside. Time was limited. The cops would be coming soon. Should he cross the highway here, toward his car, or go down farther?

He had no time left. Anne Arundel police, out in full patrol as a result of Adams' hunch, had been close by. They roared into the Wagon Wheel as Larson stood there. He dived for the trees.

The police lost precious minutes by mistaking Brown for the Cat. Larson grabbed the chance to crawl deeper into the woods. Gradually he improved his position, hoping the cops would think he'd left the area. No such luck. More and more officers poured in. An hour and a half he waited, as the police beat the brush for him. Then he heard a deep, throaty engine arrive. Good God!—a bulldozer. The cops were going to dig him out. It was only a fire-department floodlight truck, but Larson panicked.

He *had* to get to his car, a mile away on the other side of Ritchie. He began to creep across the four-lane road on his belly. Inch by inch he crept. But in the middle of the first lane he was spotted. He sprang to his feet and sprinted.

The police opened fire. Guns were emptied from a score of experienced hands as Larson dashed across into woods again. More than 100 rounds were fired, and every one was a clean miss.

Larson darted through the forest, stumbling, falling, trying to reach his car. There, at last, it was—surrounded by police cruisers. He was trapped in the woods, the Magothy River on one side, heavily patrolled roads on the other. After daybreak a helicopter was brought in. The police spotted him, closed in, and began to shoot once more. Larson surrendered. The Cat was caught after 11 months.

He was quizzed by Anne Arundel County police, moved to Baltimore County for more questioning, then to Baltimore city for trial. He confessed readily. His home was searched. He was indicted, tried and sentenced to 300 years, of which 90 were consecutive. He went to the Maryland Penitentiary, then, at his request, was moved to an institution where he could get psychiatric aid.

When Niemeyer and Adams realized they had him, in the flesh, they were shocked, in a way. Larson didn't look like the menace he'd been. He was a little guy, 5 feet 5, 115 pounds. He was a balding, baby faced runt. That was it, wasn't it? As the Cat he had grown three inches and put on nearly 40 pounds in appearance. He'd terrorized a city and outsmarted hundreds of cops.

But he was not just a runt again—he was a legend. Stories of his exploits, incredible caution and fantastic thoroughness still enhance many a police bull session. One tale is most intriguing. Larson, it seemed, was ambitious. Among his papers was a map showing the most direct route to a mansion in New York, wherein was housed the Russian delegation to the United Nations.

—Robert Liston


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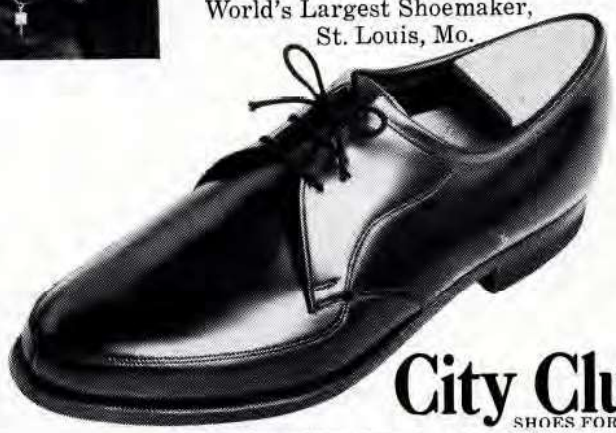

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## LAST STAND OF A WILY JAGUAR

[*Continued from page* 43]

As it would be almost impossible to stagger through the mangrove-edged creeks looking for a jaguar track, Dale has worked out a system for locating the cats. During the mating season, jaguars roar very much like an African lion. As a matter of fact, both male and female jaguars sometimes roar on any occasion.

Dale had rigged up a large gourd, cut open at one end, and covered with a sheet of rawhide like an Indian drum. Attached to the drum head is a thong rubbed with resin. By pulling the thong between his thumb and forefinger with a quick jerky motion, Dale can make a grunting roar which sounds more like a jaguar than another jaguar. Dale has been so successful with this "*bromadura*," or roarer, that on several occasions he has called jaguars up within a few feet. At one time, in the Bravo swamps, when Dale and his brother Clell were hunting in a native dugout canoe, a jaguar answered the call so enthusiastically that the cat swam out and threatened to climb into the canoe with them. They beat him off with a wooden paddle. On another occasion, when Dale was sitting on an island roaring with his gourd, a jaguar swam to the island and walked up to within 20 feet in the moonlight. As the sportsman who was with him at that time had gone back to camp, Dale did not shoot the jaguar.

By calling jaguars during the night, Dale is able to locate one of the cats so that he can put the hounds on a fresh track at daylight. If a jaguar keeps answering and the client stays with him, it is an almost foolproof system. That is, it is a system for anyone fool enough to want a jaguar that badly. Chasing jaguars in the Bravo swamps is worse on dogs than on men. During all of these hunts, jaguars have accounted for some 20 of Dale's hounds. It is always the best dogs that get killed. On one previous hunt, while crossing an open place of the Agua Bravo in a high wind, one of the boats capsized and drowned a whole boatload of dogs.

Tom Bolack and I had been hunting with Dale before. We were bitten by mosquitoes, chewed by gnats, and we spent about 10 uncomfortable nights floating around in Dale's boat calling jaguars back in the swamps. We caught one jaguar, too, not far from the base camp, but that itself wasn't the thrill. The most exciting episode of that hunt was a single night as we floated on the edge of the main Bravo and Dale stroked his *bromadura* with the "Oum, OUM, OUM" of the jaguar call. Over across the water to the west, out of the darkness, a throaty voice answered "Oum, oum, OUM, OUM!" The hair on the back of my neck prickled as the coughing roar floated down on the night wind. Tom Bolack, who had been sleeping face down over a boat seat like a bag of wet rice, straightened up. Even Dale stiffened. "That will be Old Bravo himself," Dale whispered. "I'd know that voice anywhere."

Again Dale jerked the thong of the *bromadura*. Over across the water, the jaguar answered again. Then there was silence, with the occasional splash of a snook in the water or cry of a night bird.

***With Old Bravo slung from a pole, the hunting party and hounds leave swamp for camp. Worn teeth had forced the big cat to live on turtles, stranded fish and birds.***

Tom and I were all for trying for Old Bravo the next morning at daylight. But Dale explained to us that his two Mexican guides, Felix and Pascacio, had told him that between the Bravo and the sea were some 10 miles of the worst mangrove thickets in all of Mexico. "Old Bravo has never been out of that place, and we've never been in it, but if you guys want to. . . ."

Tom and I lasted about 30 minutes on the west side of the Bravo. In that time, we penetrated about 100 yards. Pascacio and Felix had understated the situation. Unfortunately, in a patch of mud between two mangrove clumps, we saw a jaguar track. It was twice as big as any mountain lion imprint I had ever seen. Even Dale was impressed. "That'll be Old Bravo," Dale commented. "His feet are as big as his roar."

Tom is not one to give up just because of a few miles of mangrove thickets

that no human being can get through. So recently we outfitted another expedition. We told Dale that we would be down a few days before Easter and persuaded a friend of ours, Bill Cutter of Albuquerque, to fly us down in his plane. We could have taken the commercial plane to Mazatlán, but we wanted to look the ground over.

As we circled low over the swamp in Cutter's plane, Bill was groaning. "Never saw such an awful looking bunch of nothing in my life," he commented. But Tom and I were jubilant. Below us, between the Bravo and the ocean beach, there were mangrove thickets all right, but there were also several large open flats. These were lagoons, or pools of water, during the wet season. Now, in the spring, they were already beginning to dry. Wide areas of mud appeared with lines of solid mangroves in between. On the mud and in the shallow water were tens of thousands of ducks, herons, and other water birds that rose in clouds at the sound of the airplane engine. As we clipped the tops of the mangroves with a swinging dive we could see jaguar tracks leading across one mud flat.

Dale met us at Tepic, some 60 miles away, where we could land the plane. Bill Cutter, after one look at our jaguar swamps, decided that he didn't want a jaguar as badly as he had thought. Bolack and I outlined the situation to Dale. From the air we had found a small clearing at the head of one of the side creeks which looked like a good camping place.

It was, if you consider sitting on a wet sponge comfortable. The spot was about 25 miles from Dale's base camp by boat. It took two days to make the trip twice, poling and pulling the boats by hand, to haul in drinking water, extra gasoline, and to set up a camp. We got some very fine snook and sea bass from some Mexican fishermen and made ourselves comfortable in a soggy sort of way.

On the first night, Dale tried his jaguar call. There was no answer. The second night it was the same. No throaty roar came to us out of the darkness. This was discouraging. Perhaps Old Bravo had left the swamp, or he may have died of old age.

The next morning, with Pascacio and Felix wielding machetes, we began to cut a trail due west from our camp. In four hours of cutting, we progressed about half a mile. Then the dark tangle of mangroves ahead lightened and we broke out into the first open flat. On the mud ahead of us was a line of jaguar tracks. The imprints were big, even for a jaguar. In the mud we could see where the toes were turned out and flattened. "It's Old Fallen Arches himself," Tom said.

Dale nodded. The tracks were fresh. We followed where Old Bravo had crossed the mud flat and had caught a bird roosting in the shallow water. White feathers marked the place where the jaguar had killed and eaten an egret.

We decided not to try for him that first morning until we had cut a trail through the more difficult bands of mangroves between the next mud flats. In that tangle of roots, a jaguar would come to

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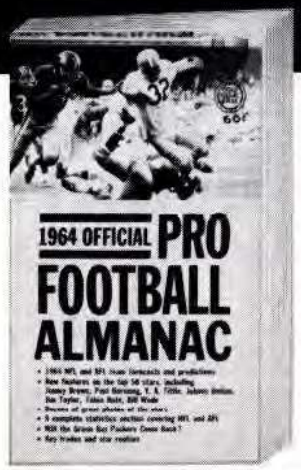


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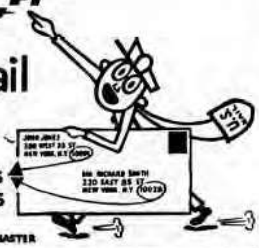

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bay and kill every dog we had unless we could arrive on the spot very quickly.

In two days of machete work, Felix, Pascacio and Tom Bolack had cut a fairly creditable trail west from our camp through four big mud flats almost to the ocean beach. Tom insisted on doing some of the machete work himself. The only thing that discouraged him was a lamentable occasion when his swinging blade cleaved a termite nest high in the forks of a mangrove tree. With our machete trail through the very heart of the Lost Swamp, we would be able to get at Old Bravo no matter where he went. And through the open flats we could double back in almost any direction.

There were other lesser jaguars, too, judging by the tracks. Dale was worried about his shortage of good dogs. He had lost so many of his best hounds that he only had 11 left and only four of these were top-notch trailers. But Tom and I didn't share his pessimism. We were in a jubilant mood as we tried the jaguar call on the third night.

We had followed our cut trail to the first big open flat in the Lost Swamp. We sat down in the mud. Dale opened the special moisture proof box in which he kept his *bromadura*. He balanced it on his knee and gave the long throaty cry of a lovesick jaguar. Far away, out of the darkness, came the answer. Tom and I sat bolt upright. Again Dale called. After five minutes of silence, the jaguar answered. Felix and Pascacio shook their heads. Tom and I knew what they meant. That call was behind us, over in the direction of the Agua Bravo on the other side of camp. All of our machete cutting had been for nothing. But there was no help for it.

With Felix and Pascacio still shaking their heads, we splashed back to camp, got in the boat, and paddled silently across the tidewater creek. In the darkness we picked our way through the mangrove clumps to another open flat perhaps a mile east of camp. Here Dale took out the *bromadura* and called again. Almost immediately the jaguar answered, "Oum, oum, oum!" The throaty roar was just across the flat. The mangrove leaves behind our backs almost vibrated with the noise.

Dale was whispering with Felix and Pascacio in Spanish. *"No bueno—No bueno,"* they were saying. Tom and I gripped our rifle tightly. So Old Bravo had moved out of his usual haunts! This was going to be thrilling. Already we could hear the soft splashing of cautious feet in the shallow water.

Dale stroked his jaguar call once again. The answer was terrifyingly close. The jaguar was moving toward us. Roseate spoonbills and roosting egrets darted up from the water as the jaguar trotted closer. The splashing was very near now. In the darkness I could see something darker. I nudged Tom. We both raised our rifles. The dark shadow darted from side to side. It stopped. It ran toward us again, moving jerkily.

Jaguars don't jerk. Another swiftly moving form joined the first, and then another. Tom and I lowered our rifles.

*"Cómo estan, senores?"* said a voice out of the darkness. Three dogs ran up to us. Three men followed. One of the men carried a gourd similar to that which Dale still held. "Ah, it is the famous *tigrero* himself," said the leading man in Spanish as he recognized Dale. "We also have come to try for the old cat who lives in the swamp by the sea."

As we paddled back to camp, Dale said apologetically, "Sorry I taught those natives how to call jaguars." Dale added reflectively, "I offered a reward for news of the old jaguar. But I never dreamed those birds would come way out here in the middle of the night."

We didn't catch Old Bravo at night, and he never answered a call in the seven nights that we tried. We gave the three local enthusiasts a few pesos and persuaded them to pole their dugout canoe the 30 or 40 miles back to their village so that we would have no more competition in the swamp. Two or three lesser jaguars did answer our call, but from different directions and with different voices. We wanted no small fry on this hunt. We were after Old Fallen Arches, as Tom insisted on calling him because of his flat, splayed-out feet.

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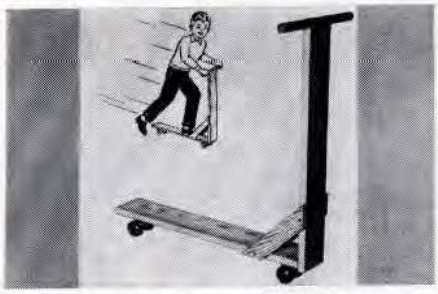
As Old Bravo wouldn't answer the mating call, we decided to go into the Lost Swamp and track him down. We had cut some additional machete trails between various lagoons so that we could move through the swamp in any direction with fair speed. Our job was made a lot more difficult not only because Old Bravo wouldn't answer, but because Dale insisted on keeping his two best hounds on leash, for if his two remaining reliable trailers got killed, we were finished.

In three days of circling in the Lost Swamp, we had found a lot of places where Old Bravo had been but not the place where he was. There was no doubt that the old jaguar was feeding on birds and turtles and little else. As the shallow water in the flats dried up, he caught the snook and mullet that were trapped there. But all of this activity was several days old. Perhaps Old Bravo had detected something sour in our nightly calling. Perhaps, also, he knew some corners of the Lost Swamp that we had not yet found.

On our fourth day of hunting, just at daylight, we ran into him. We didn't find him. He found us. Dale had turned old Drifter loose as a strike dog. There seemed little likelihood that we were going to find fresh tracks anyway. Drifter and Old Bravo met nose to nose in the machete trail. We heard the jaguar growl first. Drifter snarled. There was a flurry

[*Continued on page* 136]

# TRUE goes shopping



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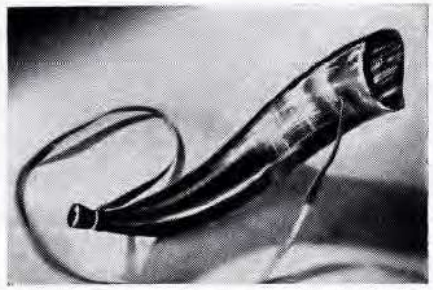

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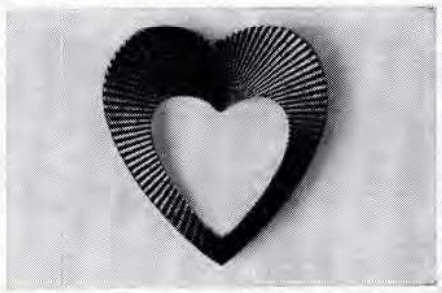

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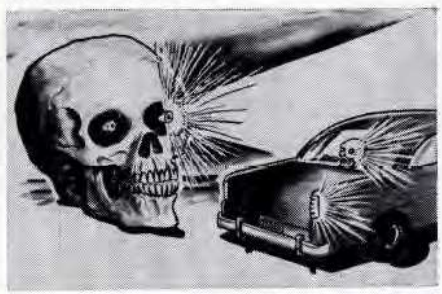

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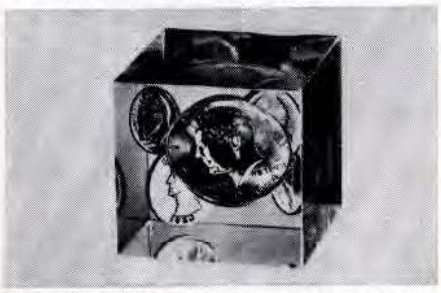

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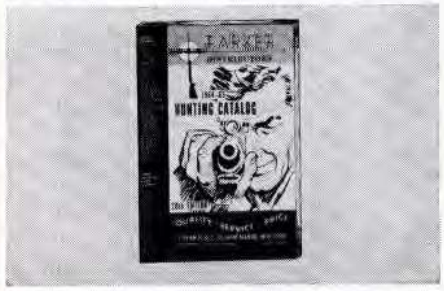


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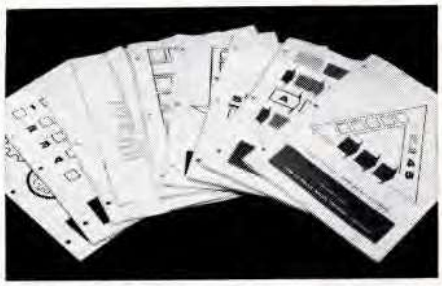

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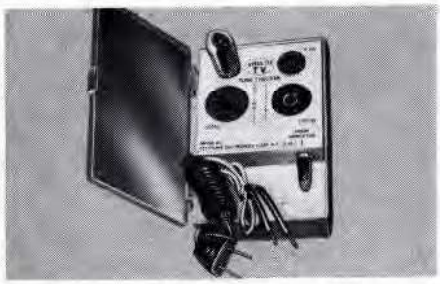

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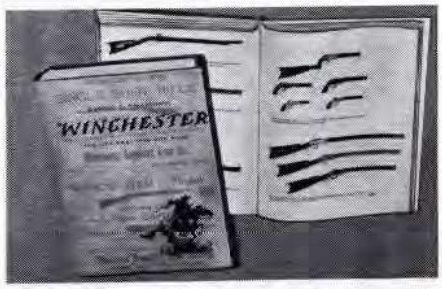
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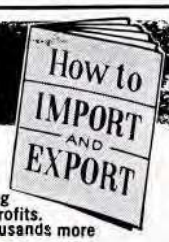


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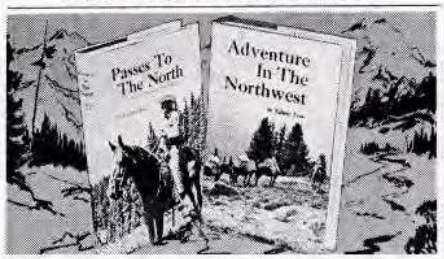


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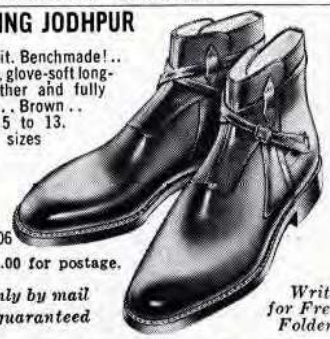

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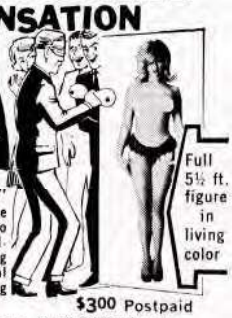

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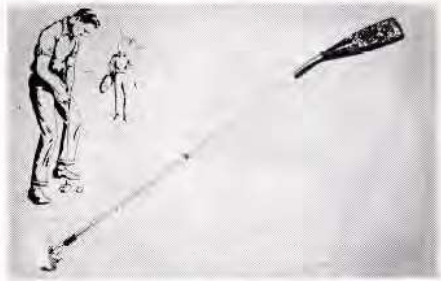

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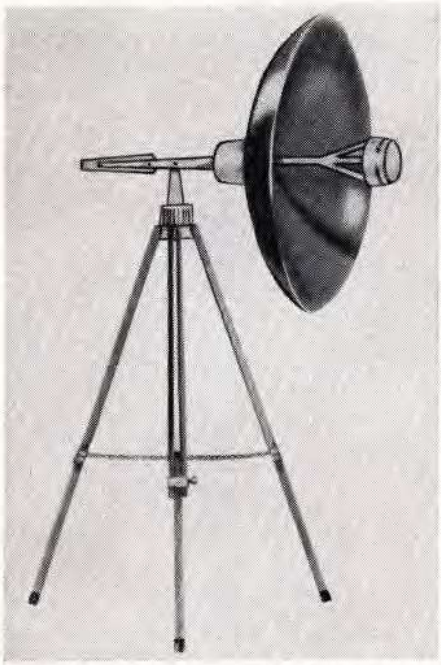

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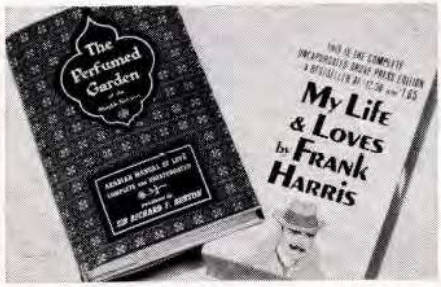


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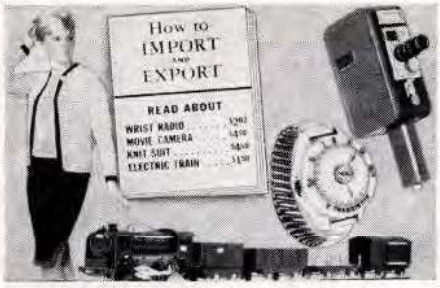


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[*Continued from page* 130]
of sound. Drifter gave the squealing bark of a dog looking at game. Two hounds that Pascacio held darted forward and jerked Pascacio face down in the mud. Dale was already running ahead.

As we rounded the corner in the trail, the jaguar, with Drifter close behind, jumped into the mangroves. We couldn't see them but we could hear them and they were close. Dale quickly unnecked two of the younger dogs.

"This will warm up the chase a bit, but I'll keep these others—"

Dale's words were drowned in a roar of barking and splashing. All the loose dogs had got to the jaguar and were fighting.

The sound of the hounds quickly moved away. The jaguar was running again, running and fighting. The hounds which we still held on short leashes tried to drag us into the mangrove roots. But no man could get through that awful stuff without cutting a trail. Tom and I made a quick decision—he and Dale would go ahead to the next open flat and go down that one to get ahead of the chase. I would go back to the last opening we had crossed and parallel the fight from that side. Either way the chase turned, we'd have him.

As Felix and I ran along the mud we crossed a line of fresh tracks. There was no mistaking those big splayed-out imprints. It was Old Bravo all right. He had walked from here not 10 minutes before when he bumped into Drifter on the trail.

Old Bravo knew his own swamp better than we did. He never crossed one of the open flats where dogs and men would have had the advantage but stayed in the mangroves and in the water. A mile from where Drifter had jumped him, he climbed a tree.

Tom and I got to the tree together, both badly winded. The old jaguar was about 15 feet above our heads on a dead mangrove. All of the dogs were below. This was too easy. I took a quick picture. When Tom had quieted his breathing, he raised his .30-30 rifle. Now that we were face to face with Old Bravo, I was almost disappointed. As he turned to snarl at us, I saw that most of his teeth were gone. No wonder he had been eating birds and turtles.

His frame was big, but he was not fat. His paws were enormous where they clutched the dead mangrove which was none too big to support his weight.

"Kill him dead, Tom," Dale whispered. At that instant the mangrove branch broke. Even the jaguar was surprised. The dogs scattered. Old Bravo landed on his feet. Tom still stood there with his .30-30 pointed at the sky.

The big cat was up and away. Before the startled hounds could move, the jaguar had jumped in a long leap into the mangroves and was gone. It was seconds before Dale could drag two of the dogs to the place and shove their noses into the hot scent. None of the hounds had seen him go.

"If we ever get up to him again, don't stand around fooling with that camera," Dale snarled as we started off.

We had only been at the tree a few seconds. Not only that, but it was Tom's jaguar. Both Tom and I were pretty abashed at missing our chance. It might be our only chance.

I directed Tom back the way I had come to the open flat. If he ran along the edge of the mangroves a few hundred yards, he could get ahead of the chase. "When you see him, shoot him," I yelled above the roar of the dogs.

With Felix and two spare dogs on a leash, I doubled back through the mangroves to our machete trail. From there I could hit an open-water lagoon through which I could wade for a mile or so. If Old Bravo turned to the westward again, we'd have him between us. With the two fresh dogs that we dragged along, Old Bravo could not get away.

He didn't either. Felix and I splashed through a screen of mangroves and there he was. The jaguar had doubled back and come to bay in the water. Felix let go of the two hounds. Even necked together, they cut off the jaguar but did not close in. Behind came the other dogs. Another dog, and then another reached the shallow water. Old Bravo was surrounded.

He fought well. No dog dared come too close. If they did, they were dead. The jaguar may have been old and his teeth broken, but he could move like lightning. Water was his home. The hounds were out of their element. Dale had said not to fiddle with the camera but I did anyway. I snapped a picture, and then another. In the finder I saw a hound lunge. It was Pluto. Old Bravo whirled so fast that I couldn't follow the motion.

He caught the hound by the side of the face. I heard Tom and Dale crash through the last fringe of mangroves. Now they were in the water with the fighting dogs and the jaguar. Another dog jumped in front. Dale was yelling to hold the hounds back or they'd all be killed. Muddy water, wet dogs and Old Bravo were a swirling mass of paws and claws.

Tom reversed his carbine and struck downward with the stock at the jaguar's head. Bravo's grip broke. A piece of flesh ripped away from the dog's muzzle. If Old Bravo had been a year younger, he'd have killed the hound at the first bite.

Tom fired quickly without sighting. Old Bravo sank beneath the murky water. Blood welled up with the mud. The hounds closed in. It was finished. In another minute, the old male jaguar of Lost Swamp was a sodden carcass being chewed and mouthed by the dogs.

"He's a big-footed old jaguar for the size of his teeth," Dale commented as we examined the beautiful spotted body that hung from a tree near our camp.

"His teeth may be broken, and he may be old," Tom replied, "but I wouldn't trade him for any other jaguar in all of Mexico. I'm going to have him mounted whole just as we saw him in that water back there." —**Frank C. Hibben**

TRUE

**"Just think of yourself as a general in LBJ's war against poverty . . ."**

OCT.—TRUE—M. ATL., N.E.

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# MAGNIFICENT MASQUERADE

**Dr. Coster was the head of a multimillion-dollar firm, a Presidential possibility and an aristocrat complete with villa and yacht. He was also Philip Musica, one of the most artful actors and consummate con men in the history of business swindles**

BY CHARLES KEATS

*Author Charles Keats was for many years a Connecticut newspaperman. He was present in "Dr. Coster's" mansion when the great con-man met his doom.*

The bank president cleared his throat and said: "Dr. Coster, we think you should be a candidate for President of the United States."

Dr. F. Donald Coster made no immediate comment. He fingered his close-cropped mustache and looked thoughtfully around at the delegation gathered in his Connecticut living room. His guests were New York financiers, staid New England bankers, attorneys, industrialists, respected politicians—influential Republicans all. It was only 1937, but the Republicans, still stunned by the Roosevelt landslide that had buried Alf Landon's sunflower the year before, knew they had a Herculean job of digging out and needed an early start. They also needed an attractive candidate—and who would be a more brilliant standard-bearer than Dr. Coster, the genius who had piloted the venerable pharmaceutical firm of McKesson & Robbins through the perilous shoals of 1929 and in the intervening years had restored its dynastic glory to a multimillion-dollar pinnacle?

"We want to assure you of our complete support," continued the spokesman, "both moral and financial. And we would like permission to use your name in our preliminary plans."

"I am flattered and honored by your proposal," said Dr. Coster. He paused, squinting owlishly through his horn-rimmed glasses at his expectant guests. He seemed to reflect for a long moment, while his eyes sought out the large portrait of Theodore Roosevelt, his idol since boyhood, which hung on the wall at his left. He knew that his New England and New York friends would find backing in other parts of the nation. In a drawer of his desk there was a telegram he had just received from California Republicans in high places, also pleading with him to declare himself. There was a ground swell in the making. It could very well carry him far—at least to the 1940 convention, if not to the White House.

"Gentlemen," said Dr. Coster, "I cannot tell you how much I appreciate your confidence in me. I wish I could find it possible to join with you in this important project. However, personal reasons, which I am sure you will understand, dictate my reluctant regrets."

The "personal reasons" that prevented Dr. F. Donald Coster from throwing his hat into the ring for the 1940 presidential nomination were not at all those the delegation calling on him at his Fairfield, Connecticut, mansion had imagined. Dr. Coster, so far as his admirers knew, was eligible to hold the office of President of the United States. He was well past the age of 35, and he was born in the United States—by a slim margin. Although he had been conceived in Italy, he had indeed seen the light of day in New York City. He had crossed the Atlantic in his mother's womb to make his squalling entrance into the world at 377 Broome Street, a tiny, airless room on New York's Lower East Side, on May 12, 1884, exactly four days after Harry S. Truman, another presidential possibility, was born in tiny Lamar, Missouri. The "personal reasons" that prevented F. Donald Coster from allowing his name to be proposed for the Republican nomination for President were quite simple: He was not F. Donald Coster. The name on his birth certificate and on his Roman Catholic baptismal certificate was Philip Musica. His father was a barber and Philip was the eldest in a large family.

Although Philip Musica grew up with the stench of the impoverished neighborhood called Mulberry Bend in his nostrils, a smell that was to linger in his subconscious as long as he lived, he managed to keep his nose above the noisome neighborhood norm. While his teen-age contemporaries were earning nickels as runners for Mulberry Bend whorehouses, Philip was exploring the higher echelons of the New World. At the age of 12 he had already found a hero image: the new president of the New York Board of Police Commissioners, a man who had once been defeated for the mayoralty of New York and had yet to achieve fame with his Rough Riders at San Juan Hill—Theodore Roosevelt.

When Philip Musica quit school at 14, he joined his father, Antonio, in a grocery business. Two years later, when he was 16, and the 19th century was in its 100th year, Philip became operating head of the business.

Young Philip was an instinctive trader. Even at 16 he had a flair for business. He was an astute merchandiser, and although he had never seen the land of his forefathers, he was unerring in his choice of Italian viands that would make his customers' mouths water. The fat mortadèllas, the slim Genoa salamis, and the pale, plump provolone cheeses that hung from the ceiling in the gloom of the little shop gave off heavenly aromas. The kegs of anchovies could not be surpassed in Mulberry Bend. His Gorgonzolas were soft and golden and as beautifully green-veined as Italian marble, and his Romanos and Parmigianos were of the exact hardness for proper grating. People came from blocks around to buy Mama Assunta's homemade ravioli and fettuccine.

In a few months, Philip had mastered the essentials of the import-export business. He had not only secured agencies for well-known Italian exporters of olive oil and spices, but he also had begun to specialize in Italian cheeses. He was still in his teens when he became a full-fledged wholesaler on his own, collecting double markups, underselling other jobbers, and

making A. Musica & Son one of the most prosperous retailers of Italian specialties on the Lower East Side.

Philip Musica's success as an importer and wholesaler of Italian cheeses was phenomenal, and he enjoyed every minute of it. His firm was grossing around half a million dollars a year, and the net (there was no income tax in the early 1900's), after providing lavishly for the Musica clan, left plenty for Philip to become a dashing Broadway figure.

Suddenly, in 1909, lightning struck from his cloudless sky. The administration of Mayor G. B. McClellan was under attack. Candidate William J. Gaynor, backed by a reform movement, campaigned against McClellan by screaming "corruption." The newspapers, taking up the cry, dug up columns of scandal along the East River waterfront. In a vain attempt to stave off a Gaynor victory in November, McClellan's henchmen organized their own investigation of the docks.

Among the earliest victims of the din against sin were the Musicas. The tariff on imported cheese was calculated on the basis of weight. The Musicas had been paying bribes of up to $500 a shipment—in early-1900 dollars—to certain customs men for recording the incoming Gorgonzolas and Parmigianos at a fraction of the actual scale readings. To save the titular head of the family from disgrace, Philip accepted full and sole responsibility for the misdeeds of A. Musica & Son. He made a deal with the federal authorities: if the charges against his father were dropped, he would enter a plea of guilty.

Stripped of his finery and shorn of his great black mustache at the age of 25, Philip might easily have thought that Destiny had turned her back on him. However, a "mug shot" taken of him at the time, with the number M630-D hung across his chest, pictures him as a slightly bewildered, not in the least contrite or downhearted, young man.

Young Musica made good use of his intelligence and ability, plus, it would seem, mysterious contacts he had made while rubbing elbows with the great and near great in recent years, to alter his status as prisoner. Details of how he accomplished his ends are as obscure today as they were then, but he did not languish long in durance vile. Five and one-half months after sentencing, Philip Musica, admitted swindler, walked out of Elmira a free man. His sentence had been commuted by William Howard Taft, President of the United States.

Philip returned to the family store and boredom. A. Musica & Son were in business again. Papa Antonio, avoiding the cheese that had bated the trap, had returned the firm to its original function of purveying a general line of Italian foodstuffs.

Philip had been out of Elmira only a few months when the big inspiration came to him. It is probable that Mama Assunta, a shrewd, forceful woman, may have nudged the muse. It is even possible that Papa Antonio may have dropped a hint that contributed to Philip's decision; after all Papa Antonio was a barber of long standing. And the product that Philip had selected as the source of the next Musica fortune from the import-export trade was—human hair!

By 1912, Philip Musica was only 28, but he was still in a hurry. He would create the United States Hair Company and turn it into a mammoth enterprise that would make the world gasp.

His first step was to send astute Mama Assunta Musica back to Naples, accompanied by her youngest son, Robert, and her younger daughters, Evelyn and Lucy. As mother of an American captain of big business, she made an impressive repatriate. Her American offspring gave her an aura of respectability. And the letters of introduction which Philip had ingeniously provided her with, gave her entrée into rarefied strata of Neapolitan business and finance.

In July of 1912, four months after Mama Assunta had started her Italian adventure, the United States Hair Company was incorporated with a capitalization of $2,000,000, listing as assets $600,000 worth of human hair, most of it in inventories abroad. In his New York offices, Philip Musica sat on the throne of his paper empire that stretched around the globe. With deft wizardry he shuttled invoices, letters of credit, drafts, deposits, withdrawals, and loans around the world. And his basic asset, his fictitious inventory of human hair, continued to grow.

Then just when the geese were beginning to lay their golden eggs according to Philip's accelerated schedule, disaster struck once more. On March 11, 1913, less than five months after United States Hair Company stock was first listed on Wall Street, the firm was deep in trouble. Philip Musica was summoned to the offices of the Anglo-South American Trust Company, one of the banks that was financing the Musica enterprises, to explain why two London banks had refused to honor drafts aggregating $135,000 which he had sold to Anglo-South American.

Time was running out. A clerk at the Bank of the Manhattan Company, checking the security for a Musica loan, noted that some figures on one of the bills of lading had apparently been tampered with. He reported to his superiors that a 17 had been made to look like a 77. Immediately men were dispatched to the pier to examine the cases of hair in question. Every case, under a veneer of inferior hair in short lengths, contained barbershop sweepings and old newspapers. The total value of the shipment, instead of $370,000, came to less than $250.

The cagey Philip evacuated his family by car, boarding a New Orleans-bound train at a whistle stop called Theodore. A Burns detective skillfully traced their movements, but always several hours behind. He reached New Orleans in the middle of the night.

Next morning, March 19, four days after the Musicas vanished from New York, the detective and the New Orleans police officers went to the United Fruit Company's docks, where the banana steamer *Heredia* was scheduled to sail for Honduras ports in a few hours. A short while later, opting for family unity against common-sense caution, the Musicas arrived in a group and boarded the ship.

The police rapped on the door of the cabin occupied by a "Mr. and Mrs. Weeks." When Philip refused to open up, they broke down the door.

As the Musicas were being marched down the gangplank to the dock, Papa Antonio suddenly reached into Philip's pocket and pulled out a revolver.

*"Addio, bambini,"* he wailed. "I am disgraced. I must kill myself."

"No, Papa! No!" Philip snatched the gun from the old man's hand and pressed it against his own temple. "This is my responsibility, Papa."

The police grabbed the revolver, the moment of hysteria and gestures passed, and the Musicas were driven to police headquarters.

Extradited from Louisiana, Philip was remanded to the Tombs to await sentencing.

New York's historic prison called the Tombs was 75 years old when Philip Musica moved in to await his sentence. Some of his old neighbors from Mulberry Bend had been executed in its courtyard, more had been incarcerated there, and in 1913 some were still his fellow inmates.

The Tombs prison was connected with the Criminal Courts Building by an overhead passageway, popularly known as the Bridge of Sighs, that allowed prisoners to be brought to court from their cells for arraignment, trial, or sentencing without touching street level. The office of the district attorney for New York County was in the Criminal Courts Building. Musica's problem was to secure an audience with the D.A. and to ingratiate himself so firmly and quickly that he would have free access to the Bridge of Sighs, a great challenge to his powers of persuasion. He had bewitched and bewildered cold-blooded bankers, shrewd lawyers, and hard-headed businessmen, but his seduction of the sophisticated prosecutors of the D.A.'s staff was pure mesmerism.

Musica's career as courier and confidant for both ends of the Bridge of Sighs was marked by false affidavits, devious practices, perfidy, and a deep strain of malice. Even his offers of help to his fellow prisoners were tainted with cynicism and treachery. That he escaped retribution at the hands of some kangaroo court is added testimony to the persuasive charm which was the explanation of an otherwise incredible career.

In March, 1916, Philip Musica was given a suspended sentence, placed on probation, and walked out of the Tombs a free man.

Almost immediately upon his release from the Tombs, ex-prisoner Philip Musica was hired at $25 a day as a special investigator for the Office of the Attorney General of the State of New York.

Musica became a special investigator for the attorney gen-

eral's office under the name of William Johnson. Only three times a month did he admit to the name of Philip Musica—once when he reported to his probation officer in accordance with the terms of his suspended sentence, and twice when he collected his pay from the State of New York. Otherwise he used the antiseptic name of William Johnson.

When he finally cleaned out his desk and left the New York attorney general's office early in January, 1919, Philip Musica was 34 years old. He was casting about desperately for a design for living that would fit a twice-jailed swindler, a stool pigeon and a forger of affidavits.

On January 16, 1919, Nebraska had become the 36th state to ratify the 18th Amendment to the Constitution, and Prohibition would become effective a year later. The Volstead Act, to enforce the amendment, was passed by Congress in October, 1919, and vetoed by President Wilson. Passed over the President's veto, it went into effect on January 17, 1920.

Philip Musica was not the kind of man who would build a forbidden still in some sordid hole in the wall. This was not his style. Early in 1920, Philip Musica, alias William Johnson, became Frank D. Costa.

Early in 1920, Frank Costa started the Adelphi Pharmaceutical Manufacturing Company on Adelphi Street in Brooklyn. President of the new firm was Benjamin Simon, who had worked with Musica-Johnson-Costa on the New York attorney general's staff. Simon was the front for the business. The financing was provided by the family of a thug named Giuseppe Brandino who had a little capital and enough bootlegging friends to provide an initial customers' list. Frank Costa was to provide the brains.

Costa's *modus operandi* was simple and fairly safe. Adelphi Pharmaceutical manufactured hair tonic and cosmetics, ostensibly for the general trade. All its products had a legal, although loaded, alcoholic content. The fact that most, if not all, of its customers found it desirable and lucrative to distill the alcohol out of Adelphi products was no concern of the company's.

Costa-Musica now put out feelers in the direction of one Edward W. Hubbard. Hubbard was a nephew of Elbert Hubbard, cultist, moralist, and philosopher, editor of the intellectually slanted *Philistine*, author of the inspirational essay, "A Message to Garcia."

When Musica-Costa came into Hubbard's life in 1919, Hubbard was a partner in the brokerage firm of Clarke and Hubbard, members of the Curb Exchange. The brokerage business was flourishing, a fact that naturally attracted the boy from Mulberry Bend. Curiously enough, the dazzle of Hubbard's financial success was not nearly so attractive to Philip Musica as was the quiet glow of Mrs. Hubbard's charm. For perhaps the only time in his life, Philip Musica was really hooked romantically. Once he made up his mind that Carol Jenkins Hubbard was the missing ingredient needed to complete the full life he had set his heart upon, the Hubbard marriage was doomed and Hubbard was already a dead duck.

While still keeping things under control at Adelphi, Musica-Costa managed to spend considerable time in Hubbard's brokerage office. Ingratiating himself with Hubbard, he showed a deep interest in the stock brokerage business. It was not long before he wormed himself into a position as adviser and accountant for Clarke and Hubbard. Within a few months the once-thriving firm of Clarke and Hubbard was in trouble. After heated arguments and loud recriminations, the partnership was finally dissolved.

Hubbard tried to make a go of it alone, but his frazzled nerves gave him no peace. He could not concentrate. He lost his ability to forecast market trends. He no longer had even the patience to read stock tables. He would stay away from the office for days at a time. Finally he asked Costa's help.

The future looked promising. Then, suddenly, there was no future. Officers of the law arrived with a warrant charging Hubbard with converting to his own account shares of stock belonging to a customer. It was an old charge, dating back two years. It was a ridiculous charge, of course, and Hubbard entered a plea of not guilty. But when the case came to trial, the prosecution was loaded with a sheaf of seemingly irrefutable evidence, furnished by some unnamed "public-spirited citizen." Hubbard was crushed by the case presented against him. He scarcely heard the verdict of guilty. He seemed indifferent to the sentence: imprisonment for an indefinite term on Blackwell's Island (today known as Welfare Island).

Hubbard was released in 90 days. He returned to his home in Brooklyn dazed, broken, scarcely daring to hope. In three months his wife had become a stranger. The limits of her loyalty had been overrun. She could no longer go on believing in him. She needed stability, an anchor, to know where she was going. Tearfully she told him she wanted her freedom.

Numbly, dumbly, Hubbard consented. Frank D. Costa had carried Philip Musica to the threshold of a new life.

Late in 1923, Girard & Co., a small manufacturer of pharmaceuticals, opened its doors in a modest two-story building at 209 North Washington Avenue, Mount Vernon, New York. Out of the unsavory debris of his shattered, sordid past, Philip Musica had created a masterpiece of masquerade—Dr. F. Donald Coster, native of Washington, D.C., alumnus of the University of Heidelberg (Ph.D., M.D.), President of Girard & Co., manufacturing chemists. For his new personality he could thank certain catalytic agents: the lifelong gleanings of an incredibly retentive mind, and the marked Thespian ability to lose himself in whatever character he chose. His definitive character was a superior creature completely equipped to compete in the uppermost strata of American social and economic life. Every trace of Mulberry Bend, Elmira, and the Tombs had been eradicated. Frank Costa disappeared, and Adelphi Pharmaceutical closed its doors. Dr. F. Donald Coster was a sophisticated, intelligent professional man who quickly won the respect and admiration of Mount Vernon's leading citizens.

The change of his own name from Frank D. Costa to F. Donald Coster was obviously a shift in emphasis from the Latin to the Germanic in line with his imaginary degrees from Heidelberg. Similarly, he rechristened his two younger brothers. George and Robert Musica became George and Robert Dietrich. The script called for Arthur, the oldest of his brothers, to play a part in which his family connection had to be concealed. Arthur, therefore, became George Vernard with apparently no direct connection with Girard & Co. The fictitious P. Horace Girard was part of the new genealogy Dr. Coster was working up for Mama Assunta.

Dr. Coster was preparing to move in an expanded orbit. He would need financing. The small Mount Vernon bank that already looked upon Girard as a favored account suggested to Coster that he get in touch with Bond & Goodwin, a major investment banking house in New York. Bond & Goodwin sent one of their bright young men to Westchester to interview the potential client.

The Bond & Goodwin man who came to Mount Vernon to look into the affairs of Girard & Co. was everything that Philip Musica had wanted to be and that Dr. F. Donald Coster thought he had achieved. His name was Julian F. Thompson, Princeton '11, a sensitive, intelligent, perceptive man of sound social and financial background. He was impressed by Dr. Coster's balance sheet and by its list of highly regarded concerns with which the Girard company did business. He was even more impressed with Dr. F. Donald Coster, M.D., Ph.D. Coster was at his best as a charming, knowledgeable, intuitive, and efficient man of the world and man of affairs.

No two men could have been more different. Thompson, tall, thin, with a pince-nez balanced on the bridge of his long aquiline nose, had the reserved appearance of a scholar. Coster, his stocky figure boosted to 5 feet 8 inches by elevator shoes, his round face and owl-like eyes behind heavy horn-rimmed glasses, was the paunchy, aggressive factory executive. Despite the difference in their looks and their fundamental beings, the two men were quickly in rapport. F. Donald Coster, the complete charlatan, faced a vital challenge to his chameleonic talents, but he had an advantage over Thompson. After all, the Ivy League aesthete had come only to evaluate the assets and character of a businessman, and to judge him as a financial risk.

Julian F. Thompson had never in his life encountered anything like this hybrid who had all the hallmarks of a thoroughbred. This Princeton alumnus, scion of a fine family who had spent his life among the socially acceptable and economically sound, had never been deceived by a counterfeit. He had always been able to spot the most gifted society impostor trying to crash the stag line at a top-drawer debut, and he had never yet been duped by a business mountebank.

Dr. F. Donald Coster fooled him on all counts. Thompson was captivated by Coster's charm, lulled by his apparent erudition, and moved to admiration by his grasp of his own business. He was not, however, hypnotized by the Girard company's figures. After scanning the books and studying the balance sheet, he told Coster that while the growth rate of the new company was impressive, it was still too small for Wall Street.

Coster agreed that Thompson's evaluation might be true for the present, but he outlined future plans that sent his new friend back to Wall Street with copious notes and unlimited enthusiasm.

As a gesture of friendship and with an optimistic eye on the potential of Girard & Co., Thompson wrote a brilliant 17-page brochure promoting the possibilities of the new firm. The brochure was a tipoff to the fact that while the Princeton man's vocation was investment banking, his avocation was writing. He demonstrated his talent as a playwright a few years later with *The Warrior's Husband,* a Broadway hit that launched Katharine Hepburn on her way to stardom. Thompson little realized that his Girard & Co. brochure was the prologue to a real-life drama starring the spurious Dr. F. Donald Coster, with himself cast in a tragic supporting role.

Girard & Co. continued to expand, moved to Fairfield, Connecticut, and Coster needed more and more capital. In mid-1926 he approached a Bridgeport bank for a loan of $300,000. In less than a year and a half, Coster had won for himself a fervent clique of dewy-eyed sponsors and through them had acquired more than $400,000 of new capital.

For all the despicable, cold-blooded scheming with which the boy from Mulberry Bend had eliminated Ed Hubbard from Carol Hubbard's life, his attitude toward her was unbelievably sentimental—pure, 19th-century romanticism.

He did not rush in immediately to claim his prize the moment Carol had divorced Hubbard; that would have given away the game. There is every reason to believe that Carol was not a party to Costa-Coster's machinations and that she was entirely ignorant of his cruel double-dealing.

After the collapse of her marriage, Carol had withdrawn to Long Island where she lived in seclusion among friends of her family. She was appreciative of Coster's discreet attentions, of his great consideration. And if she was any more immune to the hypnotism of his great charm than were the money men of Wall Street and New England, she would have been a superwoman.

Impatient as he must have been, Dr. Coster would not gather his romantic ideal to his couch and to his heart of hearts until he had prepared an enchanted castle worthy of receiving his Princess Charming. He spent most of 1925 putting down roots in Fairfield County (and making sure they would come up in golden blooms). A few days before the end of the year, however —December 29, 1925, is the date on the deed—he purchased the home that would provide the appropriately lavish environment for his long-dreamed-of and long-deferred marriage to the one woman in his life. His purchase was a magnificent 18-room mansion at 400 Mill Plain Road in Fairfield. Coster spent months and a small fortune tearing the guts out of the villa, remodeling and redecorating.

When in his opinion, the Connecticut palace was fit to receive his bride, Coster finally married Carol Jenkins Hubbard, the girl of his dreams. The date was May 1, 1926; the place, the First Reformed Church of Jamaica, Long Island. The Reverend Robert K. Wicht officiated and the attendants were David L. Hardenbrooke, a Queens real estate man, and Agnes Krause, both friends of the bride.

Girard & Co. was a half-million-dollar leap forward from the shabby (though prosperous) beginnings at Adelphi Pharmaceutical, but it was still on the ragged fringes of the great American drug industry. Ever since he had chosen pharmaceuticals as the shortest road to riches, Coster had been eyeing another Brooklyn firm as his ideal of stature and dignity in the trade. The prestigious concern had been operating at 55 Berry Street, Brooklyn, under the name of McKesson & Robbins.

Early in the fall of 1926, Coster told his bankers that he could buy the old-line firm of McKesson & Robbins for $1,000,000. The enthusiastic response of his sponsors was another tribute to his peculiar genius. Completely seduced by his eloquent analysis of the tremendous potential of a merger with the venerable drug house, they leaped into action. A team of accountants checked McKesson & Robbins' books and assets. Two Connecticut investment banking firms—Bradley & Co. of New Haven and Fuller, Richter & Aldrich of Hartford—were invited to join the original underwriters. Supported by Price, Waterhouse audits and the inspired testimonial of Julian Thompson, the bankers easily sold $1,650,000 worth of stock in a new firm—McKesson & Robbins of Connecticut.

Three years after his rebirth as Dr. F. Donald Coster, the boy from Mulberry Bend sat down at his desk, favored with a wise, owlish glance the fatuous sycophants he had hoodwinked, and with a flourish signed a check for $1,000,000!

In October, 1927, Dr. F. Donald Coster organized McKesson & Robbins, Ltd., a Canadian corporation established for the purpose of trading in crude drugs outside the United States. The new corporation would be a totally owned subsidiary, and the same Connecticut financiers who had boosted Dr. Coster to his present heights would be directors in the Canadian firm. The business of buying and selling crude drugs in foreign markets, however, would be Coster's private preserve. How could it be otherwise? He had already demonstrated how the master hand could tame the overseas monopolists. His retentive mind had already been overactive in the homework of titles, terminology, and the geography of the crude drug trade.

Coster's eloquence, his apparent expertise on the sources and nature of crude drugs, and his "personal acquaintance" with nabobs in the exotic lands which furnished the nards, the balsams and the elixirs dazzled the Bridgeport bankers. They were enchanted by the strange chemistry of the mysterious East, by the herbs and flowers, by the oils and gums, the health-giving —and profit-producing—seeds and extracts. They had no idea what he was talking about when he spoke glibly of "balsam of Tolu, Borneo zenzoin, storax and styrene and cinnamic acid," but they trusted him implictly. Had he not already multiplied their original investments spectacularly? Would it not be short-sighted not to follow him in this new venture? As one of his backers remembered years later: "He had a way of inspiring awe as well as imagination. There was a strange aura of greatness about him."

At the end of 1927, Coster was able to show a profit of some $600,000 for McKesson & Robbins. This included "earnings" from the new crude-drug division. And, since Coster had learned that auditors may be gullible souls who deal with figures rather than concrete realities, the amount also included fat listings of accounts receivable and a large reported inventory. The profit statement was enthusiastically received by the investors, a result which was, after all, Coster's objective.

He was now ready to move ahead to the next stage.

Coster was riding his destiny hard. In four years he had pyramided a few thousand dollars into a $4,000,000 manufacturing concern with a century-old name. He had surrounded himself with backers and directors of impeccable social and economic standing, and he had been accepted as their equal. He had a wife whom he loved dearly, and her palace was the envy of many of his Connecticut neighbors who, a dozen years earlier, would certainly have considered themselves his betters. He had a million-dollar subsidiary in Canada, which was his private piggy bank. What was there now to keep him from his ultimate goal—Wall Street and the Big Board?

Coster telephoned Julian Thompson, asking him to come to Fairfield to listen to future plans.

Thompson came at once. With the dramatist's pride of authorship, he felt that F. Donald Coster was a little bit his creation. He had discovered the genius in the obscure Girard laboratories in Mount Vernon, New York, and he had shared vicariously in his protégé's successive triumphs. Now Coster was offering him real participation in what seemed certain to be a master stroke.

Two vital elements in the American economy favored Coster's latest and most ambitious plans. One was the irresistible witchery of the stock market for the American public. Coster was aware that Wall Street was a mirage, a shimmering orchard of golden apples just waiting to drop into the laps of the first comer. In 1927 every Main Street in the country was crowded with people clutching handfuls of money that they wanted to invest. The second factor was a crisis in the American drug industry.

Thompson listened carefully, entranced as usual. When he heard the details of Coster's impressive project, he nodded

and said with awe and respect: "At last you are big enough for Wall Street."

Coster's scheme was simple but breathtaking in scope. It was nothing less than a blueprint for a three-way merger of wholesalers, jobbers, and retailers in the drug trade.

Through wholly owned subsidiaries, the parent company, known as McKesson & Robbins of Maryland, manufactured its own drugs and household remedies as well as distributed a varied line of specialties made by other firms. Regional distributors soon joined, frightened by the growth of such giant chains as Liggett, Rexall, and Walgreen. The chains were crowding out the independent retailers on whom the regional firms depended, so the distributors welcomed the broader base from which they could compete. They were given local autonomy, plus the advantage of being able to supply their area customers with McKesson & Robbins drugs as well as the products of other member firms with centralized distribution.

Coster's first annual report to his stockholders, as of December 31, 1928, promised a strong cooperative relationship with the neighborhood druggists. He offered the retailers a plan for buying up to 100 shares of McKesson & Robbins stock on time payments.

The first annual report boasted of economies achieved by elimination of duplication. In one operation, six men were doing the work formerly done by 62, thus saving $250,000 a year. Centralizing manufacturing activities under one roof at Bridgeport, Coster pointed out, avoided "duplication of expense and effort of a very large group of chemists, pharmacists, superintendents and foremen. Buying, credit, sales, and other important departments are being rapidly consolidated. These economies . . . should be reflected in 1929 earnings."

The annual report did not mention the fact that the consolidation and reorganization of administrative functions would give him complete personal control over the vast finances of a huge corporation.

As McKesson & Robbins of Maryland gained amazing momentum, Coster moved Julian Thompson, whom he had hired as his holding-company treasurer, into the Connecticut orbit. Thompson, distinguished Princetonian, still-unfulfilled writer, esthete, and Diogenes of Wall Street, was given an office in the Fairfield executive suite and urged to pull up his New York roots and become a suburbanite. After all, his reputation for integrity, his social standing, his acknowledged intelligence, and particularly his great and admiring faith in F. Donald Coster, M.D., Ph.D., were all qualities Coster wanted to have within thumb range.

Julian Thompson, who had been impressed for years, jumped at the chance of moving to the suburbs and sitting at the right hand of the genius he had helped discover. After all, he had not only personally enticed the regional distributors into joining the monumental Maryland holding corporation, but he had upheld Coster against early opposition to the merger plans from Horace Merwin and other Bridgeport bankers. Merwin had thought the plan too ambitious and suggested a trial project involving only a few New England companies. Again Coster had been right.

Thompson's office was in the executive suite on the second floor of the McKesson & Robbins building in Fairfield. The plant was (and is) north of the Boston Post Road where Fairfield nudges the westerly fringes of Bridgeport. Coster's office was a large corner room flanked on one side by the directors room and on the other by George "Dietrich," born Musica who still bore the title of assistant treasurer. A file room staffed by three clerks separated Dietrich's office from that of his nominal superior, Treasurer Thompson, which was at the front of the administrative clerical staff area. Across the unpartitioned domain of the clerks and typists was the office of John H. McGloon, the company comptroller, and that of Lucretia Vanderbilt Cosmetics, a mail-order project for the sale of perfume and lipstick through coupon advertising in the women's magazines. Robert "Dietrich," head of the shipping department, looked after the dimes and quarters that rolled in from the coupon clippers.

George Dietrich was not only the Cerberus of the executive suite, guarding Coster from unwelcome visitors, but he was also the only person besides Coster who regularly handled the affairs of McKesson & Robbins, Ltd., of Canada. On the rare occasions that George had to be away, brother Robert would sit in for him, thus keeping the business of the Canadian subsidiary a family matter—and with reason. For the business of McKesson & Robbins, Ltd., of Canada, was strictly funny business.

The Canadian firm did millions of dollars' worth of trading in crude drugs throughout the world—according to the records. Actually, no crude drugs ever changed hands. In one of the most intricate, ingenious, and well-organized frauds of all time, correspondence poured into Fairfield reporting purchases and sales in all parts of the globe. The crude drugs were being stockpiled in Canadian warehouses pending a favorable market, Coster reported, and evidence to that effect was presented to the auditors on letterheads of such firms as P. Pierson & Co., B. Miller & Co., H. D. Becker & Co., A. H. Raymond & Co., H. Monroe & Co., C. H. Williams & Co., and D. C. Reynolds & Co. The "profits" were phenomenal in inventories and accounts receivable. With the complicity of his dummy purchasing agent, W. W. Smith & Co., and the fictitious Manning bank, it was a simple matter for Coster to siphon off whatever money he needed for his personal use.

The clearing house for all mail transactions of the Canadian subsidiary was George Dietrich's office. A great dovecote of a mail rack filled one corner of the room and George's day began with his standing in front of the pigeonholes, opening all letters addressed to the administrative offices before rerouting them to the individual addressees. Even mail addressed to his nominal superior, Treasurer Julian Thompson, was opened by George. Thompson frequently complained to Coster of this invasion of privacy, but Coster always laughed it off. Humor him, he told Thompson. George is an impassioned philatelist. For as long as I've known him he has been a stamp collector, and he cannot resist all these beautiful foreign postage stamps that come in from crude-drug dealers all over the world. Humor him. . . .

Outside of the four Musica brothers, no one was aware of the blueprint by which the imaginary crude-drug division was supported by four pillars. The first prop was the network of mail drops that constituted the offices and warehouses of the far-flung fictitious corporation. Second was the inventory control, sufficiently credible to satisfy the expert auditors of Price, Waterhouse. Third was the checkbook and cash in George Dietrich's uncontrolled possession. And fourth was the two-headed family chimera—W. W. Smith & Co., international trading agents, and Manning & Co., private bank and fiscal agent for McKesson & Robbins.

And so the money rolled in.

During the euphoric late 1920's, McKesson & Robbins, with Coster at the helm, literally flew before the brisk, gold-scented winds of Wall Street. But the madness in Wall Street came to an end on that terrible Tuesday, the blackest day in the history of the New York Stock Exchange. On October 29, some 63 days before the end of intoxicating 1929, Wall Street reaped the whirlwind which blew a $55,000,000,000 frosting off the American cake.

Faced with impending disaster, Coster used every maneuver his agile, devious mind could devise to keep McKesson & Robbins afloat. A newcomer to the Big Board, the firm was in a precarious position. Years later, George Dietrich testified that at the time of the crash Coster was worth $6,500,000 and that most of his private fortune went into supporting McKesson & Robbins stock during the critical days. He was able to induce some of his more venturesome colleagues to take a similar gamble.

As the successive shocks of the crash reverberated, McKesson & Robbins' superstructure trembled with the rest. Coster kept it from toppling by driving himself, his associates, and the entire personnel of the company at an unmerciful pace. His capacity for work amazed his tense, frightened colleagues, increasing their respect and admiration into a kind of traumatic awe.

With the complete and unquestioned control of the company in his own hands, Coster succeeded in slowly stabilizing its position. It was a false stability, of course, based on fictitious inventories in nonexistent warehouses in Canada, on bogus accounts receivable, and mythical expansions. However, as nobody dreamed that the Canadian subsidiary was purely a figment of Coster's imagination, the millions of dollars in Canadian assets on the McKesson & Robbins balance sheet did much to see the firm through the desperate last weeks of 1929.

When the firm squeaked through the first Depression years without disaster, McKesson & Robbins executives began to breathe more easily. Some of them resumed their efforts, interrupted by the crash, to persuade Coster to start manufacturing in Canada. It is unlikely that any of them at that time suspected that the Canadian subsidiary was nothing more than a giganic swindle.

While the imaginary profits of the Canadian subsidiary continued to swell the balance sheet of McKesson & Robbins, Inc. (Maryland), Coster underwent a violent phase of honest enterprise. As years later his admirers liked to point out with rare hindsight, he was a true business genius whose only fault was that he found too much integrity galling.

The election of Franklin D. Roosevelt to the presidency in 1932 brought no joy to the heart of Coster, a confirmed Republican, but it showed him the way the winds of opinion were blowing. Roosevelt had campaigned as an out-and-out foe of Prohibition, and when he moved into the White House, the end of the bloody and lucrative reign of the bootlegger was in plain sight. The rich traffic in illicit alcohol that had launched Coster on his way to wealth and power and had helped McKesson & Robbins through the critical years would soon be coming to an end. When that happened, Coster would be ready.

Early in 1933 he created a planning board that worked out the organizational details of McKesson Spirits, Inc., in anticipation of the repeal of the Eighteenth Amendment. Preliminary work was done in Coster's suite at the Roosevelt Hotel in New York City under his personal direction. Later he rented office space in the Lincoln Building at 60 East 42nd Street where a large staff worked feverishly to be ready to go the moment the sale of alcoholic beverages became legal.

When on December 5, 1933, Utah became the 36th state to ratify the Twenty-first Amendment (repealing the Eighteenth Amendment and nullifying the Volstead Act), McKesson & Robbins was in the liquor business legitimately.

Dr. F. Donald Coster hated Franklin D. Roosevelt and abhorred the New Deal with the combined violence and articulate fervor of a right-wing Republican, a corporation executive, and a Fairfield County millionaire. Whenever something displeased him in Washington, he wrote a special-delivery letter to the White House. When he went to the nation's capital on business, he spared no adjectives on New Deal underlings. But as well as a reactionary Republican, he was also a realist. While the Democrats were in power, it was not the Republicans who could help him when he needed political favors, which he frequently did.

Fortunately for McKesson & Robbins, the top men in the Department of Justice were Connecticut bigwigs: Attorney General Homer S. Cummings and his right-hand man, Assistant Attorney General Brien McMahon. And to avert the criticism that he by-passed the local sachems by going over their heads to the top brass, Coster made friends with one of the leading Democrats of the state, Archibald McNeil, a Democratic national committeeman.

In 1934, Coster achieved the *ne plus ultra* of status symbols: a seagoing yacht. He purchased the craft for $40,000 from John Hayes Hammond, American yachtsman and inventor, a colleague of the Nobel-prize-winning pioneer of wireless telegraphy, Guglielmo Marconi. Hammond had used the yacht as a floating laboratory for his experiments with radio-controlled planes, surface ships, and submarines, often with Marconi aboard. While it was not an old vessel (it had been built in the Kiel shipyards of the famous Krupp Steel Works), it had explored the Amazon and sailed around the world several times. Coster immediately rechristened the yacht *Carolita* in honor of his wife.

The *Carolita* was a refuge, an island to which Coster could retreat safe in the knowledge that the ghosts of his past could not follow him there. When he invited two or three couples, colleagues perhaps, or financiers, or useful politicians, he knew he could cruise the Sound, or the New England coast as far as Maine, or South with the robins in winter if the Gulf Stream beckoned, without fear of being confronted by the specters of Mulberry Bend, Elmira, or the Tombs. For all his arrogance, his cold-blooded aloofness, and his pseudo-Prussian authoritarianism, Dr. F. Donald Coster was a man afraid, desperately afraid.

Some of his associates—he had no friends—who were invited for dinner or a short cruise aboard the *Carolita*, have remarked on the sea change that used to come over Coster the moment he had given the order to cast off and could feel the deck throbbing to the pulse of the engines. The thin-lipped iciness seemed to melt. He would take a drink. He even laughed. And while he would order crew members to haul in the fish his guests had hooked, he would unbend, on occasion, to the extent of going into the galley to taste the spaghetti sauce his cook was whipping up. The fact that he would tolerate Italian food publicly was an indication of how secure he felt aboard his yacht. Nobody could walk out of his past, board the *Carolita*, and tap him on the shoulder without warning.

The streets of New York City were full of terror for him. When business forced him to travel to the city, he would always ride in the first car of the train, thus shortening his walk through the underground passages of Grand Central Station to the adjacent Hotel Roosevelt, where he always stayed. He ordered his meals sent to his suite to avoid appearing in a public dining room. On the rare occasions when he consented to lunch with his fellow executives, the others noted that on the way to and from the restaurant, Coster always walked a short distance apart from the group. Some of the men at first interpreted his actions as another sign of his snobbish aloofness, but later, as one of them recalled it, "we guessed that the great man was just absorbed in thought." None of them could have imagined how alone and frightened the great man felt on the city streets.

For all his caution, Coster could not entirely avoid his great enemy Philip Musica. One day he was hurrying through Grand Central Station to catch his train for Fairfield when he heard someone call out: "Hello there, Phil."

Francis X. Hobs, III, who had known Coster as Philip Musica right after his release from the Tombs in 1916, was surprised to see Coster hurry even faster, as though he had heard nothing. Hobs stepped up his own pace and put his hand on Coster's arm.

"Hello, Phil. How are you?"

Coster turned in apparent surprise. "Oh, hello, Hobs," he said coolly. Then, for no evident reason, he added, "I'm working for Henry Ford out in Detroit now," and dashed off for his train.

Hobs later remembered wondering why Coster had volunteered this odd bit of information in return for a casual greeting, but attached no special significance to it at the time.

While his every action showed that Coster was almost constantly afraid, there was little doubt that he actually thrived on fear. While he scurried through the underground passages of Grand Central Station like a hunted animal to avoid being recognized, there were times when he would respond to the adventurer's urge to go out of his way in courting danger.

The middle '30's were F. Donald Coster's golden years. His empire was strong and prosperous. McKesson & Robbins' 66 outposts reached into 35 states and Hawaii. The firm was nationally recognized as one of the three largest in the drug field. Its 1937 gross income from wholesale distribution of pharmaceuticals and liquor, together with the manufacture of drugs, cosmetics, and distilled liquors, totaled more than $174,000,000. Net profit passed the $3,500,000 mark, and inventories were valued at more than $44,000,000. Other assets gave the company a total net worth of some $88,000,000.

Of this strong and prosperous empire, Coster was cock of the walk, king of the hill, top dog. He was not only president; he was the company. His board of directors was a round table of puppets that moved only when he pulled the strings. Hard-headed financiers and big businessmen, they had been brought to heel by the impact of his driving ambition, the brilliance of his ideas, and, of course, the fat dividends on their investments. They had followed him blindly, happily, and obediently as he expanded his sprawling domain. They had no reason to be suspicious of the nonexistent fleets of the crude-drug division plying the oceans of the world with their nonexistent cargoes, as long as McKesson & Robbins, Ltd., the Canadian subsidiary, reflected fabulous profits on the books of the company.

Socially Coster had achieved all the status he was ready to acknowledge. He entertained senators, governors and bank presidents aboard his yacht. His wife's chows won cups and ribbons in the best dog shows. He was invited by P. Hal Sims to serve as honorary referee in Sims's famous 150-rubber bridge

match against Ely Culbertson at the Regency Club—a flattering gesture, for although Coster liked to play bridge, his colleagues did not accept his self-appraisal as an expert; in fact, they regarded him as a duffer.

One of the most satisfying moments of his career came in 1937 when he received, okayed, and returned the proofs of the biographical sketch that was to appear in Volume XX, the 1938-39 edition of *Who's Who in America*. His reaction must have been a glowing one such as every fiction writer feels when he sees his work in type for the first time.

Business was too good. When men who have shared a storm-tossed adventure find themselves in the calm waters of an apparently safe harbor, they become bored. To Coster, with his burden of guilty secrets and his fear of exposure, the smooth sailing was only an illusion, and he grew more and more arrogant, growling and snapping at such trusted associates as Julian Thompson. Even the polished Thompson himself became restive.

Checking over his reports in early 1937, Thompson seriously pondered the isolated position of McKesson & Robbins, Ltd., the Canadian subsidiary. Year after year the thriving, worldwide trade in crude drugs showed the best margin of profit of any division of the organization. But Thompson was disturbed by the practice of the Canadian firm of pumping all profits back into the crude-drug trade. The resultant stockpiling of huge inventories made no sense to Thompson. The most recent figures from Canada showed that warehoused goods and accounts receivable had reached the impressive total of $18,000,000.

Thompson felt that part of the profits should be funneled back into the treasury of the parent company to reduce the oustanding debts. He broached the subject to Coster. His recommendation was brusquely rejected by the president.

Realizing the futility of pursuing the issue with Coster, Thompson discussed it with some of his fellow directors. They agreed that it was advisable to reduce the crude-drug division's inventory, but how? They were reluctant to attack the problem head on. To avoid the appearance of *lèse majesté*, they decided to approach the problem obliquely. At the next board meeting, therefore, instead of cracking down on the Canadian subsidiary alone, they voted to reduce the inventories of all divisions of the company by $4,000,000, and use the savings to reduce the firm's long-term bank obligations. The crude-drug division's share of the inventory cutting was $1,000,000.

Coster was not pleased by the majority decision but apparently accepted it with good grace.

During the summer of 1937, while Coster was on one of his rare visits to the 44th Street offices in New York, Thompson told him that he was planning to take his family to Poland Springs, Maine, for a vacation.

"While I'm that close to the Canadian border," the treasurer added, "I'd like to visit the Montreal warehouses. No one ever seems to go there and I think someone should."

"Excellent idea," Coster agreed.

No sooner had Thompson reached Poland Springs than he received a telegram from Coster ordering him to report immediately to the Fairfield offices. Leaving his family in Maine, Thompson rushed back to Connecticut, only to be kept cooling his heels for most of the day. When Coster finally received him, he requested him to stay overnight for a conference on financial statements next morning.

When Thompson was finally allowed to return to Poland Springs, he had hardly had time to relax on the broad verandas of the sprawling old 19th-century resort when he received another emergency call from Coster asking him to return to Fairfield. Once again he was engaged in a lengthy discussion of the firm's affairs. Thereafter, at intervals of four or five days, Thompson was repeatedly summoned to Fairfield, so that when his vacation ended he had still been unable to visit Canada.

On his return to the New York offices, furious at Coster for interrupting his vacation so often, Thompson reviewed the "emergency" discussions to which he had been called and could find none of them sufficiently important to justify Coster's urgency. With reluctance he finally concluded that the only possible reason for the repeated summons to Fairfield must have been to keep him from visiting Montreal. For the first time in 13 years Thompson's solid confidence in Coster began to waver. He had better stop asking questions and start digging out answers.

His first shock came when he discovered that Coster had ignored the vote of the board of directors in the matter of Canadian inventories. Instead of reducing the stock of crude drugs in Montreal warehouses as the board had directed, Coster had increased it by another million dollars. Next, checking through the books, Thompson could find no record of insurance on the multimillion-dollar Canadian inventory. Alarmed by this unorthodox omission, Thompson went to Coster, expecting to be told that the matter was a mistake or an oversight.

Coster blandly explained: "Why, they are insured by W. W. Smith & Co. The Smith people guarantee the accounts, and handle all of the business, including the insurance."

When Thompson questioned the wisdom of such an arrangement, Coster blew up.

"How can you criticize the fine record of the crude-drug division?" he shouted. "Much of the credit for our profitable operation in Canada is due to the Smith firm."

In view of the long and successful association of McKesson & Robbins with W. W. Smith, Thompson had no suspicions about the firm at this time. But he was growing more and more puzzled by the mystery with which Coster surrounded the Canadian operation. Why were only George Dietrich and, to a lesser extent, Robert, trusted to share with Coster the secrets of McKesson & Robbins, Ltd.? Why, in fact, were there secrets? Was there anything to hide? As treasurer of McKesson & Robbins, Inc. (Maryland), the parent company, Thompson had previously accepted the reports of the Canadian division as gospel, just as he accepted the figures of the other divisions as normal routine. Coster's strange behavior during his Maine vacation, however, and the curious practice of leaving the insurance of millions of dollars' worth of crude-drug stocks in the hands of a broker, even though it was the reliable W. W. Smith, sent Thompson back to the books for a second look.

He discussed the matter with John McGloon, the comptroller, who confessed that he, too, had been disturbed about the unorthodox situation in the crude-drug division. McGloon said he had questioned Coster about the Canadian firm several months earlier and had been assured that everything was in order. The practice of plowing profits back into inventory, Coster explained, had been adopted because the primary goal of the division was still growth. When McGloon persisted in his questioning, Coster lost his temper and told him that his business was to run the comptroller's office, not to worry about matters of high policy.

McGloon turned over his records to the treasurer for a few days, but Thompson got nothing from them but an increasingly uneasy feeling that something was wrong.

Coster's private intelligence network quickly brought him the news that Thompson and McGloon had been in conference. He summoned the comptroller to his office and cross-examined him at length about his business with the treasurer. He rejected McGloon's explanation that his conversations with Thompson were perfectly normal exchanges of business information such as they had been having for years as officials of the firm.

Coster got up and began to pace the floor.

"You may as well tell the truth," he said. "I know all about the plot."

"What plot?" McGloon's surprise was genuine.

"The plot to get my job." Coster's voice rose in anger. "There's a conspiracy, and Thompson is the ringleader. He wants to be president of McKesson & Robbins himself. He's been poking his nose into everything around here, giving the impression that he's conducting a secret investigation that will show me up as a bad president."

"I know of no secret investigation," McGloon said, "or of any conspiracy to get you out of the presidency and Thompson in."

Coster sat down again and glared at the comptroller. Then he banged his desk, warned McGloon not to get involved in any funny business, and dismissed him.

When McGloon reported the scene to Thompson, the treasurer decided to take a leaf from Coster's own book. His investigation had not been secret until then, but it would be in the future. And just as devious as Coster's actions seemed to be. He had no suspicion of dishonesty, for he could not believe that Coster would jeopardize his strong position in busi-

ness by any chicanery. Basically he was disturbed by Coster's arrogant assumption of dictatorial power and by his evasiveness about the Canadian division, but he was also beginning to have some doubts about the president's genius and the infallibility of his judgment.

Early in 1938 Thompson made a startling discovery in the books of McKesson & Robbins of Connecticut, also Coster's personal fief. He found that W. W. Smith's annual fee of $18,000 and its commission of ¾ of 1 percent were both being paid out of the treasury of the Fairfield subsidiary and not out of the profits of the crude-drug trade, which would be standard procedure. These payments amounted to more than $150,000 for 1937 alone. Coming on top of the peculiar insurance arrangement, the fact that the expenses of the Canadian operation were being paid by the Connecticut division made Thompson more determined than ever to get to the bottom of the relationship between Smith and McKesson & Robbins.

Thompson recalled that the company files contained reports on the Smith company by Dun & Bradstreet, the noted business-rating bureau. He saw the reports each year as part of his treasurer's routine, and they had produced a subliminal confidence in a firm about which he personally knew nothing. In view of the efficiency of Coster's espionage system, he was reluctant to ask for the latest report at this time. He wanted to have more than suspicions to go on before he discussed W. W. Smith with Coster.

Needing a trustworthy outsider, Thompson called on Maitland Dwight, a New York attorney who had been his classmate at Princeton. He asked Dwight to request information on the Smith firm from Dun & Bradstreet.

Thompson was flabbergasted by the news Dwight brought back: Dun & Bradstreet had no record of ever furnishing McKesson & Robbins with a report on W. W. Smith & Co.

Obviously the operation of this strange company, charged with the responsibility for the multimillion-dollar crude-drug trade of McKesson & Robbins, would have to be systematically checked.

Thompson confided his plans to no one except his private secretary, Doris McNeil. Miss McNeil was an idealistic, intelligent youngster just out of Syracuse University. He knew he could count on her discretion, for she regarded Coster with the utmost disdain. She particularly resented Coster's frequent vituperative attacks on her boss. Once, when Coster had stormed out of Thompson's office after a violent tirade, she exclaimed with some vehemence: "How can you stand such uncouth talk from that stupid oaf?"

"Now, now, Doris"—Thompson had chided her, with a small smile—"you can't call him stupid. He has two degrees from Heidelberg."

"I don't believe it"—Miss McNeil sniffed—"I don't believe that man ever saw the inside of a college."

Thompson's first step was to go to Price, Waterhouse & Co., the auditors who had been handling the McKesson & Robbins account ever since Coster took over. Had he just thought he had seen annual Dun & Bradstreet reports on W. W. Smith, or did such reports actually exist? They did indeed, the auditors replied. George Dietrich sent them over each year. Price, Waterhouse gave Thompson photostat copies of the last two reports, the latest dated February, 1937. They seemed to be the same as the reports Thompson remembered having seen in the McKesson & Robbins file, indicating that W. W. Smith & Co. was three-quarters of a century old, had branches around the world, owned a fleet of ships, and had a net worth of some $7,500,000.

Armed with the photostats, Thompson went to Dun & Bradstreet headquarters, at which he was told the same thing that Maitland Dwight had learned: Dun & Bradstreet in New York had never been asked for a report on W. W. Smith & Co. Neither had its Bridgeport or Montreal offices. The originals of the photostats must be forgeries—good forgeries, but obviously forgeries. Dun & Bradstreet officials pointed out minor discrepancies. The originals must have been devised from old Bradstreet reports, made up before R. G. Dun joined the firm. The style differed slightly from that used by the rating organization during the years allegedly covered by the Smith reports.

Coster had been pressing Thompson to support him in a $3,000,000 bond issue he was anxious to float, so he was not surprised when the treasurer called on him at his Fairfield home on Sunday morning, November 27. After discussing the bond issue at length, Thompson veered to the subject of the crude-drug operation. He expressed serious doubts about the reliability of W. W. Smith & Co. and asked specific questions that had arisen from his investigation. Coster brushed Thompson's queries aside, declaring that the whole arrangement was quite simple; he could clear it up in an hour.

"I'll be in New York tomorrow," he said. "Have lunch with me."

As the two men sat alone together in the Longchamps restaurant at the corner of 42nd Street and Lexington Avenue, Thompson again demanded clarification of the firm's relationship with W. W. Smith.

"You're a persistent devil, aren't you," said Coster with an amused smile.

The smile vanished when Thompson accused him bluntly of concealing important facts about the business.

His face flushed with anger, Coster declared: "You're part of that damned conspiracy! You're all out to get my job! I'm sick and tired of your sly insinuations, of your trying to discredit me with your malicious rumors. Put up or shut up, Thompson. If you think there's something wrong, prove it. You can't!"

"I want to know more about W. W. Smith & Company."

Suddenly Coster hit the nerve center of the treasurer's doubts. He asked point-blank: "Do you actually believe, Thompson, that there are no assets in our crude-drug division?"

Taken somewhat aback by the directness of the question, Thompson replied: "You're too smart not to have assets, but I've got to know what they are and where they are. And I want to know why you are stalling me."

"I was stalling you yesterday." Coster's smile was not entirely successful. "I wanted to smoke you out. There's obviously a conspiracy in the New York office."

"There's a conspiracy, all right," Thompson said, "but it's your assistant treasurer, George Dietrich, who's the conspirator. George won't give me a straight answer. If you can get him to open up the records of the Canadian subsidiary, it would help immensely."

"Our Canadian position is entirely healthy," said Coster. He looked at his watch. "I'm late for an appointment now, but I'll get together the records and documents in the next day or so to prove to you that the operation is solvent."

The two men shook hands, but there was no warmth in their parting. The old relationship had been poisoned forever.

Julian Thompson did not sleep that night. He hoped against hope that George Dietrich would turn out to be the villain of the piece. His long admiration of Coster would not let him doubt the man's honesty. Coster was in a way his own creation. And yet, as he tossed and turned on his pillow, he could not get rid of the fear that he had created a Frankenstein monster.

Early next morning he telephoned the Fairfield office and was told that the president was in bed with tonsilitis. Since the showdown was postponed another day, Thompson put on his hat and coat and left for Brooklyn. The phone book listed the address of W. W. Smith & Co., as 1 Hanson Place.

He was reassured to find that the building housed a branch of the Chase National Bank. Both the Smith firm and Manning & Co. were listed on the lobby directory. Lettered on the door of the office was the name "George Vernard" with the two firms in smaller letters below.

When he entered the two-room suite, he hardly noticed the tiny, 4-feet-7 receptionist who greeted him. Eleanor Lochner, as Vernard's secretary for five years, could have told Thompson a great deal more than he was going to get from Vernard. She could have told him that the business of the Smith and Manning companies was no longer being done in that office; that it had been moved to Stamford, Connecticut, because George Vernard drank on the job and was too often too squiffed to be trusted. She could have told him that her boss telephoned George Dietrich in Fairfield almost every day and that they spoke in Italian. The marks on her fingers, she might have explained, were from the blue sealing wax she had to affix to all letters leaving the office addressed to George Dietrich. Finally, she might have told Thompson that George Vernard's real name was Arthur Musica. This she had learned from a petition for separate maintenance filed by his wife, in which it was alleged that her husband ran fictitious companies.

As a postscript, Miss Lochner might have added that her major chore was to make a daily purchase of oysters, raw onions, and lemons—the components of Vernard's favorite hangover remedy.

Ushered into George Vernard's inner office, Thompson got only evasive answers, and the strong effluvia of alcohol wafted across the desk. Vernard was only the New York agent for the Smith and Manning firms. All information must come from the Montreal office.

As soon as Thompson left, Vernard picked up the phone to report the visit to George Dietrich in Fairfield.

Dietrich immediately hurried to 400 Mill Plain Road to bring the bad news to Coster's bedside—and Coster panicked for the first time. The fear that had been haunting him was on his heels; the nightmare was coming true. The ghost of Philip Musica was at the door.

After another sleepless night, Julian Thompson telephoned Fairfield again and was told that Coster was still bedridden. Resolved that the showdown should not be postponed a day longer, he took the train for Fairfield and went directly to Mill Plain Road. Coster's throat infection was genuine enough —he could scarcely speak—but Thompson showed him no pity. Without preliminaries, he handed the president the photostats of the so-called Dun & Bradstreet reports on W. W. Smith & Co.

"The Dun & Bradstreet people say these are forgeries," he declared.

Coster sat up in bed. The color drained from his face.

"There must be something wrong here," he said. "Why, W. W. Smith is an old firm. It's everything this report says it is. There must be something wrong at Dun & Bradstreet."

Silently, Thompson shook his head.

"Thompson," Coster blurted, "just what is it you want?"

"I want to be satisfied about this thing here and now," the treasurer replied. "I want straight answers. I want to know who Manning & Company are. I want to talk to someone from Manning who can tell me about the routine of payments. I want the privilege of going into our Canadian warehouses and checking the inventories."

"The inventories are there all right," Coster said. "I can assure you that the affairs of our crude-drug division are in perfect order. Why don't you write out a list of questions—?"

"I insist on being allowed to see for myself," Thompson interrupted.

Coster glared at the man whose admiration and backing had been his passport to respectability and fortune, the man who was now his enemy.

"If you refuse to take my word," he croaked, "you are calling me a liar. That's enough. I demand your resignation as treasurer . . . immediately . . . before you leave this house."

"I have no intention of resigning, Mr. Coster," Thompson said, "until I find out whether or not this company I've helped to build is being run on the level."

Coster sank back on his pillows and shook a warning finger at his treasurer.

"If you do anything to wreck the credit of McKesson & Robbins, Thompson, you'll regret it. If you don't stop this nonsense, I'll throw the company into receivership and wipe out the common stockholders."

Thompson gasped. Was Coster losing his mind? He himself held about 10 percent of the common stock—some 105,000 shares—and virtually no preferred.

"You're the one who'd suffer the most, Mr. Coster," he said. "You're the largest common stockholder."

"Get out of here," said Coster.

That did it. Although Thompson gave himself the rest of the week to think it over, he knew there was only one answer. He had taken a viper to his bosom and he must tear it out.

On Monday, December 5, 1938, Thompson called Coster in Fairfield and told him that he was bringing the results of his investigation to the attention of the McKesson & Robbins executive committee at the earliest possible moment.

Coster croaked a hoarse acknowledgment and hung up.

While Julian Thompson was telephoning from New York, a time bomb Coster had set ticking the previous week exploded more than a hundred miles away in Hartford, Connecticut. A stockholder named Vincent W. Dennis filed an equity receivership action against McKesson & Robbins.

Federal Judge Edwin S. Thomas immediately appointed two receivers: Mayor Thomas J. Spellacy of Hartford, and Attorney Abraham S. Weisman of New Haven. Late that Monday afternoon Weisman left for Fairfield, where he had the combinations changed on the McKesson & Robbins safes and vault. He did not know that George Dietrich, on Coster's orders, had already removed many incriminating records.

It was a busy Tuesday for all hands. The New York office of the Securities and Exchange Commission began a complete investigation of McKesson & Robbins. The temporary receivers in Hartford issued a public announcement emphasizing that the receivership in no way reflected on the solvency of the corporation.

Meanwhile, Julian Thompson had organized a counterattack against Coster's guerrilla tactics. Two days later (December 8), as soon as Frederic Wingersky, head of McKesson & Robbins' legal department, questioned the legality of the appointment of the receivers in Hartford, Thompson and his truth-seeking colleagues filed a petition in federal court in New York for reorganization.

Federal Judge Alfred C. Coxe in New York granted the petition and appointed William J. Wardall trustee and Charles F. Michaels assistant trustee. As the reorganization proceedings took precedence, Mayor Spellacy in Hartford then requested dissolution of the temporary receivership there. Judge Thomas granted the request, thus destroying Coster's plan to use the receivership as a screen to cloak his desperate search for loopholes.

As the McKesson & Robbins scandal continued to make front-page headlines from coast to coast, an army of investigators rushed to get into the act. Ambitious young prosecutors and detectives representing eight federal, state, and local agencies raced each other knee-deep in the rising tide of printer's ink. Uncle Sam was involved in six of the probes, New York state in one and New York City in another. The inquiries were produced and projected with all of the fanfare and press pageantry of the opening of the highly competitive Broadway season.

Investigator Joseph Ruggieri reported from Canada to New York Attorney General John J. Bennett that A. H. Raymond & Co., one of the putative Canadian warehouses, was only one room in the pretentious Dominion Square office building in Montreal. Staffed by a public stenographer named Mrs. Bessie Waldon, it was merely a mailing address. Mrs. Waldon said she had been hired five years earlier by two men she had never seen before and was paid $6 a week. Her services consisted of receiving one or two letters a month and forwarding them to A. H. Raymond & Co. at 1 Hanson Place, Brooklyn, N. Y.

Ruggieri also discovered that E. E. Pierson & Co., another "warehouse," was also just a mailing address—a desk in a typewriter sales office manned by one Everett Smith. Smith's salary was $7.50 a month and was paid, as was Mrs. Waldon's, by Violet Quesnot, who was in charge of the two-room Manning & Co. office at 1396 St. Catherine Street.

Miss Quesnot was also charged with setting up and staffing the mail drops that were the blinds for warehouse addresses. Since it was difficult to keep people interested in the dull routine of remailing letters, particularly at such low pay, she had a rather high turnover, and finding replacements was her most difficult job.

Miss Quesnot was also in charge of the W. W. Smith & Co. office, located a short distance away in the Medico-Dental Building at 1405 Bishop Street. She staffed this office with a teen-age girl named Betty Whyte who got $7 a week. Miss Whyte's most exacting duty was sitting in for Miss Quesnot during lunch hour.

After hearing Miss Quesnot's story, Ruggieri asked the Royal Canadian Police to check the addresses of the supposed warehouse in Toronto and Ottawa. These, too, were found to be nothing more than mail drops. There were no warehouses, no multimillion-dollar inventories of crude drugs shipped from the far corners of the earth. Just as Julian Thompson had feared, McKesson & Robbins, Ltd., was nothing more than a "hollow shell." And Julian Thompson's discovery and protégé, the genius from Heidelberg who knew more about the drug markets of the world than any other living being, was nothing more than a grandiose mountebank.

The next step was automatic. The board of directors of McKesson & Robbins met in special session at the New York offices on December 12 and passed a resolution calling for the resignation of F. Donald Coster as president and George Dietrich as assistant treasurer. The two men were also asked to resign as directors.

Julian Thompson, sick at heart, insisted that the board meet again a week later—to take further action in case the resignations were not forthcoming.

When the directors asked Coster to resign as president of McKesson & Robbins, they were unwittingly asking him to sign the death warrant of the character he had created with such care over the years. F. Donald Coster and the president of McKesson & Robbins were one character. Separate them and, like Siamese twins, one or both would die. He could not possibly have resigned.

He did not resign. Instead, he retained Samuel Reich, an outstanding Connecticut lawyer, as his counsel.

It was high time. On December 13, Hector Dowd, agent for the Securities and Exchange Commission, asked for the arrest of F. Donald Coster, George Dietrich, and George Vernard on charges of filing false information with the commission. United States Commissioner Garrett W. Cotter issued the warrant. But the magic of F. Donald Coster, the industrial titan, was still strong medicine. He was not forced to come to the law; the law would come to him. He was still ill at home. It was no longer a matter of mere laryngitis. He was under the care of a Bridgeport psychiatrist, Dr. Daniel P. Griffin, so he was excused from coming to New York to be arrested. Instead, he would submit to arrest in Fairfield. It was further agreed that George Dietrich would also submit to arrest in the Coster home.

The federal officials came to Mill Plain Road in Fairfield on Wednesday morning, December 14. They were preceded by Samuel Reich, Coster's attorney, who arrived at exactly 9 o'clock. A few minutes later Assistant U.S. District Attorney Irving R. Kaufman arrived from New York, followed at 9:30 by U.S. Commissioner Robert M. Alcorn, U.S. Attorney Arthur T. Gorman, and U.S. Marshals Bernard Fitch and Stephen Lopresti. Sometime during the interim George Dietrich had entered the house alone by a back door. They assembled in the library.

At exactly 9:32 a.m., F. Donald Coster made his dramatic entrance. For the first time the great bright star of Bridgeport's industry was on stage before such an audience. In addition to the principals, 20 reporters and photographers crowded into the library. I was one of them, covering the story for the Bridgeport *Sunday Herald*. As a local reporter there was something eerie about the scene to me. I was struck by the recollection of the years when this man's privacy was so sacrosanct that he was able to refuse interviews, drive photographers away, and scorn the wrath of the editors. After all, he had served on boards of directors with the publishers, who bowed like the rest to his whims and arrogance. Now he was being treated like a common criminal, completely vulnerable to the public spotlight. The tragedy and drama of the moment were evident in the stricken, blind look that glazed his eyes. He seemed unaware of the spectators to his disgrace. Dressed in a brown bathrobe over a white shirt with black tie and black trousers, he stood hesitantly in the doorway leaning on the arm of Dr. Griffin, his psychiatrist. After a brief pause, Dr. Griffin dropped his arm and with a soft pat on the shoulder sent Coster into the room.

The library was a sunny corner room with large windows, and was lined with bookcases. There were many pictures both on the walls and in profusion on small tables. A large portrait photograph of Theodore Roosevelt dominated one wall, and a painting of the *Carolita* steaming through heavy seas hung on another. A framed photograph of Mrs. Coster stood on one table next to a framed motto which read: "When you get into a tight place and everything goes against you till it seems as if you couldn't hold on a minute longer, never give up then, for that is just the place and time the tide will turn. —Harriet Beecher Stowe." Many of the smaller photographs were of familiar American and foreign statesmen. There were also several family groups, some of them Orientals.

Coster stalked past George Dietrich who, with a dazed look on his face, sat in a straight-back chair. He gave his brother not the slightest glance as he slumped into a padded leather chair directly under the portrait of Theodore Roosevelt. His elbow rested on the top of his desk, and he cupped his chin in one hand during most of the procedure. He was obviously under great strain and just as obviously determined not to show it.

As Commissioner Alcorn opened the hearing, Coster's attorney, Samuel Reich, arose to declare that his clients would waive reading of the warrants. U.S. Marshal Fitch then took the warrants and turned to Dietrich, saying: "You are under arrest."

George Dietrich remained as silently motionless as a statue.

Fitch then turned to Coster, who still sat with his chin in his hand. "Mr. Coster," he said, "you are now formally under arrest."

Coster, too, sat as if in a trance. His only reaction to the statement was to raise his heavy-rimmed glasses and pass his hand over his eyes.

Commissioner Alcorn set bond at $5,000 each. Reich asked that his clients be released in his custody until bail could be supplied by a bonding company later that day.

Kaufman agreed. He also waived the question of removal from the state when Reich, speaking for his clients, agreed that they would appear in the federal court for the Southern District of New York whenever summoned to answer charges of violating Section 32 of the Securities Act of 1934: filing false financial information with the Securities and Exchange Commission. The offense was punishable by up to two years in prison or a $10,000 fine or both.

The entire proceedings took only 14 minutes. A bond application was handed to Dietrich, who signed automatically, hardly glancing at the papers. Coster read his through slowly before affixing his signature with a pen borrowed from a newsman. There was a brief moment of silence, broken by an announcement by Attorney Reich that the business was concluded.

"No, no, that's not all," broke in Marshal Lopresti, nervously patting his fingerprinting equipment. Kaufman then turned to Reich and told him his clients would have to be fingerprinted.

Coster was obviously upset. He spoke in an undertone to his attorney, and Reich, after speaking to Kaufman, then led Coster and Dietrich into another room for a conference that lasted several minutes before the lawyer summoned the federal officers, and Lopresti proceeded to fingerprint the accused out of sight of reporters and photographers.

While his inky fingers were being rolled one by one against the card, Coster said irritably, "This is pesty."

When Lopresti had completed his chore and Coster and Dietrich had washed the ink from their hands, the entire party returned to the library. Pictures were taken, after an agreement with Reich that the press would leave the premises immediately afterward. Coster, Dietrich, and their attorney posed until Reich, noting that the tension was mounting in his clients, called a halt.

Shortly before midnight on December 15, Inspector James J. Donovan of the New York City police department's bureau of criminal identification summoned the press to Centre Street. He told newsmen that Dr. F. Donald Coster, the financial wizard and president of the vast McKesson & Robbins pharmaceutical empire, and Philip Musica, the twice-guilty swindler from Mulberry Bend, were one and the same person.

While Donovan was giving the story to the press, Coster was seated in his library in Fairfield with Samuel and Philip Reich, his attorneys. Since 9 o'clock that evening the lawyers had been listening while Coster proudly led them back over the parade route of his past. He gloried in the development of McKesson & Robbins under his presidency. His main theme was the depth of his dedication to the company.

"This has been my life," he said. "If they take it from me, they take my life. I don't care about the money. I never did. I wanted only to create a great company and see it grow into a greater one. Without my planning, my work and my sacrifices, it would never have survived the Depression. I had to do many things to save it, particularly when it was losing money. I had to make it show a profit. Now it is strong, and it will continue to be one of the strongest organizations in the world."

It was 1 o'clock in the morning of Friday, December 16, when the Reich brothers took their leave of Coster. In New York City the newspapers were grinding out the story of his amazing masquerade for a million breakfast tables, and the wire services were telling it to millions more from coast to coast. In his study in Fairfield, Coster pulled paper from a drawer in his desk and sat down to write his own version of the McKesson & Robbins story.

As he wrote, the family pattern once again emerged. Once again, as he had when the cheese fraud and the hair swindle had collapsed, he took full responsibility upon himself, absolving his brothers, his wife, and his brothers-in-law from any wrongdoing. As for himself, he had done nothing for personal gain or aggrandizement. His every act had been one of devotion to the company.

The night was close to an end when he wrote his final line, sealed the message in an envelope addressed to Samuel Reich, and went upstairs for a few hours of troubled sleep.

After Wednesday, when the federal officers had come to arrest and fingerprint her husband, Carol Coster was on the verge of a nervous collapse. She was frantic about what Coster might do, and with reason. George Dietrich had told her that Coster had said he would kill himself if he lost the company.

Secretly she searched the house for firearms. She found three revolvers. She put each in a separate bag and enclosed the lot in a zipper bag that she furtively gave to Willy Richartz, the butler, with whispered instructions to give them to William Williamson, the gardener, to hide. Williamson took the guns to his apartment over the garage and hid them on a shelf in his closet.

During the day Mrs. Coster managed a word with the gardener while she was looking after her dogs. "Get rid of those guns," she said. "He knows they're gone and he's been looking all over for them."

Williamson hid one gun in the tool shed and put the other two in flowerpots on the shelf under the stairs leading to his apartment. Shortly thereafter he saw Coster enter the garage and start rummaging through the cars and in the tool kits. He took off immediately on an imaginary errand. Knowing Coster's hypnotic power, he was afraid he would not be able to lie convincingly if his employer asked him where the guns were.

When he returned, the gardener found that the revolvers under the stairs were gone. He reported the loss to Mrs. Coster, who then instructed the butler to get rid of all the bullets he could find in the house. From then on, she vowed that her husband would never be left alone if she could help it.

The next day, Thursday, was the butler's day off, so she brought Williamson into the house as his substitute. The gardener was not very good at buttling, but he could keep a watchful eye on Coster. Williamson remembered overhearing Mrs. Coster pleading with her husband to give up the revolvers.

"Please, Daddy. Please give them to me. I'm so frightened."

"Don't be silly, Carol darling. You don't think I'd be foolish enough to use them on myself, do you?"

"Then why don't you give them to me?"

"Because I need them." Coster's voice rose in anger. "If that two-faced Thompson ever has the nerve to come back here, I want to be armed when I meet him."

"Oh, Daddy, please. That would only make matters worse. Please be calm. Please don't do anything rash. Promise."

"I promise."

"Then give me the guns. Please."

Coster bristled. "I've promised, haven't I? Isn't my word enough?" And he stalked away.

The next morning, Friday, December 16, the morning after his nocturnal session with the Reich brothers and his committing to paper of his own version of the McKesson & Robbins story, Coster awoke at 7:30 a.m. The cold light of a December morning filtered through his window as he slipped into his bathrobe. In the pocket of the bathrobe was one of the revolvers he had retrieved from the garage. As he came downstairs for breakfast, he was followed closely by Leonard Jenkins, one of Mrs. Coster's brothers, who had been assigned to guard duty for that day.

Coster breakfasted on orange juice and coffee, refusing anything else with a wordless shake of his head. Jenkins sat across from him, eating his own copious breakfast, occasionally trying to interest Coster in food. No cereal? No toast? No eggs? No bacon? Coster rejected them all with another silent headshake. For an hour he sat there without speaking, lost in the enormous silence of his mind. Then, with a suddenness that startled Jenkins, he slapped his hand on the table and asked for a highball.

When Jenkins brought him the drink, Coster drained half of it in one long swallow, and got up from the table. Carrying his glass, from which he took occasional sips, he began to wander through the downstairs rooms of the villa on Mill Plain Road. He paused occasionally to touch a chair or a table, looking about him with a bemused expression. Once he stopped for a long admiring look at the portrait of Theodore Roosevelt, probably remembering the day, hardly a year past, when he had been asked to run for the Republican nomination for President of the United States.

"Another drink, Leonard."

Jenkins complied nervously. He knew that Coster rarely took more than one or two drinks—never before the sun was over the yardarm—and here he was on his second at 10 o'clock in the morning.

Upstairs, Mrs. Coster was still asleep. She had been awake most of the night, listening for small noises, worrying about her husband, crying silently in the darkness. She had finally succumbed to exhaustion. Coster looked in on her several times, moving carefully to avoid waking her. Each time he found her in a deep sleep.

"Another highball, Leonard."

Despite his libations, Coster walked and talked with complete coordination. He examined the V.I.P. photos of which he was so proud and made comments Jenkins did not understand. He fed the tropical fish. He told Jenkins how he had broken the quinine trust in Java and Holland and the iodine trust in Chile—stories Jenkins had heard many times before.

At about 10 minutes before noon the telephone shattered the oppressive quiet of the house like an alarm bell. Coster started, then picked up the phone. The call was from George Dietrich's house. George had been taken into federal custody and the federal officers were now on their way to pick up Coster.

The president of McKesson & Robbins—he had still not resigned and the executive committee would not act on his failure to resign until the following Monday—gently replaced the instrument in its cradle. He stood up.

"Another highball, Leonard," he said.

Again he revisited briefly the glories of 400 Mill Plain Road, a house which his neighbors regarded as just another plush suburban villa but which to Coster had been a palace. Highball in hand, he started up the stairs.

Jenkins followed, halted on the landing when he saw his brother-in-law go into the bathroom and close the door, then went back downstairs. A few minutes later he remembered his assignment and retraced his steps.

"Are you all right?" he asked at the bathroom door.

"Yes, I'm all right," Coster replied. "I'll be out in a few minutes."

Reassured, Jenkins went downstairs again.

From the bathroom window, Coster could see a crowd of men in his driveway. As he watched, two cars drove up. The first one stopped in front of the house and George Dietrich stepped out, followed by United States Attorney Arthur Gorman and United States Marshals Fitch and Lopresti. Attorney Philip Reich was alone in the second car. At the end of the driveway Coster's favorite pet, a massively handsome Saint Bernard chained to his doghouse, barked wildly as the men approached the front door.

Carol Coster had awakened, had emerged yawning from her bedroom. Coster could hear the heels of her feathered mules clicking in the hallway.

Coster moved away from the window and turned to face his reflection in the medicine-chest mirror. What he thought of at that instant, nobody will ever know. Does anybody ever know what a man thinks of at the moment of truth? Did he think of Mama Assunta, the roly-poly genius of his poverty-stricken amoral youth, who had passed on to him her shrewdness, her driving ambition, her egocentric ruthlessness? Did he think of her superb homemade ravioli and gnocchi, her

Gargantuan laughter, her indomitable will? Did he think of his ineffectual father who would rather have remained honest had it not been for Assunta? Did he regret the Teutonic masquerade that had forced him to deny his Italian heritage to such an extent that he was overjoyed when his chauffeur Frank Verilli would bring him some of his Aunt Madaloni's lasagna? Did he at last look at his image in the mirror and see himself as the boy from Mulberry Bend whom he had thought he had destroyed forever and who was now looking at him reproachfully from the nonexistent world beyond the glass?

Coster drew the revolver from his bathrobe pocket and raised it to his head.

Downstairs on the porch Marshal Lopresti rang the front doorbell. As though on cue, Coster's finger squeezed the trigger. The jangle of the bell was lost in the shattering blast of gunfire and the scream of Carol Coster.

The federal officers wrenched open the door and rushed into the house. Jenkins was racing up the stairs. The officers were close behind. As they reached the landing they saw him smash his way into the bathroom, splintering the door around the lock.

Jenkins stood for a moment as though paralyzed, blocking the doorway. The horror-stricken officers peering over his shoulder saw Coster lying on his back in the bathtub, his legs dangling over the side. The force of the bullet, fired into his right ear, had spun him around. His eyeglasses, unbroken, had fallen into the wash basin. A .38 caliber police-positive revolver lay on the floor.

It was nine minutes past noon, Friday, December 16, 1938.

I had arrived at Mill Plain Road a few minutes after 12. About 30 reporters, mostly from New York newspapers and other out-of-town publications, were clustered at the end of the driveway. Police Chief Arthur Bennett was standing in front of the house awaiting the arrival of the federal officers. Using the prerogative of a local newsman and an old and close friend of the chief, I ignored the others and walked through the crowd to join him. A colorful police officer, he had fared well over the years in my news stories of his adventures and activities and he needed little persuasion to give me the advantage. I wanted to be in the house when Coster was taken into custody. At Bennett's suggestion, we walked around to the rear of the house and entered through the back door. The other reporters had clearly taken little notice of my arrival. The out-of-towners perhaps believed I was just another member of Bennett's police force. The few local boys must have had something else on their minds. At any rate it was fortunate timing for me.

Once we were inside the house Bennett left me to my own devices, warning me not to get in the way. I headed for the library remembering the wealth of pictures scattered around that room. Moving about practically on tiptoe, in harmony with the heavy silence in the house, I snatched photographs from the various tables. Vaguely I heard the sound of cars coming up the drive and then the chattering of reporters' voices demanding to be admitted to the house. I walked to the library doorway to watch for their entrance.

A moment later, three sharp sounds in staccato sequence split the quiet of the house: the ring of a doorbell, the blast of gunfire, the scream of an anguished woman. Coster's suicide shot was like the starting signal for pandemonium.

There was a feeling of unreality about the scene as I saw several men burst through the door and rush up the stairs seemingly in pursuit of Jenkins. It was as though some stage director in the wings was trying to create an aura of bedlam.

As I headed for the stairs, Attorney Reich, his eyes wide with disbelief, came down and passed me as though I were not there. I turned to watch him for a moment. He walked to the doorway facing the newspapermen gathered on the porch and said, "Get a doctor, quick!" Then with the jerky motion of an automaton, he raised his right arm, put his forefinger against his temple, and said "Boom!"

I dashed up the stairs and joined the group standing in front of the splintered bathroom door to share with them the hushed shock of the macabre ending to a magnificent masquerade. Dr. F. Donald Coster, the great entrepreneur of the McKesson & Robbins empire, was a crumpled corpse lying on his back in a bathtub, dead by his own hand. He had remained president of the company to the end. Having refused to resign, he had beaten the deadline for his ouster, set by his former associates determined to change him back to Philip Musica of Mulberry Bend.

Chief Bennett's voice cut through the silence. "All right men. Now you've seen it. Everybody downstairs." The group turned and followed his orders. I walked along with Bennett. As we passed the entry to the upstairs sunroom, we saw Carol Coster lying on the floor, her head cradled in her brother's arms, her body rocking with anguish. She moaned, "Somebody told me Donald just shot himself." Then she screamed, "My God, Daddy, why did you do it? Why did you do it? Why didn't you face it? My God!" Her body relaxed evidently in another faint.

Chief Bennett went into a bedroom and called for the police ambulance. I waited for him and we went downstairs together. In the brief interim, Jenkins had revived his sister and helped her down to the first floor where he placed her on a chaise longue in an alcove off the living room. A maid took over and cared for her mistress. Nearby on a divan, George Dietrich sat alone. Tears streamed down his cheeks as he murmured over and over again, "Why did he do it? Why did he do it?" It was the same shocked query that had burst from Carol's lips only moments earlier. Dietrich seemed on the verge of collapse.

A few minutes later, the police ambulance arrived. In spite of the tenseness of the atmosphere, I had a moment of humorous relief when the door opened and Police Sergeant Thomas Murphy came in carrying the front end of a stretcher. The man on the other end was Al Baum, a reporter from the Bridgeport *Times-Star* who was also covering the story for the New York *Daily News*. The moment the door had closed in the faces of the other reporters, Baum dropped his end of the stretcher and scooted after Chief Bennett who was on his way upstairs.

Dr. Stanton Smith, the Fairfield County medical examiner, was the next to arrive. He checked the body and noted that Coster had died almost instantly. Chief Bennett, a hard-bitten police officer of the old school, took command of the situation. He gave a brief statement to the impatient newspapermen, answered a rapid-fire barrage of questions, and then returned inside the house. His next move was to take the butler Richartz, the gardener Williamson, and Jenkins into custody. He had the men fingerprinted and held overnight at headquarters while he checked out the death gun.

Going through Coster's pockets, Chief Bennett found a gold watch and chain, and an old leather wallet containing three one-dollar bills and an honorary membership card in the International Association of Chiefs of Police. He also found—despite the fact that Coster was a 32nd-degree Mason and described himself in *Who's Who* as a Methodist—that the wallet held a smaller leather case containing five religious medals and a silver crucifix. The reverse side of one of the medals was inscribed with the words: "I am a Catholic. In case of accident notify a priest."

Throughout his magnificent masquerade, the boy from Mulberry Bend had carried a secret remnant of Mama Assunta's faith with him to the end.

"As God is my judge, I am the victim of Wall Street plunder and blackmail in a struggle for honest existence. Oh, merciful God, bring the truth to light."

With these words, Coster had ended the suicide note written in the lonely hours of his last night of life. Most of the message, addressed to Samuel Reich, his attorney, was devoted to a scathing denunciation of his colleagues, although he refrained from identifying them by name. The only names he used were those of his brothers and brothers-in-law, whom he absolved from any wrongdoing. He also declared categorically that his "poor loving wife was ignorant" of what had been going on in corporate circles.

In retrospect, it would appear that Coster's major blunder was his impulsive decision to throw the company into receivership. Some lawyers suggest that he was trying to keep control of the situation through a friendly receiver. His political connections made it possible for him to move swiftly on this. It seems clear that his strongest motivation was the fear that his colleagues were joined in a conspiracy to unmask and unseat him. He must have believed that he was racing them to the bankruptcy court. The erosion of his steel nerves that had previously withstood years of strain, of subterfuge and concealment, was apparent in his final blast at Thompson and his

colleagues: "All of a sudden the treasurer and inside shooters started a secret investigation . . . and ran to cover, making me and my underlings the goats and bringing shame and humiliation to my poor loving wife who was ignorant of the conditions."

Coster's last words were like gospel to those who still wanted to believe in him. Attorney Samuel Reich's comment was typical:

> No one can read that message from the grave and, having read it, not know that Donald Coster has been crucified and destroyed and mercilessly vilified in the name of exaggeration and sensationalism. He died because of consuming unrealized ambition to make his company great.

He then quoted: "The nature of all men is so formed that they see and discriminate in the affairs of others much better than in their own."

On Monday morning, December 19, 1938, Carol Coster and the two Dietrich brothers stood with bowed heads as Dr. Albert E. Beebe, pastor of the First Methodist Church in Bridgeport, conducted private services for Coster in the Fairchild Mortuary Chapel in Brooklyn. The two brothers, become again George and Robert Musica, wore handcuffs.

An hour later professional pallbearers carried the ornate coffin across the sleet-swept road to a mausoleum in Brooklyn's Cyprus Hills Cemetery. The mourners ascended by elevator to the second floor, where Dr. Beebe read from the Scriptures as the coffin was slid into a crypt. Mrs. Coster had ordered an inscription cut into the face of the crypt:

F. DONALD COSTER
1884-1938

This was her husband. Philip Musica was a complete stranger.

The bullet F. Donald Coster fired into his brain raised coast-to-coast echoes of consternation and chaos. The revelation that the "profitable" crude-drug operation was a multimillion-dollar myth caused nation-wide dismay. The shocking disclosure that the erudite and fascinating business genius who went under the name Dr. F. Donald Coster, with two degrees from Heidelberg University, was instead an unschooled, two-time loser from the slums of New York's Lower East Side had violent repercussions in the 66 cities of 35 states with McKesson & Robbins branches. In innumerable other cities where retail druggists had been induced to purchase McKesson & Robbins stock, the reaction was very close to panic.

This was the situation that faced William J. Wardall, the court-appointed trustee, when he took over Coster's desk in the New York office. When the board of directors elected Executive Vice President Charles F. Michaels as president to succeed Coster, Michaels resigned as cotrustee, leaving sole responsibility for reorganization to Wardall. Wardall's first thought was to restore public confidence in the company, no mean task in view of the vociferous claims of thousands of creditors and the threats of several organized committees of stockholders who wanted to sue the firm. Wardall resisted all pressures seeking action against the directors who had voted (and accepted) dividends that could possibly be proved illegal. Convinced that protecting the company's reputation was his primary concern, he decided it would be better public relations to seek restitution from these men privately.

Wardall placed particular emphasis on the fact that despite the scandal, current business strongly proved that manufacturers, wholesalers, retail druggists, and the public had continuing faith in the company. Actually, the firm's sales in the month following the receivership action lagged less than 4 percent behind the figures for the same month of the previous year. The fundamental health of McKesson & Robbins was demonstrated in the ensuing months as business climbed to higher and higher levels.

The House of McKesson & Robbins, which Coster had rebuilt —and looted—during the Depression, flourished beautifully after his death. Relieved of the drain of the fictitious Canadian subsidiary, it rode apace into the lush prewar economy of 1939-40. In 1940, before interest payments and federal taxes, the company netted almost $6,000,000, higher than Coster's record year of 1937, when the balance sheet was inflated by the imaginary profits of the nonexistent crude-drug business.

Coster's suicide triggered one of the most involved and expensive investigations in criminal history. Hundreds of police officers, government agents, accountants, and attorneys spent millions of dollars trying to find the missing pieces of the McKesson & Robbins puzzle. Coster had juggled more than $135,000,000 in McKesson & Robbins money through more than 150 known banking and brokerage accounts. It was believed that the man of many aliases had many more accounts in banks and brokerage houses, but they were never discovered. Auditing teams were able to identify only $3,200,000 as stolen money. The cost of trying to determine the extent of Coster's defalcations was far greater than the amount earmarked by the auditors' inconclusive report.

After miles of headlines and many months of sound and fury, the long-drawn-out investigations and hearings by the probers and prosecutors proved to be anticlimactic. Leaks to the press in the early stages of the inquiry strongly intimated that some of the most important figures in banking and investment circles in both New York and Connecticut would be indicted.

Only nine men were indicted for complicity in Coster's fraudulent operations. Six of the nine were obviously puppets of the swindler—his three brothers, two brothers-in-law, and Benjamin Simon. Of the imposing gallery of top men in the financial world associated with the building of the McKesson & Robbins empire, only three relatively minor directors of the Connecticut group were indicted: Horace Merwin, Bridgeport banker; Rowley W. Phillips, Waterbury investment banker; and John H. McGloon, the company comptroller. As the cases against these men were presented, it became apparent that the prosecution was depending more upon sheer tonnage of evidence than damaging proof that the men were any more than victims of a criminal genius. The government's case contained more holes than a wheel of Emmenthaler cheese.

True, the prosecution was handicapped by the absence of one key witness: Julian Thompson, the one man who might have cleared up some of the mysteries muddying Coster's financial manipulations. Thompson had started digging into the smelly muck before George Dietrich had tried to sweeten the atmosphere by stripping the files and vault of damaging information when the receivership action was begun in Hartford. Federal, state, and Stock Exchange representatives kept up a tremendous pressure on Thompson as they competed for his presence at their hearings. It was all too much for the sensitive, high-principled Princetonian.

Thompson shrank from the spotlight that picked him out as a stellar performer in the three-ring circus the press had made of the Coster-Musica case. Everything about it was distasteful. He was horrified by the fact that the probers and prosecutors seemed more interested in creating sensational headlines than in seeking the truth. He cringed at the realization that he had actually introduced and then for years supported an impostor. He could not sleep at night for the knowledge that he was identified as Coster's original sponsor and his ultimate nemesis. The emotional strain of testifying, day after day, left him so shaken, so disgusted with the lurid publicity, that he wept when he got home at night. He lost weight.

Four months after Coster's suicide, Thompson caught cold. His weakened constitution could not withstand the infection. The cold developed into influenza. Pneumonia threatened. He seemed to have lost the will to live. On April 21, 1939, two days before his 51st birthday, Julian Thompson died in his New York apartment at 823 Park Avenue. He had been ill only a week.

If there had ever been any doubt that he was not one who had grown rich with the growth of McKesson & Robbins, the records of the Fairfield County probate court settled it once and for all. His estate at his death was valued at $41,000.

As witness followed witness in the McKesson & Robbins case being tried in federal court in New York City, it became apparent that the principal target of the prosecution was Horace B. Merwin, the handsome, popular Bridgeport civic leader who had succeeded Clinton Barnum Seeley as president of the Bridgeport-City Trust Company. Rowley W. Phillips, general manager of R. F. Griggs & Co. of Waterbury, another of the early backers of Coster, was a more militant defendant. After finding Phillips a tartar on the stand, government lawyers directed most of their questions at the more reserved Merwin. Phillips, Merwin, and McGloon, the comptroller, all pleaded not guilty.

The trial of the three Connecticut "accomplices" opened in New York City before federal Judge Grover M. Moscowitz on March 7, 1940, almost 15 months after Coster's suicide. The prosecution had collected a mountain of evidence and interviewed more than a thousand witnesses. George and Robert Dietrich, George Vernard, and Benjamin Simon had pleaded guilty a year before and were prepared to take the stand as witnesses for the government. The defendants were represented by a battery of eminent barristers headed by George Z. Medalie for Merwin, Harold Corbin for Phillips, and Frederick Ironsides for McGloon.

Battle lines were sharply drawn and the strategy of the trial was quickly revealed in the opening address of opposing counsel. Although the lawyers for the defense were so numerous that they could not all be seated at the same large table, it was clear from the outset that Medalie, a former U.S. district attorney and a distinguished trial lawyer, would be their spokesman. His opening remarks took more than three hours. His colleagues spoke only briefly. Pitted against Medalie was U.S. Attorney Irving R. Kaufman, a brilliant young prosecutor, and a staff of seven.

From the start it was evident that the underlying interest in the case was not the guilt or innocence of the three defendants, or even the manner or magnitude of their alleged crime. The phantom defendant on trial was F. Donald Coster, and the issue was whether or not his masquerade had been artful enough to have deceived honest men.

Medalie in his opening painted Coster as a genius.

"Coster's impersonation was the greatest and most brilliant deception in the history of the world," he said. He went on to assert that Coster's phenomenal success in fooling the most astute leaders of the world in finance and business made it easy to understand his success in deceiving "small city bankers."

Not so, insisted Kaufman, who called the defendants knowing accomplices, and downgraded Coster as a "small-timer of unsavory reputation who could not have got to first base in this huge swindle without the aid of these men."

"Coster, the great executive, the Horatio Alger of our story, committed suicide," Kaufman went on. "Investigations . . . revealed that this was not a one-man show at all. Coster had help, plenty of help. They needed one another. They all needed Coster and Coster needed them."

Throughout the trial, Medalie tried to create the portrait of a business wizard while Kaufman strove to prove that Coster was more the tool of the financiers than master of the McKesson & Robbins empire.

Prime witness for the prosecution was George Dietrich, who proved an excellent government witness in response to Kaufman's direct examination. His testimony had the ring of authority and sincerity, as he described meetings and conversations indicating that the defendants had been aware of Coster's *modus operandi*. As he testified, Medalie was quick to spot his Achilles' heel to be exploited on cross-examination. Each time Kaufman tried to downgrade Coster, Dietrich balked. It was soon apparent that the witness held his dead brother in such high esteem that, although he was willing to entrap the bankers, he would not do so at the expense of Coster's reputation. There was a noticeable trace of pride in his voice every time he spoke of "Mr. Coster."

On cross-examination Medalie dangled this fraternal pride before the witness and Dietrich rose to the bait. "I always thought my brother was a smart and honest man," he said. "He had a bug to do things in a big way." The defense attorney led him into increasingly boastful statements about his brother's brilliance until he finally declared that the firm's problems had arisen chiefly because the other members of the company hierarchy were not intelligent enough to keep pace with Coster.

Throughout the trial it was made evident that while Merwin and his fellow defendants might have misjudged Coster's moral values, they were much more sagacious in assaying his worth as a business executive. Taking the stand in his own defense, Merwin testified that the $6,000 he had originally invested in 1925 and 1926 within three years grew into a quarter of a million dollars through various mergers.

"We had been with Coster from the start," Merwin testified. "We never noticed that Coster's [Canadian] activities never brought in any actual cash. Since recent developments I have wondered why we weren't suspicious, and accepted reports of increased inventories and accounts receivable in the crude-drug department. But we . . . had the utmost faith in Mr. Coster. He was a most unusual man and had shown remarkable progress in the management of the company over a long period of years."

Summing up for the defense, Medalie, Corbin, and Ironsides joined forces to try to convince the jury that Coster's impersonation was such a masterpiece that they themselves would have believed him. Their eloquent pleas were spiced by such words as "wizard . . . fabulous . . . genius . . . amazing . . . hypnotic." They spoke glowingly of his "tremendous success in legitimate business" as proof of his ability to have been the "sole perpetrator of the fraud."

Kaufman's closing argument for the prosecution spared no effort to belittle the dead man's talents and to place full responsibility for the conspiracy on his financial backers.

When the trial finally ended after 10 weeks (to the day) of emotion-packed oratory, the question remained the same as it was when it was first expressed in the opening statements of opposing counsel. The jury had to decide whether Coster had been a combination of Horatio Alger, Robin Hood, and Ivar Kreuger, as asserted by the defense, or a petty, incompetent thief aided and abetted by greedy bankers, as claimed by the prosecution.

In a two-hour charge to the jury, Judge Moscowitz restated the question. He declared the three defendants were "either victims or parties . . . in what lawyers call one of the greatest crimes of the century. Coster could not have committed the crime alone. Others have played a part. . . . If they are victims, they are not guilty. If they have played a guilty part, they are not innocent. Of course, I have an opinion as to the guilt and innocence of these defendants which I don't intend to express. The administration of law and justice is in your hands."

After a two-day session and 13 hours of deliberation, the jurors informed the court that they had reached a verdict on two of the defendants. As they filed into the tensely silent courtroom and took their places in the jury box, the defendants watched with anxious eyes. The formalities were brief but agonizing. The clerk of the court called the roll of the jurors, then asked:

"Ladies and gentlemen of the jury, have you reached a verdict?"

"We have," replied Foreman James P. O'Neill.

"What is your verdict?"

"As to Rowley W. Phillips and Horace B. Merwin, not guilty on all counts."

"And so say you all?"

A murmur of "ayes" arose.

Amid the sudden jubilation that surrounded the two happy men, there was a poignant pocket of silence around the chair of John McGloon. There evidently had been many hours of wrangling over the case against the comptroller. One juror later said that they had taken literally scores of ballots on McGloon.

When the jurors retired again to continue their deliberations on McGloon, they had run out of fight. They had been deadlocked over the comptroller for most of their 13 hours, and with the Merwin and Phillips cases closed, the pro-McGloon holdouts were ready to compromise. The panel was back with its final verdict in 45 minutes.

McGloon was found guilty on only one of the 13 counts of the indictment—violation of the Securities and Exchange Act. He was found innocent on nine mail-fraud counts, two other Securities and Exchange Act counts, and a conspiracy charge. Some of the jurors had found it impossible to absolve all three of the defendants, and tapped McGloon for the most minor of the counts, more because of what he had not done than for what he had done. The jurors who held out for a guilty verdict believed he should have realized what was happening, faced up to Coster, and reported him to the S.E.C.

McGloon was sentenced to a year and a day prison term, and fined $5,000. The "accomplices" who had pleaded guilty a year earlier drew the following sentences: Benjamin Simon, three years; George Vernard, three years; George Dietrich, two and a half years; Robert Dietrich, one and a half years. John and Leonard Jenkins were each sentenced to a year and a day, but Leonard's sentence was suspended.

These feeble results of the long, expensive investigations and the long and lurid trials proved only that Coster had been the sole creative—though evil—genius behind the McKesson &

Robbins story. His brothers, brothers-in-law, and Simon were merely his puppets who moved only when he pulled the strings, as he had explained in his suicide note. McGloon, a subordinate beholden to Coster for his job, was hardly strong enough to challenge the dictatorial president of his firm, when even the wealthiest and most powerful of the directors deferred to him.

As for Merwin and Phillips, they were unwittingly dealing with a character completely alien to their milieu. They were early sponsors who had a tiger by the tail and couldn't or wouldn't let go while the company was producing such fabulous profits. It is significant that they held on to the bulk of their stockholdings throughout the crisis. They were basically bankers who knew little about the administrative details of a large corporation involved chiefly in manufacturing and distribution. Their primary interests were profit and growth. The government had apparently singled them out as symbols, for their connections with the firm were little different from those of many other financial backers who had furnished Coster with the golden rungs for his ladder to success.

While the political prosecutors were fighting each other for newspaper headlines, William Wardall, the trustee, was quietly putting pressure on everyone who had profited from Coster's inflated balance sheets. He collected well over $500,000 from directors who, as stockholders, had shared generously in unwarranted dividend payments. Price, Waterhouse, although protesting they had performed all of the services for which they had been retained, returned more than $550,000 of the million-plus they had collected in fees over the years. Wardall's major effort went into restoring confidence in McKesson & Robbins among the wholesalers, manufacturers, retailers, and the public.

The solution to the mystery that is the unwritten last chapter of Coster's biography will probably never be found. What happened to the millions of dollars he bled from his enterprises?

Coster had woven a financial web of such intricate pattern that estimates of his pilferage varied by as much as $18,000,000. That he could have kept track of the extremely active (though imaginary) traffic in crude drugs over the years seems almost incredible, yet he channeled the sales and purchases with the resultant ebb and flow of money through the company books so astutely that the fictitious deals could not be separated from normal business. Official appraisal of the actual loss to the company, based on balances finally struck by outside accountants, became a bookkeeping item of something more than $3,000,000.

The validity of this figure is largely academic. There is little or no record of the innumerable cash disbursements that took place casually in the large vault in George Dietrich's offices. Certainly there has never been a clear explanation of the $18,000,000 in inventories and accounts receivable of McKesson & Robbins, Ltd., items which reflected a constant drain on the parent company's treasury, year after year. Practically the only sums directly attributable to Coster's fraud were the $150,000 in commissions, the $18,000 annual fee to W. W. Smith & Co., and the $12,000 annual retainer to Manning & Co.

Where, then, did the money go? Neither Coster, the Dietrichs, nor any other member of the Musica family lived on a scale that would have dissipated millions. All the brothers drew salaries and had other sources of income more than sufficient to have paid for their living costs, prior to the debacle, without touching a cent of the loot. Still, Coster, judged by the standards and estates of men in his income bracket, died a pauper except for his quarter-million-dollar insurance policy.

Blackmail has been mentioned as a possible major drain on Coster's resources. Coster himself referred to it in his suicide note. His secret and never-published diary and a "little brown book" were supposed to contain detailed information as to people, amounts, and dates of payments. Rumors were rife. Nowhere in the course of the lengthy investigations, however, was any evidence produced that any substantial amounts went into these payoffs.

Where then did the millions go?

In his suicide note, Coster had written: ". . . and know there are no hidden treasures anywhere." And yet Coster early in his career had demonstrated a very great talent for hiding his assets. In addition to the hundreds of thousands of dollars he chiseled from bankers in this country and abroad, there was also the little matter of the million dollars Mama Assunta Musica borrowed, on the basis of her Neapolitan barbershop sweepings, and somehow mislaid somewhere in Italy. And the hair hoax windfalls came before the advent of the income tax and the Bureau of Internal Revenue investigators.

Despite his emphatic disclaimer, Coster's "hidden treasure" is still an exciting conversation piece among the older residents of Fairfield and the veteran employees of McKesson & Robbins. Many of these people, perhaps with tongue in cheek, would invest eagerly in a map purporting to pinpoint the location of Coster's buried wealth. Any map relating to an area within the cruising range of the *Carolita* would be snapped up. Townspeople still chuckle over the gold-rush fever that struck Fairfield when it was learned that there was no money in Coster's bank accounts or safe-deposit boxes. For several nights thereafter, the Coster grounds on Mill Plain Road resounded to the soft echoes of furtive digging.

An indication that Coster's estate would not be very large was first given in Fairfield 12 days after the suicide when Probate Court Judge Bradford Boardman set the surety bond for Mrs. Coster as executrix at only $10,000. This bond is usually based on twice the estimated debts plus the inheritance taxes. The judge obviously knew that there was not enough in the estate to meet these obligations. Judge Boardman appointed two lawyers, Adrian Maher and William E. Allen, Jr., as appraisers recommended by Samuel Reich, counsel for Mrs. Coster. He named Edward L. Kelly as the third appraiser.

Attachments and court orders had already impounded some $200,000 in stocks, bonds, and other securities, assets not included in the general inventory of the estate. Two and one-half years later, on March 10, 1942, Judge Boardman approved a petition for settlement of claims against these holdings. The Internal Revenue Bureau settled its claims for $77,000. Another $124,000 was turned over to McKesson & Robbins as satisfaction of the claim by Wardall as trustee that Coster had obtained the money by defrauding the company.

The largest single asset of Coster's personal estate was the yacht *Carolita,* appraised at $35,000. This was a tremendous markdown from its once assessed valuation of $250,000. The yacht was sold at public auction on June 10, 1939. Bidding was opened by a local man, John Corrigan of the Pequot Yacht Club, who offered $50. The *Carolita* was finally knocked down to Edward A. Cooper, a Chicago attorney, for $15,000.

In the final accounting Coster's estate was valued at $505.

Mama Assunta, so proud of having brought such a son into life, was not there to see him ushered out of it. At the first hint of the scandal, her doctor warned daughter Grace that the news might be fatal to the 79-year-old woman. Grace, who like her mother used the name Marie Girard, immediately spirited the ailing woman off to Miami in the seclusion of a train compartment. Mama Assunta was to outlive her infamous son by almost three years. She died at her Long Island home in October, 1941, at the age of 81, and after a Roman Catholic service at St. Brigid's Church, was buried in the family plot in St. Rood's Cemetery at Westbury, Long Island.

Robert Dietrich was the only one of her sons to attend her funeral. The baby of the Musica boys was released from Lewisburg Federal Penitentiary in Pennsylvania in August, 1941. He moved his family from Connecticut to New Rochelle, New York, and had the courage to start over again from scratch. He went to work as traffic manager for the Suburban Leather Goods Company of Brooklyn. He died in New Rochelle on June 8, 1956, and was also buried in the family plot in Westbury.

George Dietrich was released from Lewisburg in May, 1942. He too had the courage to make a fresh start, and in the very community that saw his disgrace. He returned to Fairfield and went to work for the Grasmere Development Company for the remaining five years of his life. He died at Roslyn Park Hospital on Long Island on November 27, 1947. He too was buried with the Musicas in St. Rood's Cemetery in Westbury.

George Vernard was released from Lewisburg in September, 1942, and immediately disappeared from public view. The surviving Musica sisters disappeared not long after the suicide of the fair-haired boy from Mulberry Bend, who died rather than acknowledge his past.

Even in death Philip does not rest with the other Musicas in the family plot in St. Rood's Cemetery in Westbury. Aloof as always, he lies alone in his crypt in the Cyprus Hills mausoleum, F. Donald Coster for all eternity. —Charles Keats

# THIS FUNNY LIFE

My friend, who had been forced to take a day off from work to appear in court in answer to a minor traffic summons, grew increasingly restless as he waited hour after hour for his case to be heard. When his name was finally called late in the afternoon, he stood before the judge only to hear that court was to be adjourned for the day and he would have to return the next day.

Irritated by the long hours of waiting, he blurted to the judge, "What for?"

His Honor, equally irritated by the long day and the snappish reply, roared, "Twenty dollars—contempt of court. That's why!" Noticing my friend was checking his wallet, the judge eased his manner a bit by saying, "That's all right, young man. You don't have to pay the fine right now."

My friend, ever the rebel, replied, "I'm just seeing if I have enough to say two more words."

*John R. Cashman*
*Norwell, Mass.*

During one of our two-a-day football practices in college, everything seemed to be going wrong on this particular hot, humid afternoon. The tempers of both players and coaches were becoming quite short. A halfback, attempting a tricky maneuver, fumbled a hand-off and swore loudly.

"Take a lap around the field!" roared the head coach.

As the halfback ran about 20 yards with his head down, the coach again roared, "Better yet, run until you drop!"

The player immediately turned around and came running back. He completely broke up everyone by saying, "I'm sure glad you said that, coach. I never would have made a lap."

*Dennis Ibbotson*
*Mason City, Iowa*

Shortly after reporting aboard my first submarine, I took my maiden turn as diving officer, and the skipper put me through my paces. The results were horrible. I couldn't stay at proper depth and I had great difficulty controlling the large angles the ship kept taking. It was one mistake after another. I was ready to pack my bags as I approached the skipper for a critique of my performance. But, to my surprise, he smiled and shook my hand warmly, saying, "Haven't had this many thrills since Coney Island." Then I felt something in my hand. It was a quarter.

*Bruce Strong*
*San Diego, Calif.*

The mess sergeant had received several complaints about the bread he was serving to our outfit.

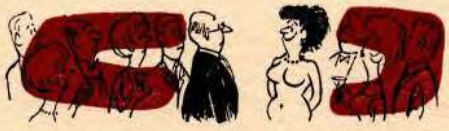
"What are you fellows squawking about?" he demanded. "If Washington had had that bread at Valley Forge he would have enjoyed eating it."

"Sure," agreed one young private. "It was fresh then."

*M. E. Lingle*
*Staten Island, N. Y.*

The other night I carelessly dialed what I thought was our local theater. A long-suffering male who had probably had many similar calls before, must have decided that if you can't lick 'em, you might as well join 'em. Because when I asked, "What is your program for tonight, please?" he answered, "I *was* going to take a bath and go to bed. What do you have in mind, honey?"

*Bea Smith*
*Las Vegas, Nev.*



While covering a medical convention in New York for my newspaper, I spent some time with a doctor from Chicago. I asked if he became annoyed at parties and other social events by people who seek free medical advice on their real or imagined ailments.

"Yes," he replied, "I guess all doctors have that problem. But I end all that sort of discussion with one word."

"What word is that, doctor?" I asked.

"Undress!"

*Raymond J. Ross*
*Bridgeport, Conn.*

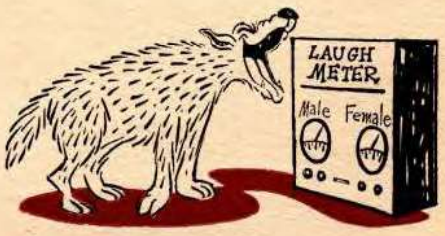
At the Marine Corps Officers' Basic School in Quantico, Virginia, we fledgling lieutenants had to attend lectures after long arduous days in the field. The large classroom held about 200 young officers; and we were often hot, tired, and embarrassingly unprepared. In order to keep us on our toes, the instructor would ask a question, then call off a name from his seating chart. If there were more than one of us with the same name, the instructor would add our initials.

One evening, the instructor, a captain lecturing on Military Law, asked a particularly difficult question and called off the name Wallace. Lieutenant Wallace rose sleepily and asked, "Do you mean R.J., sir?"

"Yes, that's right," snapped the instructor, sensing he had caught the other unaware.

"He's over there, sir," said Wallace, pointing across the room and sitting down.

*David L. O'Neal*
*Cambridge, Mass.*




While reading Robert Ruark's book, *Something Of Value*, I came across a passage describing the hyena; it was a most unflattering word picture of a thoroughly revolting, disgusting animal. And as if to give the hyena a final blow, the passage went on, ". . . besides this, the hyena is very often a hermaphrodite—in other words, it can both impregnate and conceive."

I remarked on this to my wife and read her the passage.

Her reaction: "No wonder they're laughing all the time!"

*Larry Cook*
*Fayetteville, N.Y.*

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